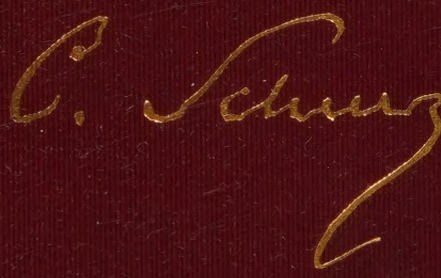

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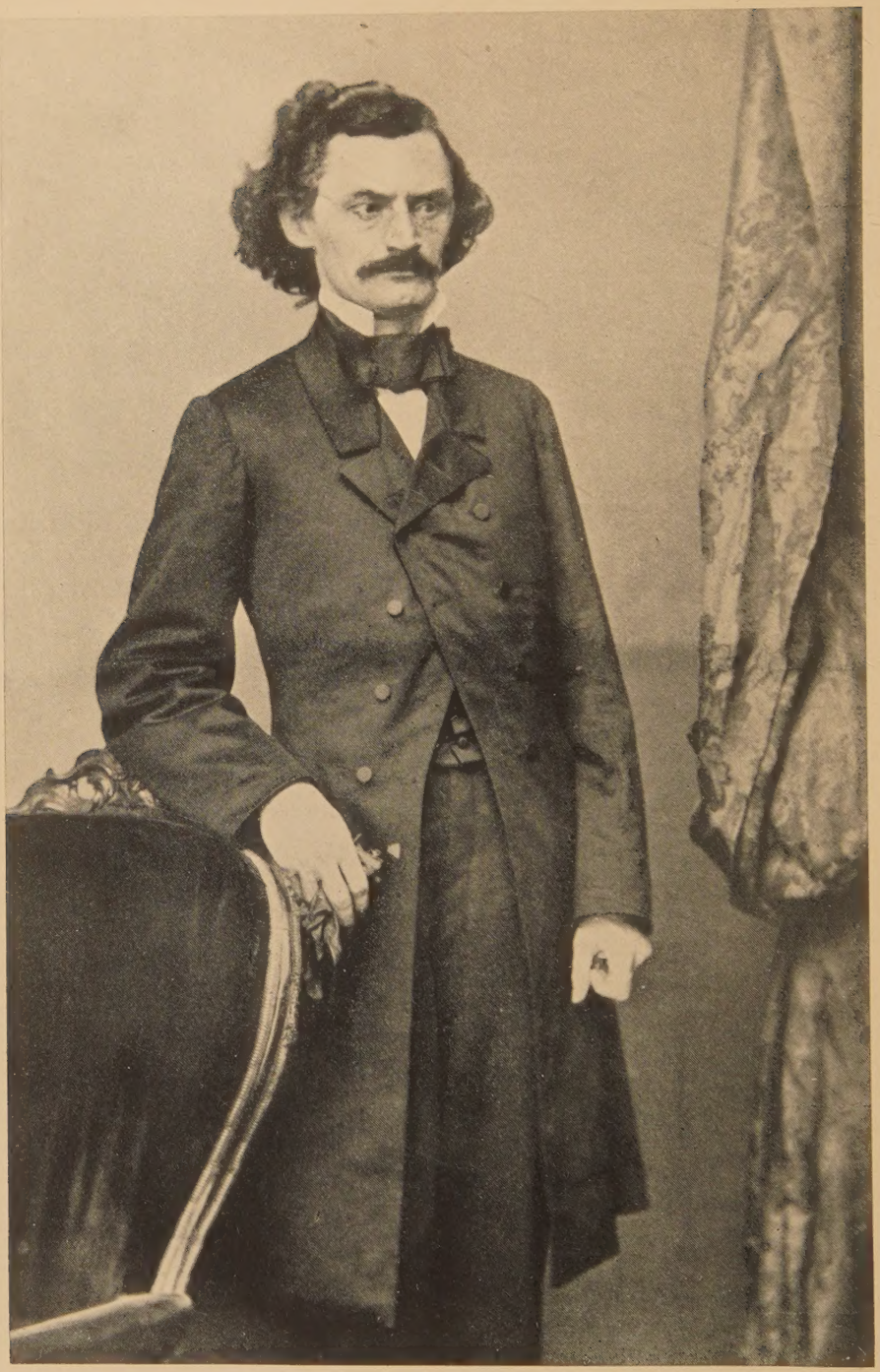

CARL SCHURZ IN 1861

THE REMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ

VOLUME TWO

1852-1863

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

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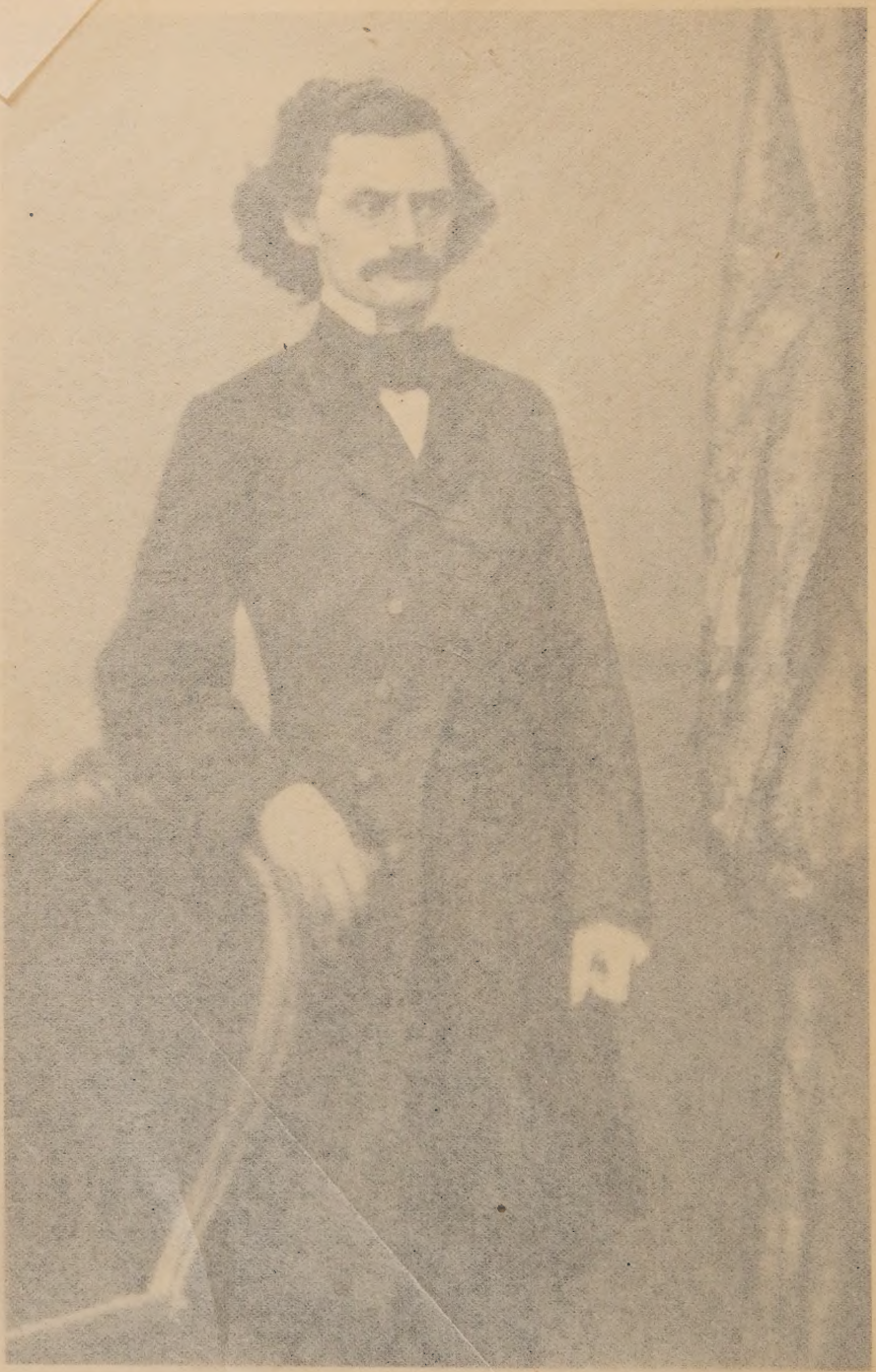

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NOTE

In giving this second volume of our father's Reminiscences to the press, we have left it as it came from his pen. He would undoubtedly have wished to revise it, perhaps even to change the character of certain passages, for he wrote down at random the recollections as they came to his mind. But we, upon whom the task he left unfinished has now devolved, believe it best to leave what he wrote as it stood.

We cannot, however, allow these pages to go from us without acknowledging gratefully the devoted assistance of Miss Ruth Putnam, without whose aid we should not have been able so soon to prepare the work for publication.

Agathe Schurz
Marianne Schurz
Carl Lincoln Schurz

New York, October, 1907.

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THE REMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ

CHAPTER I

ON the 17th of September, 1852, my young wife and I entered the harbor of New York on board the fine packet-ship "City of London" after a voyage of twenty-eight days. There were at that period steamers—although only a few of them—regularly running between England and the United States. But a friend of ours who had visited this country several times had told us that a good, large sailing-ship was safer than a steamer, and more comfortable to persons liable to sea-sickness. Thus persuaded, we chose the packet "City of London," a fine ship of about two thousand tons, magnificent to look at. And we did not repent of our choice. Our stateroom was large and commodious, the captain, although a thoroughly sea-bred man, polite and attentive, the table not bad, and the traveling company agreeable. There were several hundred emigrants in the steerage, but only about twenty passengers in the cabin, among them a Yale professor and several New York merchants. I was not yet able to converse in English; but as the Yale professor spoke some German, and two or three of the New York merchants some French, there was amusing and instructive entertainment enough.

Having determined to make the United States my permanent home, I was resolved to look at everything from the brightest side, and not to permit myself to be discouraged by any disappointment.

I knew that my buoyant Rhenish blood would help me much. But I was not so sure as to whether my young wife, whose temperament was not so sanguine as mine and who had

grown up in easier conditions and in constant contact with sympathetic people, would be able as readily and cheerfully as I to accept the vicissitudes of life in a new country and a strange social atmosphere. But we were young—I twenty-three years old, and my wife eighteen—and much might be hoped from the adaptability of youth. Still, I was anxious that the first impression of the new country should be bright and inspiring to her. And that wish was at once gratified in the highest degree. The day on which we arrived in New York harbor could not have been more glorious. The bay and the islands surrounding it were radiant with sunlit splendor. When we beheld this spectacle, so surprisingly entrancing after a four-weeks' journey over the waste of waters, our hearts fairly leaped with joy. We felt as if we were entering, through this gorgeous portal, a world of peace and happiness.

As we skirted the shore of Staten Island, with its fine country houses and green lawns and massive clumps of shade trees, a delightful picture of comfort and contentment—Staten Island was then still a favorite summering place—I asked one of my fellow-passengers what kind of people lived in those charming dwellings. "Rich New Yorkers," said he. "And how much must a man have to be called a rich New Yorker?" I asked. "Well," he answered, "a man who has something like $150,000 or $200,000 or an assured income of $10,000 or $12,000 would be considered wealthy. Of course, there are men who have more than that—as much as a million or two, or even more." "Are there many such in New York?" "Oh, no, not many; perhaps a dozen. But the number of people who might be called 'well to do' is large." "And are there many poor people in New York?" "Yes, some; mostly new-comers, I think. But what is called poverty here would, in many cases, hardly be called poverty in London or Paris. There are

scarcely any hopelessly poor here. It is generally thought here that nobody need be poor."

In the changing course of time I have often remembered this conversation.

It was not easy to find a place of rest for our first night in the New World. We had heard of the Astor House as the best hostelry in New York. But the Astor House was full to overflowing, and so our carriage had laboriously to work its way from hotel to hotel, through the confusion of omnibuses and drays and other vehicles, up the thundering Broadway. But in none of them did we find a vacant room until finally we reached Fourteenth Street, where the Union Square Hotel, which has subsequently been turned into a theater and then into a hotel again, called the Morton House, offered to us a hospitable abode—a very plainly furnished room, but sufficient for our needs.

The recollection of our first dinner at the Union Square Hotel is still vivid in my mind. It was a table d'hôte, if I remember rightly, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Dinner-time was announced by the fierce beating of a gong, an instrument which I heard for the first time on that occasion. The guests then filed into a large, bare dining-room with one long row of tables. Some fifteen or twenty negroes, clad in white jackets, white aprons, and white cotton gloves, stood ready to conduct the guests to their seats, which they did with broad smiles and curiously elaborate bows and foot scrapings. A portly colored head-waiter in a dress coat and white necktie, whose manners were strikingly grand and patronizing, directed their movements. When the guests were seated, the head-waiter struck a loud bell; then the negroes rapidly filed out and soon reappeared carrying large soup tureens covered with bright silver covers. They planted themselves along the table at certain

intervals, standing for a second motionless. At another clang of their commander's bell they lifted their tureens high up and then deposited them upon the table with a bump that made the chandeliers tremble and came near terrifying the ladies. But this was not the end of the ceremony. The negroes held fast with their right hands to the handles of the silver covers until another stroke of the bell resounded. Then they jerked off the covers, swung them high over their heads, and thus marched off as if carrying away their booty in triumph. So the dinner went on, with several repetitions of such proceedings, the negroes getting all the while more and more enthusiastic and bizarre in their performances. I was told that like customs existed at other hotels, but I have never seen them elsewhere executed with the same perfection as at our first dinner in America. It may well be believed that they then astonished us greatly.

I remember well our first walk to see the town:—the very noisy bustle on the principal streets; the men, old and young, mostly looking serious and preoccupied, and moving on with energetic rapidity; the women also appearing sober-minded and busy, although many of them were clothed in loud colors, red, green, yellow, or blue of a very pronounced glare; the people, although they must have belonged to very different stations in life, looking surprisingly alike in feature and expression as well as habit; no military sentinels at public buildings; no soldiers on the streets; no liveried coachmen or servants; no uniformed officials except the police. We observed huge banners stretched across the street, upon which were inscribed the names of Pierce and King as the Democratic, and Scott and Gorham as the Whig, candidates for the presidency and the vice-presidency—names which at that time had, to me, no meaning, except that they indicated the impending presidential election and the existence of competing political

NEW YORK CITY IN 1854

parties. As to the American politics of the day, I had received only some vague impressions through my conversations with various persons. My friend Kinkel, who had visited the United States in 1851 in the interest of the revolutionary movement in Europe, had been received by President Fillmore and had described him to me as a " freundlicher und wohlwollender Greis " (an amiable and benevolent old gentleman). Of the political parties he could tell me only that they both seemed to be dominated by the slave-holders, or at least to be afraid of the slavery question, and that most of the Germans in the United States were on the side of the Democrats, because they were attracted by the name of democracy and because they believed that the Democratic party could be more surely depended upon to protect the rights of the foreign-born citizens. The news articles about American politics which I had read in European papers had been, as they mostly have remained to the present day, well-nigh valueless to everyone not personally acquainted with American affairs, and my conversations with my fellow-passengers had given me little light on the then existing situation. It presented itself to me like a dense fog in which I saw shadowy figures indistinctly moving.

We spent two or three days in trying to see what " sights " there were in the city, and we found that there were none in the line of museums, or picture galleries, or remarkable public or private buildings. Barnum's museum of curiosities, on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, opposite St. Paul's Church, was pointed out to us as a thing really worth seeing. In the shop-windows on Broadway we observed nothing extraordinary. The theaters we could not enjoy because I did not understand English. The busy crowds thronging the streets were always interesting, but strange: not a familiar face among them. A feeling of lonesomeness began to settle upon us.

Then my young wife fell ill. I called in an old American doctor who lived in the hotel. He seemed to be a man of ability; he certainly was very genial and kind. He knew some French, and thus we could converse. As the illness of my wife became known in the hotel, a spirit of helpfulness manifested itself among the guests, which surprised and touched me deeply—that American helpfulness which was then, and, I trust, is now, one of the finest and most distinguishing characteristics of this people. Gentlemen and ladies, one after another, called upon us to ask whether they could be of any service. Some of the ladies, in fact, now and then relieved me from my watch at my wife's bedside to give me an hour's breathing time in the open air. I then walked up and down or sat on a bench in the little park of Union Square, which was surrounded by a high iron railing. Union Square was, at that period, far "up town." There were above Fourteenth Street many blocks or clumps of houses with large gaps between them, but, as far as I can remember, no continuous, solidly built-up streets. Madison Square showed many vacant lots, there being a field partly planted with corn and enclosed by a picket fence where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands. Wandering circuses used to pitch their tents on that spot. But although far up town, Union Square had its share of noisy bustle.

There, then, in that little park, I had my breathing spells, usually in the dusk of evening. They were among the most melancholy hours of my life. There I was in the great Republic, the idol of my dreams, feeling myself utterly lonesome and forlorn. The future lay before me wrapped in an impenetrable cloud. What I had seen was not so different from Europe as I had vaguely expected, and yet it was strange and mysterious. Would my experiences here realize the ideal I had conceived, or would they destroy it? I had to struggle hard against these

gloomy musings, and finally I roused myself to the thought that in order to get into sympathy with the busy life I saw around me, I must become active in it, become *of it*—and that, the sooner the better.

During my wife's illness, which lasted nearly a fortnight, I had exchanged letters with some of my German friends in Philadelphia, especially with my "chum" of former days, Adolph Strodtmann, who had established a small German book-shop there and published a little German weekly paper—*Die Locomotive,*—and with Dr. Heinrich Tiedemann, a brother of the unfortunate Colonel Tiedemann, the Governor of Rastatt, on whose staff I had served as aide-de-camp during the siege of that fortress. Dr. Tiedemann had settled down in Philadelphia as a physician and was in good practice. My wife and I longed for the face of a friend; and as there was nothing to hold us in New York, we resolved to visit Philadelphia, not with any purpose of permanent settlement, but thinking that it might be a good place for a beginning of systematic study. This it proved to be. We soon found among the recently immigrated Germans, and also among Americans, a sympathetic social intercourse, and with it that cheerfulness of mind which encourages interest in one's surroundings.

My first task was to learn English in the shortest possible time. I have, of late years, frequently had to answer inquiries addressed to me by educators and others concerning the methods by which I acquired such knowledge of the language and such facility in using it as I possess. That method was very simple. I did not use an English grammar. I do not think I ever had one in my library. I resolutely began to read—first my daily newspaper, which happened to be the *Philadelphia Ledger.* Regularly every day I worked through editorial articles, the news letters and despatches, and even as many of the

advertisements as my time would allow. The *Philadelphia Ledger,* which has since become a very excellent, influential, and important organ of public opinion, was at that time a small and ill-printed sheet, rather colorless in politics, which entertained its readers largely with serious editorial dissertations on such innocent subjects as "The Joys of Spring," "The Beauties of Friendship," "The Blessings of a Virtuous Life," and the like—sometimes a little insipid, but usually very respectable in point of style. Then I proceeded to read English novels. The first one I took up was "The Vicar of Wakefield." Then followed Walter Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; then Macaulay's historical essays, and, as I thought of preparing myself for the legal profession, Blackstone's "Commentaries," the clear, terse and vigorous style of which I have always continued to regard as a very great model. Shakespeare's plays, the enormous vocabulary of which presented more difficulties than all the rest, came last. But I did my reading with the utmost conscientiousness. I never permitted myself to skip a word the meaning of which I did not clearly understand, and I never failed to consult the dictionary in every doubtful case.

At the same time I practiced an exercise which I found exceedingly effective. I had become acquainted with the "Letters of Junius" through a German translation, and was greatly fascinated by the brilliancy of this style of political discussion. As soon as I thought myself sufficiently advanced in the knowledge of the language, I procured an English edition of Junius and translated a considerable number of the letters from the English text into German in writing; then I translated, also in writing, my German translation back into English, and finally compared this re-translation with the English original. This was very laborious work, but, so to speak, I felt in my bones how it helped me. Together with my reading, it gave me what

I might call a sense of the logic and also of the music of the language.

When I began to write in English—letters or other more pretentious compositions—it happened to me not infrequently that in reading over what I had written I stopped at certain forms of expression I had used, doubting whether they were grammatically correct. I then sometimes tried to substitute other forms; but almost invariably I found, upon consulting competent authority, that the phrase as I had, following my instinct, originally put it down, was better than the substitute. In less than six months after I had begun this course of study I was sufficiently advanced to carry on a conversation in English about subjects not requiring a wide knowledge of technical terms, with tolerable ease, and to write a decent letter.

Since becoming known as a speaker and writer in English as well as in German, I have often been asked by persons interested in linguistic studies or in psychological problems, whether while speaking or writing I was thinking in English or in German, and whether I was constantly translating from one language into the other. The answer was that, when speaking or writing in English, I was thinking in English; and, when speaking or writing in German, I was thinking in German; and when my mind followed a train of thought which did not require immediate expression in words, I was unconscious of what language I was thinking in.

I have also often been asked in which language I preferred to think and write. I always answered that this depended on the subject, the purpose, and the occasion. On the whole, I preferred the English language for public speaking, partly on account of the simplicity of its syntactic construction, and partly because the pronunciation of the consonants is mechanically easier and less fatiguing to the speaker. I have preferred

it also for the discussion of political subjects and of business affairs because of its full and precise terminology. But for the discussion of philosophical matters, for poetry, and for familiar, intimate conversation I have preferred the German. And beyond this, I have found that about certain subjects, or with certain persons who understood both English and German equally well, I would rather speak in English or in German, as the case might be, without clearly knowing the reason why. It was a matter of feeling which cannot be exactly defined.

Occasionally I have had to translate into German things that I had spoken or written in English, and *vice versa.* And my experience has been that I found translations from my English into my German much easier than translations from my German into my English—in other words, my German vocabulary offered to me more readily an equivalent for what I had spoken or written in English than *vice versa.* I was puzzled by more untranslatable words or forms of speech in my German than in my English. It might be thought that, German being my native language, and the one in which I had been brought up, the German vocabulary would naturally be more at my command. But I have heard the same opinion expressed by other, and among them very competent, persons, who had been brought up in the English language, and had then acquired a very thorough knowledge of German. It is a remarkable fact that, although the German language seems to be stiff and obstinate in its syntactic construction, German literature possesses a far greater wealth of translations of the highest merit than any other, while translations from the German, especially translations of German poetry, into any other modern language are, with very few exceptions, exceedingly imperfect. There is hardly any great poet in any literature such as Homer, Hafis, Horace, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Mo-

lière, Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, that has not had a German translation or reproduction worthy of the original, and in most cases of astonishing fidelity and beauty. Nothing that has appeared in any other language can even in a remote degree be compared with the translation of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," by Johann Heinrich Voss; and many German translations of Shakespeare's plays, which at first sight might seem fairly to defy the translator's art, have long been among the wonders of the world of letters. On the other hand, the translations into other languages of the masterpieces of German poetry have almost always been more or less dismal failures. Foremost among the exceptions I would place Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust," and the translation by Mrs. Frances Hellman of Gottfried Kinkel's little epic, "Tanagra," which is the most perfect reproduction of foreign poetry in English that I have ever seen. But these exceptions become all the more conspicuous by their rarity.

The extraordinary wealth of German literature in excellent translations—for those translations may well be called a part of German literature—make the study of the German language a matter of special interest to everyone seeking to acquire a truly liberal education. For German literature is not only exceedingly rich in original works in every branch of mental production, which, owing to the imperfection of the translation into other languages, cannot be fully enjoyed except when read in German, but it contains, in its superior translations, an almost complete treasury of all the literature of the world and of all ages, ancient as well as modern.

In Philadelphia I made my first acquaintances. At that period the Quaker, with his broad-brimmed hat, his straight coat, and his standing collar, and the Quakeress, with her gray dress, her white kerchief covering her shoulders, and her poke-

bonnet, were still very familiar figures on the streets of that city. Foremost among them in public estimation at the time stood Lucretia Mott, a woman, as I was told, renowned for her high character, her culture, and the zeal and ability with which she advocated various progressive movements. To her I had the good fortune to be introduced by a German friend. I thought her the most beautiful old lady I had ever seen. Her features were of exquisite fineness. Not one of the wrinkles with which age had marked her face, would one have wished away. Her dark eyes beamed with intelligence and benignity. She received me with gentle grace, and in the course of our conversation, she expressed the hope that, as a citizen, I would never be indifferent to the slavery question as, to her great grief, many people at the time seemed to be.

Another acquaintance of interest we made was that of Mr. Jay Cooke and his family. We met them at Cape May, where at the beginning of the summer of 1853 we went with our first baby to escape from the oppressive heat of the city. Mr. Cooke was then not yet the great banker and financier he became during the Civil War, but he was easily recognized as a man of uncommon ability, energy, and public spirit. The attention of the Cookes was mainly attracted by the beauty, grace, and ingenuous conversation of my wife, in her naïve German-English, and as they were evidently good-hearted people of frank and simple manners, we soon became fast friends and remained so for many years. They were the first family of very strict and active church members we learned to know intimately. They had in their house their regular morning and evening prayers in which not only all the members of the family but also the servants took part, and in which the guests of the house were invited, and, I suppose, expected to join. But there was prevalent in the family an atmosphere of kindly

toleration and of buoyant cheerfulness which made everybody feel comfortable and at home. When some years later I was, with many others, Mr. Cooke's guest at his country seat "Ogontz," I saw him one morning in the large hall devoutly kneel down with his family and household to lead in prayer, and then, as soon as the prayer was over, jump up, clap his hands with boyish glee, and cry out in his most jovial tones: "Now let's be jolly!" There was a sort of rustic heartiness in his looks and his whole being which appeared quite genuine and endeared him much to his friends. It is generally recognized that, as a financier, he rendered very valuable service to the country during the Civil War, and I do not think anybody grudged him the fortune he gathered at the same time for himself. When, in 1873, he lost that fortune in consequence of his altogether too sanguine ventures in the Northern Pacific enterprise, and many others lost their money with him, he had much sympathy, and there was a widespread confidence that he would faithfully pay all his honest debts, which he did.

During our sojourn in Philadelphia our social intercourse was necessarily limited. But I availed myself of every opportunity of talking with people of various classes and of thus informing myself about their ways of thinking, their hopes and apprehensions, their prejudices and their sympathies. At the same time I industriously studied the political history and institutions of the country, and, as to current events and their significance, my newspaper reading soon went beyond the columns of the *Ledger*. The impressions I received were summed up in a letter which at that period I wrote to my friend, Miss Malwida von Meysenbug. I had long forgotten it when years afterwards it turned up in her "Memoirs of an Idealist," an exceedingly interesting book which has so well held its place in literature that but recently, more than a quarter of

a century after its first appearance, a new edition has been printed and widely read.

In that letter I described how the European revolutionary idealists, as I knew them in the old world, would at first be startled, if not shocked, by the aspect of a really free people,—a democracy in full operation on a large scale,—the most contradictory tendencies and antagonistic movements openly at work, side by side, or against one another, enlightenment and stupid bigotry, good citizenship and lawlessness, benevolent and open-handed public spirit and rapacious greed, democracy and slavery, independent spirit and subserviency to party despotism and to predominant public opinion—all this in bewildering confusion. The newly arrived European democrat, having lived in a world of theories and imaginings without having had any practical experience of a democracy at work, beholding it for the first time, ask himself: "Is this really a people living in freedom? Is this the realization of my ideal?" He is puzzled and perplexed, until it dawns upon him that, in a condition of real freedom, man manifests himself, not as he ought to be, but as he is, with all his bad as well as his good qualities, instincts, and impulses: with all his attributes of strength as well as all his weaknesses; that this, therefore, is not an ideal state, but simply a state in which the forces of good have a free field as against the forces of evil, and in which the victories of virtue, of enlightenment, and of progress are not achieved by some power or agency outside of the people, for their benefit, but *by* the people themselves.

Such victories of the forces of good may be slow in being accomplished, but they will be all the more thorough and durable in their effects, because they will be the product of the people's own thought and effort. The people may commit follies or mistakes ever so grievous, but having committed those

follies or mistakes themselves and upon their own responsibility, they will be apt to profit by their own experience. If those mistakes were rectified by some superior authority, the people would be apt to run into the same mistakes again. If the people are left to correct the mistakes themselves, they will more surely progress in wisdom as well as in the sense of responsibility. Whatever stands upon the bottom of the popular intelligence, stands upon far firmer ground than that which rests merely upon superior authority.

"Here in America," I wrote to my friend, "you can see daily how little a people needs to be governed. There are governments, but no masters; there are governors, but they are only commissioners, agents. What there is here of great institutions of learning, of churches, of great commercial institutions, lines of communication, etc., almost always owes its existence, not to official authority, but to the spontaneous co-operation of private citizens. Here you witness the productiveness of freedom. You see a magnificent church—a voluntary association of private persons has founded it; an orphan asylum built of marble—a wealthy citizen has erected it; a university—some rich men have left a large bequest for educational purposes, which serves as a capital stock, and the university then lives, so to speak, almost on subscriptions; and so on without end. We learn here how superfluous is the action of governments concerning a multitude of things in which in Europe it is deemed absolutely indispensable, and how the freedom to do something awakens the desire to do it."

Although I am well aware of its crudities of expression, its inaccuracies of statement, and of the incompleteness of its presentation of American conditions, I quote this letter because it portrays fairly well the workings of the mind of a

young man who has been suddenly transplanted from the Old World—its ways of thinking, its traditional views of life, its struggles, illusions, and ideals—into a new world where he witnesses the operation of elementary forces in open daylight, and the realities of free government in undisguised exhibition. I endeavored to get at the essence of truly democratic life, and I still believe that, notwithstanding some errors in the detail of my observations, my general conclusions as to the vital element of democratic institutions were correct.

Some excursions into the interior of Pennsylvania, and to Connecticut, where a distant relative of ours conducted a manufacturing establishment, enlarged the range of my observation. On these occasions I made the acquaintance of a few specimens of the old Pennsylvania Germans, and of the Connecticut Yankees—two distinct elements of the population —both native, for several generations of those Pennsylvania Germans had lived in this country, but so different in language, in habits of thought, and in social traditions, customs, and notions, that the mere fact of their having lived, worked, and exercised the same political rights together in the Republic was to me a most instructive and encouraging illustration of the elasticity and the harmonizing power of democratic government.

What an astonishing spectacle these Pennsylvania Germans presented! Honest, pious, hardworking, prosperous people; good, law-abiding, patriotic American citizens; great-great-grandchildren of my own old Fatherland, who had for several generations tilled these acres and lived in these modest but comfortable houses and built these majestic barns, and preserved the German speech of their forefathers, only mixing it with some words and phrases of English origin. They called all English-speaking people "the Irish," and kept alive many

of their old German domestic customs and habits, though they had lost almost all memory of old Germany.

But far more was my political education furthered by a visit to the city of Washington in the early spring of 1854. The seeming apathy of the public conscience concerning the slavery question was at last broken by the introduction of Senator Douglas's Nebraska Bill, which was to overrule the Missouri Compromise and to open all the National Territories to the ingress of the "peculiar institution." A sudden tremor shook the political atmosphere. While I could not take any interest in the perfunctory Democratic or Whig politics of the day, the slavery question, with all its social, political, and economic bearings, stirred me at once, and deeply. I could not resist the desire to go to Washington and witness the struggle in Congress. A student of medicine from Mississippi, Mr. Vaughn, whose acquaintance I had made in the Philadelphia boarding-house, and whose intelligence and fine character had greatly attracted me, offered me a letter of introduction to a friend of his family, Mr. Jefferson Davis, who was then Secretary of War. I also obtained letters to Senator Brodhead of Pennsylvania, Senator Shields of Illinois, and Mr. Francis Grund, a journalist who furnished the Washington news to various newspapers.

My first impressions of the political capital of the great American Republic were rather dismal. Washington looked at that period like a big, sprawling village, consisting of scattered groups of houses which were overtopped by a few public buildings—the Capitol, only what is now the central part was occupied, as the two great wings in which the Senate and the House of Representatives now sit were still in process of construction; the Treasury, the two wings of which were still lacking; the White House; and the Patent Office, which also

harbored the Department of the Interior. The departments of State, of War, and of the Navy were quartered in small, very insignificant-looking houses which might have been the dwellings of some well-to-do shopkeepers who did not care for show. There was not one solidly built-up street in the whole city—scarcely a block without gaps of dreary emptiness. The houses were not yet numbered. The way they were designated was by calling them "the first of the five" or the "fifth of the seven" on Pennsylvania Avenue, or on Seventh Street, as the case might be. Pennsylvania Avenue, not far from the Capitol, was crossed by a brook called Goosecreek, alias "the Tiber," which was spanned by a wooden bridge; and I was told—perhaps falsely—that congressmen in a fuddled state, going home in the dark after an animated night-session, would sometimes miss the bridge and fall into the water, to be fished out with difficulty by the sergeants-at-arms and their assistants.

The hotel at which I stopped, the "National," the same in which Henry Clay had died less than two years before, was dingy beyond description, and there were hardly half a dozen residences, if as many, in the whole town, that had the appearance of refined, elegant, and comfortable homes. The streets, ill-paved, if paved at all, were constantly covered with mud or dust. But very few of the members of Congress "kept house." Most of them took their meals in "messes," having clubbed together for that purpose. Washington was called "the city of magnificent distances." But there was nothing at the ends of those distances, and, excepting the few public buildings, very little that was in any way interesting or pleasing. In many of the streets, geese, chickens, pigs, and cows had still a scarcely disputed right of way. The city had throughout a slouchy, unenterprising, unprogressive appearance, giv-

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON IN 1852

ing extremely little promise of becoming the beautiful capital it now is.

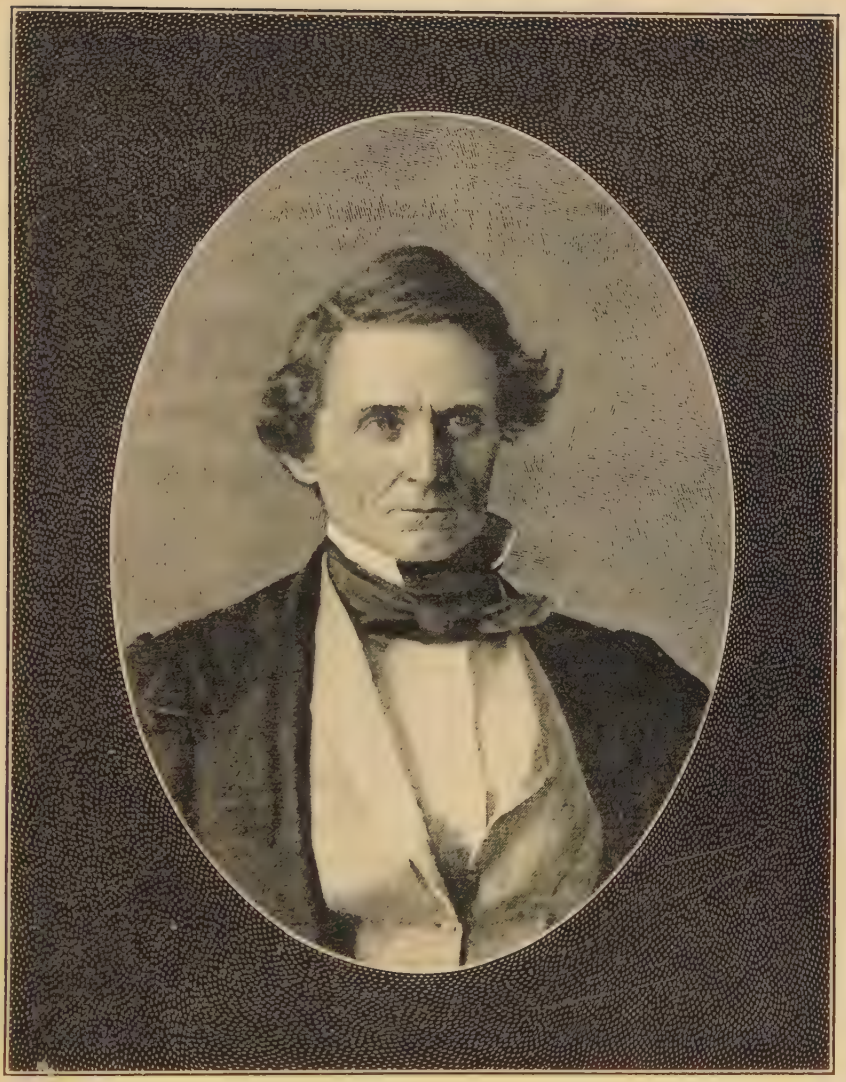
The first call I made was at the War Department, to present my letter of introduction to the Secretary, Mr. Jefferson Davis. Being respectful, even reverential, by natural disposition, I had in my imagination formed a high idea of what a grand personage the War Minister of this great Republic must be. I was not disappointed. He received me graciously. His slender, tall, and erect figure, his spare face, keen eyes, and fine forehead, not broad, but high and well-shaped, presented the well-known strong American type. There was in his bearing a dignity which seemed entirely natural and unaffected—that kind of dignity which does not invite familiar approach, but will not render one uneasy by lofty assumption. His courtesy was without any condescending air. Our conversation confined itself to the conventional commonplace. A timid attempt on my part to elicit from him an opinion on the phase of the slavery question brought about by the introduction of the Nebraska Bill did not meet with the desired response. He simply hoped that everything would turn out for the best. Then he deftly resumed his polite inquiries about my experiences in America and my plans for the future, and expressed his good wishes. His conversation ran in easy, and, so far as I could judge, well-chosen and sometimes even elegant phrase, and the timbre of his voice had something peculiarly agreeable. A few years later I heard him deliver a speech in the Senate, and again I was struck by the dignity of his bearing, the grace of his diction, and the rare charm of his voice—things which greatly distinguished him from many of his colleagues.

In Senator Shields of Illinois I found a very different character—a jovial Irishman who had won his high position

in politics mainly through the reputation achieved by him as a volunteer officer in the Mexican War. He lived in a modest boarding-house near the Capitol, and the only ornament of his room, in which he received me, consisted of a brace of pistols attached crosswise to the bare, whitewashed wall. He welcomed me with effusive cordiality as a sort of fellow revolutionist from Europe—he himself, as an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist, being in a state of perpetual belligerency against England, which, however, did not interfere with his sincerity, zeal, and self-sacrificing spirit as an American patriot.

In the Senate he was naturally overshadowed by his colleague from Illinois, Senator Douglas. He would have been so had he been a much abler man than he was. He seemed to be fully conscious of this, for when I tried to obtain information from him about the great question then pending, he could only repeat some things Douglas had said, and predict that Douglas, the great leader, would have the people behind him. He altogether preferred to talk with me about my adventures in Germany and about the prospects of the revolutionary movements in Europe.

The third letter of introduction I had was addressed to Senator Brodhead of Pennsylvania. As I came from Philadelphia he may have regarded me as a constituent who might, perhaps, in the course of time acquire some influence among his neighbors, and he granted me a quiet evening hour in his room. I may have formed a wrong estimate of this statesman, but I had to confess to myself that I found him rather dull. He sought to entertain me with a labored discourse on the greatness of this country, the magnificent resources of the State of Pennsylvania, the excellent character of the Pennsylvania Germans, the intelligence of the new immigrants who had been brought to this country by the revolutionary troubles in Eu-



JEFFERSON DAVIS, 1853

rope, and the virtues of the Democratic party, to which he and, he was glad to know, all the adopted citizens belonged. When I asked him for his opinion as to the right and wrong involved in the slavery question in general and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in particular, he answered with the impressive solemnity of one who knows a great deal more than he feels at liberty to divulge, that the slavery question was a very important one, very important indeed; that it was also a very complicated and difficult one—indeed so difficult and complicated, that one must take great care not to be carried away by mere sentiment in forming one's judgment about it; and that the Abolitionists were very reckless and dangerous men, to whom good citizens should never listen. This did not satisfy me, and I continued my inquiries; whereupon he assured me that every good citizen must follow his party, and that, as to the Nebraska Bill, he, as a good Democrat and as an Administration man, would faithfully follow his party's lead. And then he wound up with this sentence: "On the whole, I do not take as much interest in measures and policies as in the management of men." This sentence, every word of it, has stuck fast in my memory, for it puzzled me greatly to discover the meaning of it. I thought I noticed that the Senator did not wish to be pressed further, and so I took my leave with an unsolved riddle troubling my mind.

The next day I met Mr. Francis Grund, the "veteran journalist," whose acquaintance I had made in the meantime. I asked him what Senator Brodhead might have meant when he said that he did not take as much interest in measures and policies as in the management of men. "Bless your innocent soul!" exclaimed Mr. Grund with a hearty laugh, "he meant that he does not care whether his party leads him this way or that way, but that his main business is to get post-offices

and government clerkships and consulates and Indian agencies for the party hacks and his personal hangers-on. And he must keep on good terms with the Administration to get those things."

I was astonished. "And there are statesmen in positions as high as that of a United States senator who consider that their principal business?" I asked. "Yes," said Mr. Grund, "lots of them." And he counted off by name a large number of senators and a much larger number of representatives, of whom he said that the distribution of the patronage, the "public plunder," was the principal, if not the only occupation in which they took any real interest.

This was a shocking revelation to me. It was my first look into the depths of that great "American institution of government" which I subsequently learned to call by the name of "the spoils system." That the Americans changed all the postmasters in the country with every change of party in power, I had already heard of before I came to this country, and it had struck me as something remarkably absurd. But that very nearly all the offices under the present government should be treated as "public plunder," and that statesmen who had been sent to Congress to make laws in the interest of the whole country, should spend all their time and working strength in procuring and distributing that public plunder, and that a free and intelligent people should permit this, fairly confounded my comprehension. My new friend, Mr. Francis Grund, helped me to understand it.

Mr. Grund had been for many years a newspaper correspondent in Washington. He was what would now be called the "dean" of the profession. A native of Germany, he had come to this country as a youth and had somehow soon drifted

into journalistic work. He learned to speak and write English, and continued to speak and write German, commanding both languages, as I thought, equally well. His general ability and the faculty of quick perception made him a keen observer, and admirably fitted him for his work. He wrote a book on the United States full of that youthfully enthusiastic praise of American institutions which, at that period, was still sounded in perfect good faith by a large majority of the American people, to be re-echoed throughout the world—that exuberant optimistic fatalism which was quite sure that, in this republic, the future would right all wrongs, however threatening such wrongs might appear at present. At the same time, owing to his German education and to his continued intelligent interest in European conditions and affairs, he judged things American from a point of view not, indeed, less sympathetic, but a little different from that of the average American—a little more critical, perhaps—and he found that his reasoning and his conclusions were not always acceptable to his American friends. He therefore had ceased to express them as freely as he would have liked to do; and when I had become acquainted with him, he soon seemed to conceive a great liking for me, perhaps mainly for the reason that he expected the young immigrant recently arrived from Europe readily to understand him when he unbosomed himself.

He confided to me that while the distribution of the offices as public plunder among the members of the victorious party had become a firmly settled system, and it was entirely useless to talk against it, he himself had come to consider it an abuse fraught with very serious danger to our free institutions. He had been personally, and, as he said, even familiarly acquainted with the great political stars of the period just past: Clay,

Calhoun, and Webster—indeed he prided himself on being able to pronounce the word "Constitution" exactly as the great Daniel Webster had pronounced it—and he knew how they abhorred the patronage system as an abomination. But the common run of politicians of either party loudly praised it as a thoroughly American practice based upon a democratic principle. Mr. Grund described to me in the liveliest colors the ravenous rush for office after the election of General Pierce to the presidency, the incredible humiliations some men would submit to, the incessant trouble Senators and Representatives had in trying to satisfy their hangers-on, the unscrupulous deceptions practiced by them upon constituents whom they had to disappoint, but whose friendship they wanted to keep, and so on. These things were distressing revelations to my untutored mind, which had to struggle hard to comprehend it all. What was it that made so many people so hungry for office? "Partly the distinction and influence which official position confers," said Mr. Grund, "and partly the pecuniary emoluments." I inquired about the salaries attached to various offices and found them rather low. "Well," said my mentor, "but there are the pickings."

"Pickings? What is that?"

"The money an office-holder can make through the use of his opportunities—sometimes honestly, sometimes otherwise."

"And that is permitted?"

"Not exactly officially permitted," said Mr. Grund, "but it is treated with generous leniency. When an office-holder is caught in bad practices, the congressman who has recommended him for office usually tries to protect him to the best of his ability. In common talk, the value of an office is gauged according to the salary and the pickings. You hear

that matter discussed among politicians with great frankness. It is when it comes to notorious scandal that the public talk becomes quite virtuous."

Remembering the renown Prussian officialdom has always enjoyed for the severest kind of official honor, I was much startled.

"And how," I asked, "is the public business done by such office-holders?" "Oh," was the reply, "it might be done much better and much more economically, but we are jogging along. This great country can stand a good deal of hard usage."

"Are there many corrupt men in Congress?"

"No," said Mr. Grund, "there are few, very few men there who could be bought with money. But there are more, perhaps many, who would tolerate corrupt men around them and protect hangers-on."

Later inquiries and a longer acquaintance with public men and things convinced me that the pictures Mr. Grund had drawn for my instruction were substantially correct. The spoils system was in full flower but had not yet brought forth its worst fruit as we now know it, though, in some respects, the state of public sentiment created by it was, indeed, worse than that which we now witness. The cool indifference, for instance, with which the matter of "pickings," the use by office-holders of official opportunities for personal gain, were then spoken of among politicians, even politicians of the better sort, would now not be tolerated for a moment. The public mind has become much more sensitive to the character of such abuses. Neither was there any active opposition to the spoils system in general. A few of the older members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives would indeed occasionally express their disgust with it, and their misgivings as to the dangerous influ-

ences exercised by it; but, notwithstanding the criticism now and then called forth by the more scandalous excrescences of the system, it was, on the whole, accepted as a permanent thing which, in this country, could not be otherwise, and attempts to change which would be utterly vain. But it had at that period not yet evolved the "boss" and the "machine," those perfect agencies of party despotism, as we now know them—although a sinister beginning in that direction was already made in the State of New York, where unscrupulous leadership found the most and the fittest material for a mercenary following, and where selfish personal politics had the most promising field of operation. But, inside of the political parties, the leadership of organization by means of the patronage had then not yet so largely superseded the leadership of opinion as the spoils system would enable it to do, unless checked in its development. Such were the impressions I received in a more or less vague way from my talks and observations at Washington, and I may say that I became then and there, unconsciously to be sure, a civil service reformer.

As to the slavery question, which interested me more than all else, Mr. Grund's moral nature did not seem to be as much wrought up as mine was. He had hoped that the Compromise of 1850 would keep that question in the background for a long period. But the introduction of the Nebraska Bill had disturbed him very seriously, and he now feared that a decisive crisis would ensue. I diligently visited the galleries of the Senate and of the House to listen to the debates. I cannot say that the appearance of either body struck me as very imposing. I had attended, as a spectator, a sitting of the German Parliament of 1848 at Frankfort, several sessions of the French National Assembly at Paris in 1850, and one of the British House of Commons in 1852. Of these parliamentary

bodies the Frankfort Parliament seemed to me the most dignified and orderly, the French Assembly the most turbulent, the House of Commons the most businesslike, and the American Congress I saw in 1854—and in succeeding years—the most representative. It was representative of its constituencies in average ability, character, culture, and manners. There was an air of genuine naturalness about the looks, the bearing, and the conduct of the members as well as of the proceedings—no artificially put-on dignity; commotion enough, but little affected furor, except with some Southerners, the business being done without much restraint of logic or method. The congressman with bushy chin-whiskers, wearing a black dress coat and a satin vest all day, a big quid of tobacco in his mouth, as in these days we sometimes see him as a comic figure on the stage, was then still a well-known type on the floor of the Senate and the House. There was much tobacco chewing with its accompaniments, and much lounging with tilting of chairs and elevation of feet on desks—much more than there is now in the same places; but then these things seemed more natural, and less offensive than they do now. There were also more evidences of a liberal consumption of intoxicants. I do not mean to say that there were not men of refined presence and bearing in the two Houses. There were, indeed, not a few; but the majority struck me as rather easy-going and careless of appearances.

Listening to running debates and to set speeches, I was astonished at the facility of expression which almost everybody seemed to command. The language may not always have been elegant or even grammatically correct, it may sometimes have been blunt and rough; but it ordinarily flowed on without any painful effort, and there was no hemming and hawing. Of the set speeches I heard, not a few were remarkable as

specimens of "beautiful speaking," of so-called "hifalutin," so inflated with extravagant conceits and big, high-sounding words, that now they would only provoke laughter, while at that time they were taken quite seriously, or even admired as fine oratory. Now and then one would hear in the course of a speech an old-fashioned Latin quotation, usually coming from some Southern man or some New Englander. But I also heard several speeches which were not only rich in thought but in an eminent degree vigorous, sober, and elegant in language.

My most distinct recollections are of the Senate. The most conspicuous figure in that body was Douglas. He was a man of low stature, but broad-shouldered and big-chested. His head, sitting upon a stout, strong neck, was the very incarnation of forceful combativeness; a square jaw and broad chin; a rather large, firm-set mouth; the nose straight and somewhat broad; quick, piercing eyes with a deep, dark, scowling, menacing horizontal wrinkle between them; a broad forehead and an abundance of dark hair which at that period he wore rather long and which, when in excitement, he shook and tossed defiantly like a lion's mane. The whole figure was compact and strongly knit and muscular, as if made for constant fight. He was not inaptly called "the little giant" by his partisans. His manner of speech accorded exactly with his appearance. His sentences were clear-cut, direct, positive. They went straight to the mark like bullets, and sometimes like cannon-balls, tearing and crashing. There was nothing ornate, nothing imaginative in his language, no attempt at "beautiful speaking." But it would be difficult to surpass his clearness and force of statement when his position was right; or his skill in twisting logic or in darkening the subject with extraneous, unessential matter, when he was wrong; or his defiant tenacity when he was driven to defend himself, or his keen

and crafty alertness to turn his defense into attack, so that, even when overwhelmed with adverse argument, he would issue from the fray with the air of the conqueror. He was utterly unsparing of the feelings of his opponents. He would nag and nettle them with disdainful words of challenge, and insult them with such names as "dastards" and "traitors." Nothing could equal the contemptuous scorn, the insolent curl of his lip with which, in the debates to which I listened, he denounced the anti-slavery men in Congress as "the Abolition confederates," and at a subsequent time, after the formation of the Republican party, as "Black Republicans." But worse than that: he would, with utter unscrupulousness, malign his opponents' motives, distort their sayings, and attribute to them all sorts of iniquitous deeds or purposes of which he must have known them to be guiltless. Indeed, Douglas's style of attack was sometimes so exasperatingly offensive, that it required, on the part of the anti-slavery men in the Senate, a very high degree of self-control to abstain from retaliating. But so far as I can remember, only Mr. Sumner yielded to the temptation to repay him in kind.

While for these reasons I should be very far from calling Douglas an ideal debater, it is certain that I have never seen a more formidable parliamentary pugilist. To call him so must not be thought unbecoming, since there was something in his manners which very strongly smacked of the bar-room. He was the idol of the rough element of his party, and his convivial association with that element left its unmistakable imprint upon his habits and his deportment. He would sometimes offend the dignity of the Senate by astonishing conduct. Once, at a night session of the Senate I saw him, after a boisterous speech, throw himself upon the lap of a brother senator and loll there, talking and laughing, for ten or fifteen minutes,

with his arm around the neck of his friend, who seemed to be painfully embarrassed, but could or would not shake him off. It might be said in extenuation, however, that then the general tone of the Senate was not so sober and decorous as it is now. After he had married his second wife, a lady of beauty and culture, who not only presided over his household but also accompanied him on his electioneering journeys, he became more tidy and trim in his appearance, and more careful in his habits, although even then there were rumors of occasional excesses. The bullying notes in his speeches remained the same until after the election of 1860.

I must confess that when I first saw him and heard him speak, I conceived a very strong personal dislike for Senator Douglas. I could not understand how a man who represented in the Senate a Free State, and was not bound to the cause of slavery either by interest or tradition, but must, on the contrary, be presumed to be instinctively opposed to slavery and to wish for its ultimate extinction—how such a man could attempt to break down all legal barriers to the expansion of slavery by setting aside a solemn compromise—without any overruling necessity, and then be credited with pure and patriotic motives. And that, even in his own opinion, there was no such necessity appeared from the fact that only shortly before he had professedly recognized the validity and binding force of the Missouri Compromise as a matter of course; indeed he himself had offered a bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska under the Missouri Compromise excluding slavery, and, since that time, nothing had happened to change the situation. Although by no means inclined to attribute sinister motives to anyone differing from me in opinion or sentiment, I saw no way of escape from the conclusion that, when Senator Douglas was charged with seeking to wipe out the legal bar-

riers to the extension of slavery over territories dedicated to freedom, not in obedience to any necessity, not for any purpose of public good, but to open to himself the road to the presidential chair by winning the favor of the slave power, thus wantonly jeopardizing the cause of freedom for personal ambition, that charge was sustained by overwhelming circumstantial evidence. And when then I saw him on the floor of the Senate plead his cause with the most daring sophistries and in a tone of most overbearing and almost ruffianly aggressiveness, and yet undeniably with very great force and consummate cunning, I thought I recognized in him the very embodiment of that unscrupulous, reckless demagogy which, as my study of history had told me, is so dangerous to republics. These impressions made me detest him profoundly. And when the time came for me to take an active part in anti-slavery campaigns, I thought that of all our opponents he was the one that could never be arraigned too severely. Of this, more hereafter.

No contrast could have been more striking than that between Douglas and the anti-slavery men in the Senate as I saw them and listened to them from the gallery. There was to me something mysterious in the slim, wiry figure, the thin, sallow face, the overhanging eyebrows, and the muffled voice of Seward. I had read some of his speeches, and admired especially those he had delivered on the Compromise of 1850. The broad sweep of philosophical reasoning and the boldness of statement and prediction I found in them, as well as the fine flow of their language, had greatly captivated my imagination. Before seeing him I had pictured him to myself, as one is apt to picture one's heroes, as an imposing personage of overawing mien and commanding presence. I was much disappointed when I first saw that quiet little man who, as he moved about on the floor of the Senate chamber, seemed to be

on hardly less friendly terms with the Southern senators than with the Northern—his speeches were always personally polite to everybody—and whose elocution was of dull sound, scarcely distinct, and never sounding a resonant note of challenge or defiance. But he made upon me, as well as upon many others, the impression of a man who controlled hidden, occult powers which he could bring into play if he would. Indeed, I heard him spoken of as a sort of political wizard who knew all secrets and who commanded political forces unknown to all the world except himself and his bosom friend, Thurlow Weed, the most astute, skillful, and indefatigable political manager ever known. It is quite probable that the flavor of weirdness in his personal appearance and voice and the oracular tone of many of his utterances did much to strengthen that impression. I have to confess that he exercised a strong fascination over me until I came into personal contact with him.

Salmon P. Chase, the anti-slavery Senator from Ohio, was one of the stateliest figures in the Senate. Tall, broad-shouldered, and proudly erect, his features strong and regular and his forehead broad, high and clear, he was a picture of intelligence, strength, courage, and dignity. He looked as you would wish a statesman to look. His speech did not borrow any charm from rhetorical decoration, but was clear and strong in argument, vigorous and determined in tone, elevated in sentiment, and of that frank ingenuousness which commands respect and inspires confidence. He had drawn up an address to the country setting forth the true significance of the Nebraska Bill, which went forth signed by a few anti-slavery men in Congress, and, without being so intended, proved to be the first bugle call for the formation of a new party.

Douglas, who seemed instinctively to feel its importance, emptied all the vials of his wrath upon the author of the mani-

festo, and it was to me a most inspiring experience to see the majestic figure of Chase standing with serene tranquillity under the hail of the "Little Giant's" furious vituperation.

I missed at that time hearing Charles Sumner speak, except once when he made a very few remarks in a calm tone to correct some misapprehension. The impression he made was that of a gentleman of refinement and self-respect, reminding me of some Englishmen of distinction I had seen. He was tall and well-built, his handsome but strong face shadowed by a wealth of dark locks. He was justly called "good-looking." His smile had a peculiar charm. He was talked of as a man of great learning and culture, and of that kind of courage that is unconscious of difficulty or danger, and which was already then said to have made the Southern pro-slavery senators stare in angry wonder.

I was introduced to these anti-slavery champions by Senator Shields in the lobby of the Senate, but these introductions led only to the usual commonplace remarks and the customary shake of the hand. Only Sumner, who seemed interested in my European experiences, expressed a hope that he would see me again.

Of the Southern senators I observed from the gallery, I especially remember three who struck me as types. One was Senator Butler from South Carolina. His rubicund face, framed in long silver-white hair, the merry twinkle of his eye, and his mobile mouth marked him as a man of bubbling good-nature and a jovial companion. He was said to have had a liberal education and to be fond of quoting Horace. On the floor he frequently seemed to be engaged in gay and waggish conversation with his neighbors. But when slavery was attacked, he was apt to flare up fiercely, to assume the haughty

air of the representative of a higher class, and, in fluent and high-sounding phrase, to make the Northern man feel the superiority of the Cavalier over the Roundhead. This was what subsequently brought on his altercation with Sumner which had such deplorable consequences.

Of the more aggressive—I might say belligerent—type was Senator Toombs of Georgia, a large, strong-featured head upon a massive figure, his face constantly alive with high spirits, as capable of a hearty, genial laugh as of a mien of anger or menace; his speech rather boisterous, always fluent and resonant with vigorous utterances. Nobody could be more certain of the sanctity of slave property and of the higher civilization of the South. He would bring the North to its knees; he would drive the anti-slavery men out of public life; the righteous victory of the South was to him above doubt, and it would be so overwhelming that he would live to call the roll of his slaves in the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument. He was, it seemed to me, the very picture, not of the Southern aristocrat, but of the overbearing and defiant Southern middle-class allied with the rich slave-holding aristocracy. With all this there was, to me, something sympathetic in the man, as if I would have liked to know him personally.

Still another type was represented to me by Senator Mason of Virginia, a thick-set, heavily built man with a decided expression of dullness in his face. What he had to say appeared to me to come from a sluggish intellect spurred into activity by an overweening self-conceit. He, too, would constantly assert in manner, even more than in language, the superiority of the Southern slave-holder over the Northern people. But it was not the prancing pride of Senator Butler nor the cheery buoyancy of the fighting spirit of Toombs that

animated him. It appeared rather to be the surly pretension of a naturally stupid person to be something better than other people, and the insistence that they must bow to his assumed aristocracy and all its claims. When I heard Senator Mason speak, I felt that if I were a member of the Senate, his supercilious attitude and his pompous utterances of dull commonplace, sometimes very offensive by their overbearing tone, would have been particularly exasperating to me.

After the Senate, on the morning of the 4th of March, 1854, had passed the Kansas-Nebraska bill, I returned from Washington to Philadelphia. I took with me some very powerful impressions. I had seen the slave power officially represented by some of its foremost champions—overbearing, defiant, dictatorial, vehemently demanding a chance for unlimited expansion, and, to secure its own existence, threatening the most vital principle of free institutions, the right of free inquiry and of free utterance—aye, threatening the Union, the National Republic itself. I had seen in alliance with the slave power, not only far-reaching material interests and a sincere but easily intimidated conservatism, but a selfish party spirit and an artful and unscrupulous demagogy making a tremendous effort to obfuscate the moral sense of the North. I had seen standing against this tremendous array of forces a small band of anti-slavery men faithfully fighting the battle of freedom and civilization. I saw the decisive contest rapidly approaching, and I felt an irresistible impulse to prepare myself for usefulness, however modest, in the impending crisis; and to that end I pursued with increased assiduity my studies of the political history and the social conditions of the Republic, and of the theory and practical workings of its institutions. To the same end I thought it necessary to see more of the country

and to get a larger experience of the character of the people. Especially did I long to breathe the fresh air of that part of the Union which I imagined to be the "real America," the great West, where new States were growing up, and where I would have an opportunity for observing the formative process of new political communities working themselves out of the raw. I had some relatives and some German friends living in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri, and I started out to visit them in the autumn of 1854.

CHAPTER II

A JOURNEY to the West in 1854 was not the comfortable sleeping-car affair on fast through trains that it is now, and travelers did not seem to be so nervously anxious to make the quickest possible time. I leisurely visited Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago. All these cities were then in that period of youthful development which is confidently anticipating a great future. Society still felt itself on a footing of substantial equality—not, indeed, equality in point of fortune, but equality in point of opportunity and expectation. There seemed to be a buoyant, joyous spirit animating all classes, and between those classes—if, indeed, classes they could be called—an easy, unrestrained intercourse and co-operation. Of all the places I visited I found this least, perhaps, in St. Louis, where slave-holders—"old families" with aristocratic pretensions of social and political superiority—lived. There the existence of slavery, with its subtle influence, cast its shadow over the industrial and commercial developments of the city, as well as over the relations between the different groups of citizens. But St. Louis had, after all, much more of the elasticity of Western life than any of the larger towns in the slave-holding States, and had among its population a strong anti-slavery element. The political leader of that element was Mr. Frank P. Blair, a man of much ability and an energetic spirit. But the constituency of the anti-slavery movement, in St. Louis and in Missouri generally, was furnished mainly by the population of German birth or descent.

The bulk of that German population consisted, of course,

of agriculturists, small tradesmen, mechanics, and common laborers. But there were many persons of education and superior capacity among them, who vigorously leavened the whole body. Two different periods of political upheaval in Germany, that of 1830 and the years immediately following, and that of 1848 and 1849, had served to drive out of the old Fatherland hosts of men of ability and character, and of both of these two "immigrations" the German element in St. Louis and neighborhood had its full share. Some of the notable men of the early '30's, the Engelmanns, Hilgards, Tittmanns, Bunsens, Follenius, Körners, and Münchs, settled down in and around Belleville in Illinois, near the Mississippi, opposite St. Louis, or not far from St. Louis, on the Missouri, there to raise their corn and wine. Those who, although university men, devoted themselves to agriculture, were called among the Germans, half sportively, half respectfully, the "Latin farmers." One of them, Gustav Körner, who practiced law in Belleville, rose to eminence as a judge, as a lieutenant-governor of Illinois, and as a minister of the United States to Spain. Another, Friedrich Münch, the finest type of the "Latin farmer," lived to a venerable old age in Gasconade County, Missouri, and remained active almost to the day of his death, as a writer for newspapers and periodicals, under the name of "Far West." These men regarded St. Louis as their metropolis and in a large sense belonged to the "Germandom" of that city.

They were strongly reinforced by the German immigration of 1848, which settled down in that region in considerable number, bringing such men as Friedrich Hecker, the revolutionary leader in Southwest Germany, who bought a prairie farm in Illinois, opposite St. Louis; and Dr. Emil Preetorius, Dr. Boernstein, Dr. Däntzer, Mr. Bernays, Dr. Weigel, Dr. Hammer, Dr. Wm. Taussig and his brother James,

the Sigels, Franz and Albert, and others, who made their abode in the city of St. Louis itself. The infusion of such ingredients gave to the German population of St. Louis and its vicinity a capacity for prompt, intelligent, and vigorous patriotic action which, when the great crisis of 1861 came, made the pro-slavery aristocrats, who had always contemptuously looked down upon the "Dutch" as semi-barbarians, stare with amazement and dismay at the sudden appearance of their hardly suspected power which struck such telling blows for Union and Liberty.

Before leaving the vicinity of St. Louis I visited the German revolutionary leader, Friedrich Hecker, on his prairie farm near Belleville in Illinois. I had never personally met him in Germany, but had heard much about his brilliant qualities and his fiery, impulsive nature. He had started a republican uprising in South Germany at an early stage of the revolutionary movement of 1848, which, although quickly overcome by a military force, had made him the hero of popular songs. His picture, representing him in a somewhat fantastic garb, was spread all over Germany, and as an exile he had become a sort of legendary hero. Being a man of much study and large acquirements, he was entitled to high rank among the "Latin farmers."

His new home was a log-house of very primitive appearance. Mrs. Hecker, a woman of beauty and refinement, clad in the simple attire of a farmer's wife, plain but very tidy and tasteful, welcomed me at the door. "The Tiedemanns announced your coming," she said, "and we have been expecting you for several days. Hecker is ill with chills and fever and in very bad humor. But he wants to see you very much. If he uses peculiar language, do not mind it. It is his way when he is out of sorts." Mrs. Tiedemann, Hecker's sister in

Philadelphia, had already told me of his tantrums. Thus cautioned, I entered the log-house and found myself in a large room very scantily and roughly furnished. Hecker was sitting on a low couch covered with a buffalo skin.

"Hello," he shouted in a husky voice. "Here you are at last. What in the world brought you into this accursed country?"

"Do you really think this country is so very bad?" I asked.

"Well—well, no!" he said. "It is not a bad country. It is good enough. But the devil take the chills and fever! Only look at me!" Then he rose to his feet and continued denouncing the chills and fever in the most violent terms.

Indeed, as he stood there, a man little over forty, he presented a rather pitiable figure. As a young lawyer at Mannheim and deputy in the legislative chamber of Baden, he had been noted for the elegance of his apparel; now he wore a gray woolen shirt, baggy and shabby trousers, and a pair of old carpet slippers. Mrs. Hecker, who noticed my look of surprise, whispered to me with a sigh, "Since we have lived here I cannot get him to make himself look decent." I had always heard that Hecker was a handsome man. And he might have been, with his aquiline nose, his clear blue eyes, his finely chiseled features, and his blonde hair and beard. But now that face looked haggard, sallow, and weary, and his frame, once so elastic, was drooping and hardly able to bear its own weight.

"Ah," said he, "you see what will become of an old revolutionist when he has to live on quinine pills." Then again he opened the vast resources of his vituperative eloquence on the malarial fever, calling it no end of opprobrious names. Gradually he quieted down, and we began to discuss the political situation. His wrath kindled again when speaking of slavery and the iniquitous attempt of Douglas to permit slavery un-

limited expansion over the Territories. With all the fine enthusiasm of his noble nature he greeted the anti-slavery movement, then rising all over the North, as the dawn of a new era, and we pledged ourselves mutually to meet on the field in a common endeavor if that great cause should ever call for our aid.

I was invited to stay for the midday dinner, which I did. It was a very plain but good farmer's meal. Mrs. Hecker, who had cooked it, also helped in serving it. Two rather rough-looking men in shirt-sleeves, the farm-hands, sat with us at the table. This, as Hecker informed me, was the rule of the house. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," said he. But this fraternity did not prevent him from giving one of the farm-hands, who had in some way displeased him, after dinner, in my presence, a "dressing down" with a fluency, vigor, and richness of language which I should hardly have thought possible, had I not heard it.

From Hecker's farm I went to Chicago, and I shall never forget the first night I passed in that city. I arrived there by a belated train about an hour after midnight. An omnibus took me to the Tremont Hotel, where I was informed that every room in the house was occupied. The clerk directed me to another house, and I started out, valise in hand. The omnibus was gone and no hack to be had, and I walked to two or three other hostelries with the same result. Trying to follow the directions I had last received, I somehow lost my way, and overcome with fatigue I sat down on a curbstone, hoping that a policeman or some other philanthropic person would come that way.

Chicago had at that time sidewalks made of wooden planks, under which, it appeared, rats in incalculable numbers had made their nests. Troops of them I saw moving about in the gaslight. As I was sitting still, they playfully scampered

over my feet. Efforts to scare them away proved unavailing. I sought another curbstone, but the rats were there too. At last a policeman hove in sight. For a minute he seemed to be in doubt as to whether he should not take me to the station-house; but having heard my story he finally consented to show me an inn where he thought I would find shelter. But there, too, every guest-room was occupied. They had just one bed free, which I might have, if I wished, but it was in a room without a window, a sort of large closet. I was tired enough to take anything. But an inspection of the bed by candle-light utterly discouraged every thought of undressing. I spent the rest of the night on a chair and hailed daylight with great relief.

Chicago was then a city of about 65,000 inhabitants. The blockhouse of old Fort Dearborn was still standing and remained so for several years. Excepting the principal public edifices, hotels, and business houses, and a few private residences, the town was built of wood. The partly unpaved and partly ill-paved streets were extremely dusty in dry, and extremely muddy in wet weather. I noticed remarkably few attempts to give dwelling houses an attractive appearance. The city had, on the whole, what might be called an unhandsome look. During my short visit I heard many expressions of exceedingly sanguine anticipation as to the future of the place—anticipations which have since proved hardly sanguine enough. But at that time there were also doubters. "If you had been here a year ago," a friend said to me, "you might have invested money in real estate to great advantage. But it is too late now." Everybody seemed very busy—so busy, indeed, that I was almost afraid to claim anybody's time and attention.

From Chicago I went to Wisconsin, and there I found an atmosphere eminently congenial. Milwaukee, with a population much smaller than that of Chicago, had received rather

more than its proportional share of the German immigration of 1848. The city had possessed a strong German element before,—good-natured, quiet, law-abiding, order-loving, and industrious citizens, with persons of marked ability among them, who contributed much to the growth of the community and enjoyed themselves in their simple and cheery way. But the " Forty-Eighters " brought something like a wave of spring sunshine into that life. They were mostly high-spirited young people, inspired by fresh ideals which they had failed to realize in the old world, but hoped to realize here; ready to enter upon any activity they might be capable of; and eager not only to make that activity profitable but also to render life merry and beautiful; and, withal, full of enthusiasm for the great American Republic which was to be their home and the home of their children. Some had brought money with them; others had not. Some had been educated at German universities for learned professions, some were artists, some literary men, some merchants. Others had grown up in more humble walks of life, but, a very few drones excepted, all went to work with a cheerful purpose to make the best of everything.

They at once proceeded to enliven society with artistic enterprises. One of their first and most important achievements was the organization of the " Musical Society " of Milwaukee, which, in an amazingly short time, was able to produce oratorios and light operas in a really creditable manner. The " German Turn Verein " not only cultivated the gymnastic arts for the benefit of its own members, but it produced " living pictures " and similar exhibitions of high artistic value. The Forty-Eighters thus awakened interests which a majority of the old population had hardly known, but which now attracted general favor and very largely bridged over the distance between the native American and the new-comer.

The establishment of a German theater was a matter of course, and its performances, which indeed deserved much praise, proved so attractive that it became a sort of social center.

It is true, similar things were done in other cities where the Forty-Eighters had congregated. But so far as I know, nowhere did their influence so quickly impress itself upon the whole social atmosphere as in the "German Athens of America," as Milwaukee was called at the time. It is also true that, in a few instances, the vivacity of this spirit ran into attempts to realize questionable or extravagant theories. But, on the whole, the inspiration proved itself exhilaratingly healthy, not only in social, but soon also in the political sense.

From Milwaukee I went to Watertown, a little city about 45 miles further west. One of my uncles, Jacob Jüssen, of whom I have spoken in my childhood recollections as the burgomaster of Jülich, was settled there with his family, among whom were two married daughters. Thus I dropped there into a family circle which was all the more congenial to me as this was the one of my uncles I had always been most fond of. The population of Watertown was also preponderantly German—not indeed so much impregnated with the Forty-eight spirit as were the Milwaukeeans, although in Watertown, too, I found a former university student whom in September, 1848, I had met as a fellow-member of the Students' Congress at Eisenach, Mr. Emil Rothe, and several other men who had taken part in the revolutionary movements of the time. Among the farmers in the neighborhood, who did their trading at Watertown, there were many Pomeranians and Mecklenburghers, hard-working and thrifty people, who regularly began with the roughest kind of log-cabin for a home, and then in a few years evolved from it, first the modest frame dwelling, and then the more stately brick-house—the barn, however, always re-

maining the most important edifice of the establishment. There were some Irish people, too, and some native Americans from New England or New York State, who owned farms, or ran the bank and a manufacturing shop or two, and two or three law offices. But these different elements of the population were all on a footing of substantial equality—neither rich nor poor, ready to work and enjoy life together, and tolerant of one another's peculiarities. Of culture and social refinement there was, of course, very little. Society was no longer in the pioneer stage, the backwoods condition. But it had the characteristic qualities of newness. There were churches, and schools, and hotels, all very simple, but decent in their appointments, and, on the whole, reasonably well conducted. There was a municipal organization, a city government, constructed according to law, officered by men elected by the people. And these people had but recently flocked together from different quarters of the globe. There were comparatively few persons among them who, having been born in this country, had grown up in the practical experience of the things to be done, and of the methods usually followed for the purpose. A large majority were foreign to the tradition of this republic. The task of solving certain problems by the operation of unrestrained municipal self-government, and of taking part through the exercise of the suffrage in the government of a State, and even of a great republic, was new to them. In Wisconsin the immigrant became a voter after one year's residence, no matter whether he had acquired his citizenship of the United States, or not: it was only required that he should have regularly abjured his allegiance to any foreign state or prince, and declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States. And of such early voters there were a good many.

This seemed to be, therefore, an excellent point of obser-

vation from which to watch the growth and the behavior of the political community composed of what might have been thought rather crude and heterogenous elements, comparatively uninfluenced by the guidance of the experienced native mind; to follow the processes by which the foreign-born man, the newcomer, develops himself into a conscious American, and to discover what kind of an American will result as a product of those processes. I intend to express my conclusions somewhat more elaborately in a chapter specially devoted to the subject.

On the whole, the things that I saw and heard made the West exceedingly attractive to me. This was something of the America that I had seen in my dreams; a new country, a new society almost entirely unhampered by any traditions of the past; a new people produced by the free intermingling of the vigorous elements of all nations, with not old England alone, but the world for its motherland; with almost limitless opportunities open to all, and with equal rights secured by free institutions of government. Life in the West, especially away from the larger towns, lacked, indeed, the finer enjoyments of civilization to a degree hard to bear to those who had been accustomed to them and who did not find a compensation in that which gave to Western life—and American life generally—its peculiar charm: a warm, living interest in the progressive evolution, constantly and rapidly going on, the joy of growth —that which I have attempted to call in German "die Werdelust." Now and then we have heard persons of culture—exaggerated culture, perhaps—complain that this country has no romantic, ivy-clad ruins, no historic castles or cathedrals, and, in general, little that appeals to sentiment or to the cultivated esthetic sense. True, it has the defects common to all new countries, and it will be tedious and unattractive to those who cherish as the quintessence of life the things which a new

country does not and naturally cannot possess. But it offers, more than any other country, that compensation which consists in a joyous appreciation not only of that which is, but of that which is to be—the growth we witness, the development of which we are a part.

The stimulating atmosphere of the West, as I felt it, was so congenial to me that I resolved to establish my home in the Mississippi valley. What I had seen and heard of the State of Wisconsin and its people was so exceedingly pleasing that I preferred that State to any other; and, as several of my relatives were domiciled at Watertown, and my parents and sisters had in the meantime come over from Europe and would naturally be glad to live near other members of the family, I bought some property there with a view to permanent settlement.

Before that settlement was effected, however, I had, on account of my wife's health, to make a journey to Europe. We spent some time in London. What a weird change of scene it was between the two worlds! The old circle of political exiles which I had left three years before was dispersed. The good Baroness Brüning, who had been so sweet and helpful a friend to many of them, had died of heart-disease. Most of those who had gathered around her hospitable fireside had either emigrated to America or somehow disappeared. My nearest friends, the Kinkels, were still there and had prospered—he as lecturer on art-history, she as teacher of music,—and occupied a larger house.

My friend Malwida von Meysenbug was still there superintending the education of the daughters of the famous Russian Liberal, Alexander Herzen. I found the friend of my university days, Friedrich Althaus, who was teaching and had also been engaged by Prince Albert to help him catalogue his collec-

tion of engravings. But there was little left of that revolutionary scheming and plotting to which the exiled had formerly given themselves, inspired by the delusive hope that a new uprising for free government would soon again take place on the European continent. Louis Napoleon sat firmly on the imperial throne of France, and the prestige he had gained by the Crimean War had brought him the most flattering recognition by other European sovereigns and made him appear like the arbiter of the destinies of the continent. In Germany, the stupid and rude reaction against the liberal current of 1848 went its course. In Austria, the return to absolutistic rule seemed almost complete. In Italy, Mazzini's revolutionary attempt, the prospects of which he had pictured to me in such glowing colors three years before, had resulted in disastrous failure. No part of the European horizon seemed to be illumined by a ray of hope to cheer the exiles still living in London. There was indeed an international committee of revolutionary leaders, to give direction to whatever revolutionary possibility might turn up. Whether they could see any such possibilities among the hard actualities of the time, it is difficult to say. But, as a matter of experience, nothing can be more active and fatuous than the imagination, and nothing more eager, boundless, and pathetic than the credulity of the exile. To those whose eyes were open to the real situation, the international committee looked like a gathering of specters moving about in a graveyard.

Whether Mazzini was at the time in London, I do not know. If he was, he held himself in that mysterious seclusion characteristic of him—a seclusion in which he met only his most confidential political agents and those English families whose members, completely under his wonderful fascination, were devoted to him to the point of almost limitless self-sacrifice.

But Kossuth was in London, and I promptly went to pay

LOUIS KOSSUTH

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

my respects. I had seen him only once, four years before, when he first visited England as the spokesman of his unfortunate country, which, after a most gallant struggle, had been overpowered by superior brute force. He was then the hero of the day. I have already described his entrance into London and the enthusiastic homage he received from what seemed to be almost the whole English people; how it was considered a privilege to be admitted to his presence, and how at a public reception he spoke a word to me that made me very proud and happy. He had then, at the invitation of the government,—I might say of the people of the United States,—proceeded to America, where he was received almost like a superior being, all classes of society surging around him with measureless outbursts of enthusiastic admiration. But he could not move the government of this Republic to active interference in favor of the independence of Hungary, nor did he obtain from his American admirers that "substantial aid" for his cause which he had looked and worked for, and thus he returned from America a profoundly disappointed man.

His second appearance in England convinced him that the boiling enthusiasm of the English people had evaporated. His further appeals in behalf of his cause met only with that compassionate sympathy which had no longer any stirring impulse in it, and it must have become clear to him that, for the time being at least, his cause was lost. At first he had appeared in England, as well as in America, in the character of the legitimate, although the deposed, ruler of Hungary, and his countrymen in exile had surrounded their "governor" with a sort of court ceremonial which was to express their respect for him, which flattered his pride, and which was accepted by many others as appropriate to his dignity. This "style" had, in Hungarian circles in London, been kept up for a while even after the dis-

appearance of the popular enthusiasm. But it fell naturally into disuse when many of the followers, who had formed his brilliant retinue in triumphal progresses, dispersed to seek for themselves the means of living; when poverty had compelled him to retire into seclusion and modest quarters, and when, appearing on the street, he was no longer surrounded by cheering crowds, but at best was greeted with silent respect by a few persons who recognized him.

This was the condition of his affairs when I called at the very unpretending cottage he inhabited in one of the suburbs of London. The door was opened by a man well advanced in years, of an honest, winning countenance typically Hungarian, with keen dark eyes, broad cheek-bones, and gleaming teeth. From his appearance I judged that he was rather a friend, a devoted companion, than a servant, and such I afterwards learned him to be. Without ceremony he took me into a very plainly furnished little parlor where, he said, the "governor" would receive me.

After a few moments Kossuth came in and greeted me with cordial kindness. He had aged much since I had last seen him. His hair and beard were streaked with gray. Yet his voice still retained the mellow tones which, but a few years ago, had charmed such countless multitudes. He spoke much of his American tour, praised the hospitable spirit of the American people, and with quiet dignity expressed his disappointment at the fruitlessness of his efforts. He drew a gloomy picture of existing conditions in Europe, but thought that such a state of things could not endure and that the future was not without hope. After a while, Madame Kossuth came into the room, and Kossuth introduced me to his wife with some kind remarks. She spoke to me with great politeness, but I must confess that I was somewhat prejudiced against her. In her prosperity she

had borne the reputation of being haughty and distant, and her presumptuous attitude is said to have been occasionally dangerous to her husband's popularity. In the case of such characters the fall from greatness is usually not regarded as a claim to especial sympathy. But as I saw her then, she seemed to be full of tender care for her husband's health.

I left Kossuth's presence with a heart full of sadness. In him, in that idol of the popular imagination, now reduced to impotence, poverty, and solitude, I had seen the very personification of the defeat suffered by the revolutionary movement of 1848.

It was on the occasion of this sojourn in London that I made the acquaintance of Alexander Herzen, a natural son of a Russian nobleman of high rank, himself a Russian patriot in the liberal sense, who had been obliged to leave his native country as a "dangerous man," and who now, by his writings, which were smuggled across the frontier, worked to enlighten and stimulate and inspire the Russian mind. Malwida von Meysenbug, who lived in his family superintending the education of his daughters, which she did with all her peculiar enthusiasm, brought us together, and we soon became friends. Herzen, at least ten years older than I, was an aristocrat by birth and instinct, but a democrat by philosophy, a fine, noble nature, a man of culture, of a warm heart and large sympathies. In his writings as well as in his conversation he poured forth his thoughts and feelings with an impulsive, sometimes poetic eloquence, which, at times, was exceedingly fascinating. I would listen to him by the hour when in his rhapsodic way he talked of Russia and the Russian people, that uncouth and only half conscious giant, that would gradually exchange its surface civilization borrowed from the West for one of national character; the awakening of whose popular intelligence

would then put an end to the stolid autocracy, the deadening weight of which held down every free aspiration; and which then would evolve from its mysterious depths new ideas and forces which might solve many of the problems now perplexing the Western world. But, in his fervid professions of faith in the greatness of that destiny, I thought I discovered an undertone of doubt, if not despondency, as to the possibilities of the near future, and I was strongly reminded of the impression made upon me by some of Turguéneff's novels describing Russian society as it entertained itself with vague musings and strivings of dreary aimlessness.

Other impressions I gathered through my contact with some of Herzen's Russian friends who from time to time met in his hospitable house and at his table. At dinner the conversation would sparkle with dramatic tales of Russian life, descriptions of weird social conditions and commotions, which opened mysterious prospects of great upheavings and transformations, and which were interspersed with witty sallies against the government and droll satires on the ruling classes. But when, after dinner, the bowl of strong punch was put on the table, the same persons, who, so far, at least had conducted themselves like gentlemen of culture and refinement, becoming gradually heated, would presently break out in ebullitions of a sort of savage wildness, the like of which I had never witnessed among Germans, or French, or English, or Americans. They strongly reminded me of the proverb: "You scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar."

Herzen himself always remained self-contained; but as an indulgent host he did not restrain his guests. Probably he knew that he could not. Once or twice he would say to me in an undertone, witnessing my amazement: "So they are! So they are! But they are splendid fellows for all that." And

so, I suppose, they are indeed, not only as individuals but as a nation—a huge, unshapely mass, with a glossy polish on the outer surface, but fierce forces within, kept in control by a tremendous pressure of power, or superstititon, or stolid faith, but really untamed and full of savage vigor. If they once break loose, awful cataclysms must result, producing in their turn—what? It is difficult to imagine how the Russian empire as it now is, from Poland to eastern-most Siberia, could be kept together and governed by anything else than an autocratic centralization of power, a constantly self-asserting and directing central authority with a tremendous organization of force behind it. This rigid central despotism cannot fail to create oppressive abuses in the government of the various territories and diverse populations composing the empire. When this burden of oppression becomes too galling, efforts, raw, crude, more or less inarticulate and confused, will be made in quest of relief, with a slim chance of success. Discontent with the inexorable autocracy will spread and seize upon the superior intelligence of the country, which will be inspired with a restless ambition to have a share in the government.

At the moment when the autocrat yields to the demands of that popular intelligence and assents to constitutional limitations of his power, or to anything that will give an authoritative, official voice to the people, the real revolutionary crisis will begin. The popular discontent will not be appeased, but it will be sharpened by the concession. All the social forces will then be thrown into spasmodic commotion; and, when those forces, in their native wildness, break through their traditional restraints, the world may have to witness a spectacle of revolutionary chaos without example in history. The chaos may ultimately bring forth new conceptions of freedom, right, and

justice, new forms of organized society, new developments of civilization. But what the sweep of those volcanic disturbances will be and what their final outcome, is a mystery baffling the imagination—a mystery that can be approached only with awe and dread.*

Such were the contemplations set going in my mind by the contact with this part of the Russian world, that enigma of the future. With what delightful assurance I turned from this cloudy puzzle to the "New World" which I had recently made my home—the great western Republic, not indeed without its hard problems, but a Republic founded upon clear, sound, just, humane, irrefragable principles, the conscious embodiment of the highest aims of the modern age; and with a people most of whom were full of warm sympathy with every effort for human liberty the world over, and animated with an enthusiastic appreciation of their own great destiny as leaders of mankind in the struggle for freedom and justice, universal peace and good-will! How I longed to go "home" and take part in the great fight against slavery, the only blot that sullied the escutcheon of the Republic, and the only malign influence, as I then conceived, that threatened the fulfillment of its great mission in the world!

But before my return to America I had a joyful experience which I cannot refrain from describing. It was of an artistic nature. Frau Kinkel took me to a concert—in which Jenny Lind, then retired from the stage, was to sing the great aria of Agathe in the "Freischütz," and in which also Richard Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser" was to be produced, Wagner himself acting as conductor of the orchestra. As I have already said in the first part of these reminis-

* The above was written in 1900, four years before the revolutionary outbreak in Russia.

cences, Frau Kinkel was one of the most highly educated and most accomplished musicians I have ever known. I owe to her not only my capacity to enjoy Beethoven, Bach, and Gluck, and other great classical composers, but she also made me intimately acquainted with Chopin and Schumann, whose productions she played with exquisite grace. Still her musical principles and taste were severely those of the "old school," and she detested Wagner as a reckless and almost criminal demoralizer of the musical conscience. On the way to the concert she did not fail to give me a thorough lecture on Wagner's vices, his contempt of the most sacred rules of harmony, his impossible transitions from one key to another, his excruciating dissonances, his intemperate straining after sensuous effects, and what not. "It is true," she added by way of precautionary warning, "there is something exciting, a certain fascination in his music, and many people are carried away by it—some musicians, even, of whom something better might have been expected. But I hope when you hear it, you will remain cool and not lose your critical sense." I had never heard a note of Wagner's music. I had seen some of his writings, the tone of which had not favorably impressed me. My personal contact with Wagner in Zürich, of which I have spoken before, had not been at all sympathetic; on the contrary, I shared the judgment about Wagner prevalent among the refugees there, that he was an excessively presumptuous, haughty, dogmatic, repellent person, from whom it was best to keep away. I was, therefore, by no means predisposed to be taken off my feet by the charms of his productions. All of which, when I told her, was quite reassuring to my mentor.

As to the performance of Jenny Lind, Frau Kinkel and I were altogether of the same mind and feeling. Jenny Lind was then no longer young. Her appearance, although

still exceedingly pleasing, had become somewhat matronly. Her voice might, perhaps, not have retained all its original birdsong-like lightness of warble. But there was still that half veiled tone, as if there were something mysterious behind it; that velvety timbre, that strange, magnetic vibration, the mere sound of which could draw tears to the eyes of the listener. She was the nightingale still. To hear her was deep, pure, dreamy delight. Of all the great voices that I have heard—and I have heard many—none was so angelic and went so entrancingly, so caressingly to the heart as Jenny Lind's.

At last came the overture to "Tannhäuser." Frau Kinkel, who in the most eloquent words had expressed her ecstasy over Jenny Lind's rendering of the "Freischütz" aria, became uneasy. "Now keep yourself well in hand," she said, looking at me with an expression betraying some anxiety as to the outcome. The opening "Pilgrim's Chorus," as it rose from the orchestra, pleased me much, without, however, impressing me as something overpowering. But when the violins set in with that weird and constantly growing tumult of passion, drowning the pious notes of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" under the wild outcries of an uncanny frenzy, then sinking into whining moans of exhaustion, I could hardly restrain myself. I felt as if I should jump up and shout. Frau Kinkel observed my emotion, put her hand upon my own as if to hold me down to my seat, and whispered: "Oh, oh, I see how it takes you, too. But do you not hear that it is all wrong?" I could not answer, but continued to listen with rapture. I did not hear that it was all wrong; and if I had noticed anything that was wrong under the accepted rules of thorough-bass, I should not have cared. I was fairly overwhelmed by those surging and rolling billows of harmony, by the breakers of passion rushing and tumbling over the rocks, those plaintive voices of sadness or despair,

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those tender accents of love or delight floating above and through the accompaniment which lifted the melody in a poetic cloud. When the last notes of the "Tannhäuser" overture had died away, I sat still, unable to say anything articulate. I felt only that an entirely new musical world had opened and revealed itself to me, the charms of which I could not possibly resist. My good friend Frau Kinkel noticed well what had happened to me. She looked at me sadly and said with a sigh, "I see, I see! You are now a captive, too. And so it goes. What will become of our art?"

Indeed, I was a captive, and I remained one. It so happened that many years, nearly thirty, elapsed before I heard any Wagner music again, except some transcriptions for the piano which were naturally but feeble echoes of the orchestral score, and a single representation of "Lohengrin" in the little theater of Wiesbaden. But when at last during those memorable seasons of German Opera in New York, beginning in 1885, I had the happiness of witnessing the wonderful Nibelungen-Ring tetralogy, and "Tristan and Isolde," and the "Meistersinger," and when, still later, I heard "Parsifal" in Bayreuth, the impressions I received were no less powerful and profound than had been that first which I have just described. I did not care to study Wagner's theories of the "Music-Drama," or, by deciphering the printed scores, to dive into the mysterious depths of his harmonic elaborations. I simply gave myself up to the sensations stirred in me by what I heard and saw. The effects produced on me were perfectly free from the influence of preconceived opinion or affectation—in other words, they were entirely unbidden, unprepared, natural, irresistible. I did not lose my appreciation of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Chopin, and other music-poets. But here was something apart—something dif-

ferent, not in degree, but in kind. How could I "compare" Wagner with Beethoven? I might as well compare the Parthenon with the Cathedral of Cologne,—or either with the Falls of Niagara. The musical language of Wagner has always impressed me as something like the original language of the eternal elements—something awe-inspiringly eloquent, speaking in tones, rising from mysterious depths, of understanding and passion. It is difficult to illustrate by example, but I will try. Among the funeral marches in musical literature, Beethoven's and Chopin's had always most sympathetically appealed to my feelings—Beethoven's with the stately solemnity of its mourning accents, and Chopin's with its cathedral bells interwoven with melodious plaints. But when I hear the Siegfried dead-march in the "Götterdämmerung," my heart-beat seems to stop at the tremendous sigh of woe, never heard before, rushing through the air.

To me, as one who was born and had grown up in Germany, Wagner's Nibelungen-Ring, especially "Young Siegfried" and the "Götterdämmerung," had a peculiar home-born charm which grew all the stronger the more familiar I became with those tone poems. The legends of Siegfried in various forms had been among the delights of my early boyhood. Siegfried was one of the mythical heroes of the Rhineland. And when I heard the "Leit-motifs" of the Nibelungen-Ring, they sounded to me like something I had heard in my cradle—in the half-consciousness of my earliest dreams. This, indeed, was an illusion; but that illusion showed how Wagner, to my feeling at least, had in those phrases touched the true chord of the *saga* as it hovers over my native land, and as it is echoed in my imagination.

I shall never forget my first impressions of "Parsifal," which I enjoyed many years later. The performances at Bay-

reuth were then still on their highest level. The whole atmosphere of the town and the neighboring country was charged with artistic enthusiasm and exaltation. The crowds of visitors from all parts of the civilized world had come almost like pilgrims to a shrine. People went to Wagner's Opera House as true believers go to church, When the audience was assembled in the severely plain building, and the lights were turned down, an almost startling silence fell upon the house. The multitude held its breath in reverential expectation. Then came the solemn tones of the orchestra, floating up from the depth of its mysterious concealment. Then the parting of the curtain revealed the scene of the sacred lake. The suffering Amfortas entered with his companions of the Holy Grail, and the mystic action, as it unrolled itself, the appearance of the youthful Parsifal, and the killing of the sacred swan, all wrapped in majestic harmonies, held our hearts spellbound. But all this was but a feeble prelude to what followed. The changing scene became gradually enveloped in darkness, made more mysterious by the swinging peals of mighty cathedral bells. As by magic, the great temple hall of the Castle of the Holy Grail was before us, flooded with light. And then, when the knights of the Grail marched down its aisles and took their seats, and the blond-locked pages, fair as angels, and the king of the Grail appeared, bearing the miraculous cup, and the chorus of the boys came streaming down from the lofty height of the Cupola—then, I have to confess, tears trickled down my face, for I now beheld something like what I had imagined Heaven to be when I was a child.

You may call this extravagant language. But a large portion, if not a majority of the audience, was evidently overwhelmed by the same emotions. When, after the close of the act, the curtain swept together, and the lights in the audience-

room flashed out again, I saw hundreds of handkerchiefs busy wiping moistened cheeks. There was not the slightest attempt at a demonstration of applause. The assembled multitude rose in perfect silence and sought the doors. In the little company of friends who were with me, not a word was spoken. We only pressed one another's hands as we went out. In the row behind us sat Coquelin, the great French comedian. He walked out immediately in front of me. His face wore an expression of profound seriousness. When he reached the open door I heard one of his companions ask him how he had liked the performance. Coquelin did not answer a word, but turned from his friend and walked away, silent and alone. Between the first and the second acts, according to custom, we took dinner at one of the restaurants near by. Not one of us had recovered himself sufficiently to be fit for table talk. We sat there almost entirely speechless during the whole repast.

When all this happened—1889—I was no longer young and easily excitable, but rather well past the meridian of life. I had never been inclined to sentimental hysterics. My friends around me were all sensible persons, some of them musically well educated. We had all seen and heard much in and of the world. What, then, was there in the first act of the "Parsifal" that excited in us such extraordinary emotions? It was not the splendor of the scenery; for that, however magnificent, could only appeal to our sense of the picturesque and call forth admiration. Neither was there in the action anything melodramatic that might have touched our sympathetic hearts and thus moved us to tears. The action was, in fact, exceedingly simple, and rather mystic than humanly sympathetic in its significance. Nor was it the music alone. This, when heard in the concert hall, as I have since often heard it, would indeed strike one as something of extraordinary beauty and grandeur, but it would

not produce that feeling of perfectly overpowering exaltation. No, it was all these things together, scenery, action, and music, that transported us into an atmosphere of—shall I so call it?—religious, devotional fervor, lifting us high above all the prosy, commonplace actualities of life, into the sphere of the purely sublime, the holy, and unloosing all the craving for faith and adoration that may have been dormant in the soul. We were truly and profoundly pious as we sat there gazing and listening—pious beyond the control of our feelings. Our hearts were full of a strange joyfulness, heaving upward with those grand harmonies, as they swelled and rose toward the mystery of heaven.

Beyond comparison, no production of art has ever touched me so wondrously, so supernaturally, as the first act of "Parsifal." The effect was the same when I saw it again and it lacked the element of surprise. Nor have I ever met anyone who has seen and heard it and has altogether resisted its charm. And this was the last and crowning achievement of a most astonishing career. In the highest degree astonishing, it may well be said, was the success of a man who in elaborate treatises put forth the systematic theories of a truly revolutionary character, upon which his works of imagination had been, or were to be, constructed, giving the why and wherefore of everything, the ends he had in view, and the means to be used for their accomplishment, and who, thus assailing generally accepted principles and notions with a supreme, almost insolent confidence in his own power, had prejudiced almost the whole artistic world against himself. Yet Wagner finally won a triumph which no musical composer before him ever had dared to dream of; for he substantially said to princes and potentates, to the leaders in literature and art, and to mankind generally: "I am no longer to peddle my productions among you. I have selected,

not for your convenience but for mine, a little out-of-the-way town in Germany, where you will have to come in order to see and hear my works, as I wish them to be seen and heard." And they came. The most renowned artists considered it the highest honor to appear, without a penny of pay, in that modest opera-house built on a hill near Bayreuth; and the powerful, and the rich, and men and women of high culture from all parts of Europe and from across the seas filled that plain auditorium as eager and devout listeners. In the history of art there has never been such a demonstration of public homage as this.

How long Wagner's works will hold the stage as prominently as they do now, will, of course, depend upon what may follow him. So far they are proving an embarrassing, if not positively oppressive, standard of comparison. If a new composer adopts Wagner's conception of the music drama, blending words, music, and scenery in one harmonious poem, together with something like Wagner's methods of instrumentation, he will be liable to be called an imitator, and the comparison with the great original will probably be to his disadvantage. If he does not, if he adheres to old models, or strikes out on lines of his own, his music will be in danger of being found thin and commonplace by the ear accustomed to Wagner's massive and striking powers of musical expression. It may require a genius of extraordinary power to break this sort of thraldom, and for such a genius mankind may have to wait a good while.

CHAPTER III

WHEN we arrived in America, in May, 1856, the public mind seemed to be in a state of high political animation. The hotels and the railroad cars and the steamboat decks were buzzing with eager discussions of the slavery question and the impending presidential campaign, which were not seldom enlivened by bitter attacks from Democrats upon those who had left the Democratic party to join the new Republican organization, then entering upon its first national contest. Of that bitterness of partisan spirit I had already received a taste on the steamer which several months before had carried us to Europe. I met there a Democratic politician from one of the Western States who had been appointed by President Pierce as American Consul at one of the German ports. He seemed to be a good-natured, bright, and jovial person, and we had many pleasant walks on deck together. But when our conversation turned on American politics, his brows contracted, his eyes shot fire, and I remember distinctly the expression of malignant, hissing disgust with which that otherwise jolly good fellow would ejaculate: "Of all men the most contemptible is the Democrat who deserts his party to join the Black Republicans." He was evidently very much in earnest, and it puzzled me greatly how he could be.

My German neighbors in Watertown, Wisconsin, were almost all Democrats. As a rule, the foreign immigrants had drifted into the Democratic party, which presented itself to them as the protector of the political rights of the foreign-born population, while the Whigs were suspected of "nativistic"

tendencies, hostile to the foreign born. Although these nativistic tendencies were in fact directed more against the Irish than against the Germans, the feeling that their rights were in danger was, at the time, much sharpened among the Germans, too, by brutal excesses that were being committed in various places against the foreign born by the rough element of the native population, and by the springing up of the "Know-nothing" organization, which was set on foot for the declared purpose of excluding the foreign born from participation in political power. The attachment of the foreign born, and among them the Germans, to the Democratic party was, therefore, not at all unnatural, and although the Germans were at heart opposed to slavery, yet their anxiety about their own rights outweighed, for the time, all other considerations, and served to keep them in the Democratic ranks. Sitting on a dry-goods box in front of one of the stores on the "Main Street" of Watertown, I had many an arduous, but, of course, good-natured talk on the political situation with groups of fellow-townsmen, without, however, at first accomplishing much more for the anti-slavery cause than that I occasionally called forth a serious shaking of heads or an admission that the slavery question was indeed a matter very much worth thinking about.

But what I read in the newspapers of the invasions of the Territory of Kansas by the pro-slavery "border ruffians" of Missouri, and of their high-handed and bloody attempts to subjugate the Free-State settlers there, deeply agitated me. In June, the national conventions of the great political parties were held. That of the Democrats met at Cincinnati, in its platform approved the opening of the Territories to slavery under the guise of "popular sovereignty," and nominated Buchanan and Breckinridge as its candidates; that of the young Republican party met at Philadelphia, in its platform

demanded the exclusion of slavery from the Territories that had been dedicated to freedom, reaffirmed the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and nominated, as its standard-bearers, Frémont of California and Dayton of New Jersey. The Republican platform sounded to me like a bugle-call of liberty, and the name of Frémont, "the Pathfinder," surrounded by a halo of adventurous heroism, mightily stirred the imagination. Thus the old cause of human freedom was to be fought for on the soil of the new world. The great final decision seemed to be impending.

I was eager to take part in the contest. But at the same time a feeling came upon me that I was still sadly incompetent for the task. I had indeed studied the slavery question in its various aspects to the best of my ability. But every step in widening my knowledge painfully convinced me that I had very much more to learn. I had no experience in American politics. My acquaintance with public men was extremely limited. Would I not, when standing before the public, sometimes find myself speaking of things of which I knew very little or nothing? How could I expect to be able to answer the questions that might be put to me? While I was in that troubled state of mind, I was surprised by the visit of a gentleman I had never heard of. It was Mr. Harvey, a member of the State Senate of Wisconsin, one of the Republican leaders —(the same Mr. Harvey who subsequently was elected Governor of Wisconsin during the Civil War, and found his death in the Mississippi River when visiting Wisconsin troops in the field). I was very much astonished and felt myself greatly honored when I was told how distinguished a public man my visitor was. I found in him a gentleman of agreeable manners and persuasive address, and he told me in most winning tones that he had heard of me as a person of education sympathizing

with the anti-slavery cause, and that he thought I could render valuable service in the pending campaign. I frankly revealed to him my mental trouble about the insufficiency of my equipment for such a task. He ventured to "guess" that I probably knew more about the question at issue than many of those who were publicly discussing it, and he asked me whether I would not make a little speech in German at a mass-meeting to be held in a few days at Jefferson, a country town near by. No, I could not think of it, for I was not prepared. Would I not, then, at least come and hear him speak at that meeting? Of course I would, with great pleasure. So I went, without the slightest anticipation of what was to happen. It was an open-air meeting, attended by a large crowd of country people. Mr. Harvey invited me to a seat on the platform and introduced me to the local magnates. He spoke with uncommon eloquence. His arguments were lucid, logical, and strong, and he closed with an exceedingly impressive peroration. When the applause following his speech had subsided, the chairman of the meeting coolly rose and said: "I have now the great pleasure of introducing Mr. Carl Schurz of Watertown, who has fought for human liberty in his native country and who has come to us to do the same in his adopted home, etc., etc. He will address his fellow citizens of German birth in their own native language." Well, well! I felt myself blush all over; but what could I do? I stammered a few initial words about the entirely unexpected honor, and then, for half an hour or more, I blurted out what happened to come into my mind about the slavery question, about the significance of the decision to be rendered, and about the duty we had to perform as American citizens to this Republic, and as citizens of the world to mankind. After the first sentences the words came easily and my hearers seemed to be well pleased. This was my first political

speech in America. The ice was broken. Mr. Harvey triumphed over my diffidence. Invitations to address meetings poured in upon me from all sides and kept me busy during the whole campaign.

I did not yet trust myself to make a public speech in English, and therefore in that campaign addressed only German audiences in their own language. But I gathered very valuable experiences in coming face to face with a great variety of human beings which gave me ample opportunity for studying their ways of thinking and the motives which would be likely to govern their action, and also for weighing the different available methods to reach their minds and hearts by argument and appeal. I met simple-minded farmers in little country school-houses or court-rooms,—men who so far had more or less passively followed the accustomed party lead, and were slow to change, but who honestly and earnestly meant to find out what was right and how to do it, and who sat before me with serious faces, not seldom with a puzzled expression when I happened to say something they had never thought of; men who would listen quietly without giving any sign of assent or dissent, except an occasional nod or shake of the head, and who, when, after the close of the speech, applause came forth, would join in it, sometimes heartily, sometimes with timid reticence, and sometimes not at all. I met quick-witted townspeople who had been more or less used to political activity and were acquainted with the current language of political discussion, and who would promptly grasp the point of an argument or the catch-words or battle-cries of party and instantly respond with applause or signs of disapproval. I met the ingrained partisans of the opposite creed who would, some from personal interest, some from mere traditional prejudice, stubbornly close their ears and minds to every argument going against their side,

and vociferously, not seldom with a sort of fanatical ferocity, resent and repel everything that seemed to threaten the power or prestige of their party, and who, in some instances, had established a sort of partisan lordship and sought to exercise a political terrorism over their neighbors.

Such persons would denounce me as an impudent young intruder who, having but recently come to this country, dared to invade the circle of their influence and to teach older citizens how to vote. They tried by all sorts of means, even by threats, to keep people away from my meetings. They interrupted my speeches by cat-calls and other disturbing noises. Occasionally they went even so far as to break the windows of the halls in which I spoke by throwing stones or other even more disagreeable missiles. Thus I had in my first campaign to meet party spirit in a form not only unfair but positively brutal. This disquieted me not a little. I was conscious of meaning no harm to anybody and of having no selfish ends in view. The cause I advocated seemed to me self-evidently right and just—the cause of liberty, of human rights, of free government, in which all men had a common and equal interest. I advocated that cause with arguments the correctness of which I was profoundly convinced of and which I thought must irresistibly appeal to the reason and the sense of justice and the patriotism of every fair-minded citizen. The same cause was advocated by a large number of high-minded and patriotic men who for this purpose had cut loose from their old party associations. The arguments brought forward by the other side appeared to my unsophisticated mind simply barbarous and revolting, direct insults to the spirit of the century, so far as they were intended to justify the institution of human slavery, or merely quibbling as they insisted upon constitutional obstacles to the exclusion of slavery from

the Territories, or pusillanimous as they pictured the danger of disunion which any policy unfavorable to slavery would bring forth. That under such circumstances mere party spirit, unable to meet the advocates of right and justice and free government on the field of fair discussion, should with stubborn tenacity stick to party interest, defending it even with brutal violence, and showing itself capable of sacrificing to it the highest principles and the most precious goods of humanity —this struck me as monstrous, appalling, and in the highest degree dangerous to free institutions.

These impressions made me shape my speeches so that they were arguments for my cause, not for a party—or only in so far for my party as it was a means to further my cause —unceasingly admonishing my hearers not to be mere blind followers of any leadership, whatever its name might be, but to think for themselves, honestly seeking to discover what was right and best for the common welfare, not indeed to reject advice, but to weigh it and then courageously to do that which, according to their conscientiously formed convictions, would be most apt to serve the cause of justice and the true interests of the country. This injunction I constantly repeated in endless variations. Little did I foresee then what fateful part this way of thinking, which I then thought was the most natural for a public man, would play in my political career.

On the whole, the campaign of 1856 was to me a very happy experience while the contest was going on. There is an exhilarating inspiration in the consciousness of standing for a good cause, in being entirely right in one's fight, and of doing some service, be it ever so little. It belongs to the most genuine felicities of life; and that felicity I heartily enjoyed. How many votes I won for Frémont, I do not know. But I was so thoroughly convinced of the justice of my cause and of the

truthfulness of my arguments that I thought I must have won many. I was so confident of the irresistible power of truth and justice on our side that I did not permit myself to entertain any doubt of Frémont's success. Indeed the result of the State elections in the so-called October States, especially in Pennsylvania and Indiana, was sufficient to stagger my sanguine assurance. Still, I could not, and did not, give up hope. Would not a redoubled effort in those October States give us the victory after all? How could such a cause as ours fail? Impossible! It could not be. And yet it did When after the November election the returns had all come in—I would not abandon hope until I had seen them all—and our defeat was certain, I felt as if I had suffered an immeasurable personal misfortune. It was a stunning blow. Was not this like the disastrous breakdown of the great movement for popular government on the European continent in 1848? Was the democratic principle to collapse in America too? It took me some time to recover from my bewilderment and to recognize the fact that this was only the first battle in a long campaign, a campaign of many years; that we could hardly have expected the new party of liberty to be victorious in its first onset upon a splendidly organized and drilled force with all the influences of long habit and the power of the Government behind it, and that faithful and persistent effort on our part would surely give us the final triumph. And so my distress turned into a fervid longing for the next opportunity to do service.

I continued to like and enjoy the freshness, simplicity, and buoyant freedom of Western life, and I was happy to find that Margaretha, who had grown up in surroundings so very different, not only accommodated herself to its conditions, but entered into it with the most cheerful humor. Our place

of residence was at that time a typical Western town in every sense—a business street pretty compactly built, filled with stores, work-shops, taverns and a few drinking-saloons; the dwellings somewhat scattered, most of them surrounded with little garden plots, with modest beginnings of ornamentation and arrangements for comfort. The population was a medley of various nationalities, native Americans from New York State or New England being few in comparison with the Germans, Irish, Bohemians, Danes, French. The German element predominated. There were no people among them that might have been called very poor, and only few that possessed more than a moderate share of wealth. The number of well-educated persons was not large, but there were none entirely illiterate. And as is usually the case in new settlements, there was no lack of quaint characters. All these elements mingled together on an equal and friendly footing, all hoping to rise in fortune and social advantages, none despairing because they had not as much as others, and everyone listened to who had anything sensible to say. There were few efforts at ambitious display. I remember only the wife of a well-to-do business man, a native American, who would appear on horseback dressed in a red velveteen riding habit and a gorgeously plumed hat, the horse's head being decorated with a wreath of flowers. She was good-naturedly laughed at and forgiven. We had a singing society to which everybody having a voice and a somewhat musical ear belonged. Rehearsals and concerts were held in a public hall and were directed by a local piano teacher. My wife, sister, and an aunt—the last educated in music—were all among the performers. I remember especially one of the concerts at which the air in the hall grew hot and, when the singers wished to moisten their lips, a boy appeared with a pail of water and a tin dipper which was handed around to the merry

satisfaction of all. And when a traveling company of players honored the town with a visit, a stage was quickly improvised in the same hall, and everybody came to enjoy the spectacle, which nobody was disposed to criticise unnecessarily, although some of us remembered that we had seen better things.

I had built a modest but pretty comfortable cottage on a little farm which I had bought in the outskirts of the town. My wife, being the kindest and loveliest of hostesses, made our house a sort of social center for the large circle of our relatives living near and a number of persons of agreeable conversation whom we had gathered around us. We were also sometimes visited by friends from the East. Thus we never lacked company, even during the hard Wisconsin winter; and aside from lively talks about politics, and philosophy, and the various news of the day, and personal affairs, we had social dinners and suppers, very informal and simple ones, to be sure, as well as evening parties with music, and sometimes with charades and living pictures. Even a masked ball was once ventured upon which was long remembered as a great success. While the dresses were not gorgeous, some of them were intentionally comical, and others no less comical by the seriousness of their ambition. The company enjoyed themselves so intensely that the dawn of day came unawares upon them, and, there having been a heavy snow-fall during the night, we had to carry the maskers back to their homes in installments on our big farm wagon, much to the amused astonishment of the townspeople who meanwhile had got out of their beds and saw the strange apparitions of knights, Turks, monks, harlequins, odalisks, shepherdesses, etc., pass by shivering in the morning frost.

Life in the small Western town naturally lacked a great many of the enjoyments which, in the older and larger cities,

are furnished by accumulated wealth and advanced culture. But that lack was not grievously felt as a positive privation, in those young and youthful communities, even by persons who had seen much of the civilized world, if they only identified themselves with their surroundings sufficiently to take a sympathetic and active interest in the thinkings and doings of the persons with whom they came in contact. People flocked together from every point of the compass to find happiness in new conditions still to be formed, with conceits of often crude, but sometimes very striking originality—all busily scheming and striving to build up something better than they had found, animated with all sorts of ambitions, some of which were naturally doomed to disappointment, but such disappointments were usually followed by new hopes and new cheer. There were, of course, in that kind of society some things that might have been called rude and were not altogether palatable to a refined taste; but there was, on the other hand, no hard and fast and inviolable tradition, nothing discouragingly sterile and stagnant, but everywhere the exhilarating inspiration of an activity creating something, of growth, of endeavor upward. And this was to me, and to those with me, an ample compensation for the enjoyments of civilized life which we had to do without.

During the second summer I lived in that Western town we went through a financial crisis which swept over the whole country like a whirlwind—the crisis of 1857. In my immediate neighborhood the effects were very curious. Wisconsin like many other States was infected with "wild-cat banks" and their note issues. A considerable number of these banks broke and their notes became worthless. Money grew suddenly so scarce with us that a man possessing ten dollars in coin or in notes of a solvent bank might call himself a capitalist. Many of the ordinary transactions of daily life were

actually carried on by barter—the exchange of products and other things of value. It was a favorite jest with us that we might have to ask our butcher to accept as payment a table and to return our change in the shape of chairs. Many of the business men of our little city became unable to meet their obligations and had to make assignments. Indeed, the making of assignments was so much the order of the day that men familiarly asked one another on the street whether they had already made, or when they were going to make theirs. Gradually all feeling of bashful embarassment, all shame-facedness about such things vanished, and bankruptcy appeared to be the natural condition of business men who owed any money. Nor was there any atmosphere of gloom about it in our community. As nobody had—or was permitted—to suffer as to his breakfast and dinner, the whole affair seemed rather to be taken as a freak of fortune, a huge joke for which nobody was responsible. To be sure, in the larger cities, and especially the great business-centers, the effects of the collapse were very serious. There was not only much commercial embarrassment of a disastrous nature and many sudden lapses from wealth to poverty, but among the laboring people, real distress and suffering. With us, too, many business men found themselves entangled in difficulties which in other surroundings would have gravely troubled them and made them put on long faces, but if any of our neighbors felt anxiety in secret, they did not express it in public. The general humor of the situation made everybody laugh, and whatever there may have been of concealed depression of spirits did not spread. Moreover the crisis did not last long. The relations between debtor and creditor in our community were presently adjusted, generally in an amicable manner, and after a little while the " time without money," as we called it, was remembered as an amusing episode.

One of the most interesting experiences of life in those young Western communities, with not a few of which I became well acquainted, was the observation of the educational influence exercised by active local self-government. I met there a great many foreign-born persons who in their native countries had been accustomed to look up to the government as a superior power which, in the order of the universe, was ordained to do everything—or nearly everything—for them, and to whose superhuman wisdom and indisputable authority they had to submit. Such people, of course, brought no conception of the working of democratic institutions with them, and there is sometimes much speculation on the part of our political philosophers as to how the new-comers can safely be entrusted here with any rights or privileges permitting them to participate in the functions of government. In point of fact, there will be very little, if any, serious trouble whenever such people are placed in a situation in which they will actually be obliged to take an active and responsible part in the government respecting those affairs which immediately concern them—things in which they are intimately interested. Plant such persons in communities which are still in an inchoate, formative state, where the management of the public business, in the directest possible way, visibly touches the home of every inhabitant, and where everybody feels himself imperatively called upon to give attention to it for the protection or promotion of his own interests, and people ever so little used to that sort of thing will take to democratic self-government as a duck takes to water. They may do so somewhat clumsily at first and make grievous mistakes, but those very mistakes with their disagreeable consequences will serve to sharpen the wits of those who desire to learn—which every person of average intelligence who feels himself responsible for his own interests,

desires to do. In other words, practice upon one's own responsibility is the best—if not the only school of self-government. What is sometimes called the "art of self-government" is not learned by masses of people theoretically, nor even by the mere presentation of other people's experiences by way of instructive example. Practice is the only really effective teacher. Other methods of instruction will rather retard, if not altogether prevent, the development of the self-governing capacity because they will serve to weaken the sense of responsibility and self-reliance. This is the reason why there is not an instance in history of a people having been successfully taught to govern themselves, by a tutelary power acting upon the principle that its wards should not be given the power of self-government until they had shown themselves fit for it.

Such teaching of self-government by a superior authority is but seldom undertaken in good faith, the teacher usually not wishing to relinquish his power. But even when it is undertaken in good faith, the teacher is usually disinclined to recognize at any time that the pupil is able to stand on his own feet. And this for apparently good reason: for the pupil will either have no chance to demonstrate his capacity, or if he be permitted to experiment on a limited scale, he will, of course, make mistakes, and these mistakes will serve as proof of his incapacity, while in fact the freedom to make mistakes and to suffer from their consequences is the very school in which he might receive the most effective instruction.

In discussing the merits of self-government we are apt to commit the error of claiming that self-government furnishes the best possible, that is the wisest and at the same time most economical kind of government, as to the practical administration of public affairs, for it does not. There is no doubt that a despot, if he be supremely wise, absolutely just, benevo-

lent, and unselfish, would furnish a community, as far as the practical working of the administrative machinery goes, better government than the majority of the citizens subject to changeable currents of public opinion—in all things except one. But this one thing is of the highest importance. Self-government as an administrator is subject to criticism for many failures. But it is impossible to overestimate self-government as an educator. The foreign observer in America is at once struck by the fact that the average of intelligence, as that intelligence manifests itself in the spirit of inquiry, in the interest taken in a great variety of things, and in alertness of judgment, is much higher among the masses here than anywhere else. This is certainly not owing to any superiority of the public school system in this country—or, if such superiority exists, not to that alone—but rather to the fact that here the individual is constantly brought into interested contact with a greater variety of things, and is admitted to active participation in the exercise of functions which in other countries are left to the care of a superior authority. I have frequently been struck by the remarkable expansion of the horizon effected by a few years of American life, in the minds of immigrants who had come from somewhat benighted regions, and by the mental enterprise and keen discernment with which they took hold of problems which, in their comparatively torpid condition in their native countries, they had never thought of. It is true that, in our large cities with congested population, self-government as an educator does not always bring forth the most desirable results, partly owing to the circumstance that government, in its various branches, is there further removed from the individual, so that he comes into contact with it and exercises his influence upon it only through various, and sometimes questionable, intermediary agencies, which frequently exert a very demoralizing influence. But

my observations and experiences in the young West, although no doubt I saw not a few things to be regretted, on the whole greatly strengthened my faith in the democratic principle. It was with a feeling of religious devotion that I took part in Fourth of July celebrations, the principal feature of which then consisted in the solemn reading of the Declaration of Independence before the assembled multitude, and the principal charm the anti-slavery cause had to me consisted in its purpose to make the principles proclaimed by that Declaration as true in the universality of practical application as they were true in theory. And there was the realization of the ideal I had brought with me from the luckless struggles for free government in my native land.

The years I spent on our farm in Watertown, Wisconsin, were, taking it all in all, very happy. Perhaps we, my wife and I, should not have liked Western life so much had we not been young. But we *were* young,—blessed with health and high spirits, enjoying heartily the simple pleasures of our existence; full of cheery hope for the future, always disposed to look at the bright or at least the humorous side of everything, and bent upon appreciating what we had instead of uselessly pining for what we had not. And the brightness and warmth of our sunshine was increased by the advent of a second daughter.

So I continued my study of law and of the political and social history and conditions of the country with the expectation of taking, before long, a position at the bar and of serving the good cause on the political field.

In the autumn of 1857, the Republicans of Watertown sent me as a delegate to the Republican State Convention that had to nominate candidates for the State offices. A great surprise awaited me there. I found that the leading party mana-

gers had selected me as the Republican candidate for the office of Lieutenant Governor. It was no doubt the work of my friend Senator Harvey. I cannot say that I was without ambition, and the nomination for the Lieutenant Governorship was an honorable distinction which I could not fail to appreciate. It flattered me greatly. But I was not at ease. I really did not desire official position at that time, and I seriously doubted my ability to discharge the duties of the place with credit. Moreover, I was not yet a citizen of the United States, lacking a few weeks of the five years required for the title to full citizenship. But I was told that I need not trouble myself about my fitness for the office, that its duties were not very exacting, and that I could easily acquire the knowledge of parliamentary law to enable me to preside over the State Senate. And as to the question of citizenship, there was nothing in the Constitution and the laws requiring that a candidate for such an office should be a full citizen; I would have my papers of citizenship when elected, and that was enough. I soon perceived that my nomination was intended as a bid to draw the German vote to the Republican party, and as it would serve the anti-slavery cause, if it had that effect, I accepted.

But I had my misgivings. Would not the nomination of a young and comparatively unknown new-comer for so conspicuous and honorable a place, while it might attract some German voters, displease many voters of American birth? Besides, the thought of making a campaign for my principles in which I had a personal stake as a candidate for office was uncomfortable. The campaign—at least my share in it—was not nearly as spirited as that of 1856, the Frémont campaign, had been. However, it was to me a good exercise, as I then made my first public speeches in English, the peroration of one of which, a somewhat florid piece of oratory, had the honor of

being published in some Eastern papers. My misgivings were justified by the result. While the Republican candidate for the Governorship, Mr. Alexander Randall, was elected by a small majority, I was defeated by one hundred and seven votes. Of course, my defeat was a disappointment, but I did not take it much to heart. In fact I accepted it rather as something like a relief which would permit me to continue undisturbed my harmless and enjoyable life on my farm, among my family, my friends, and my books.

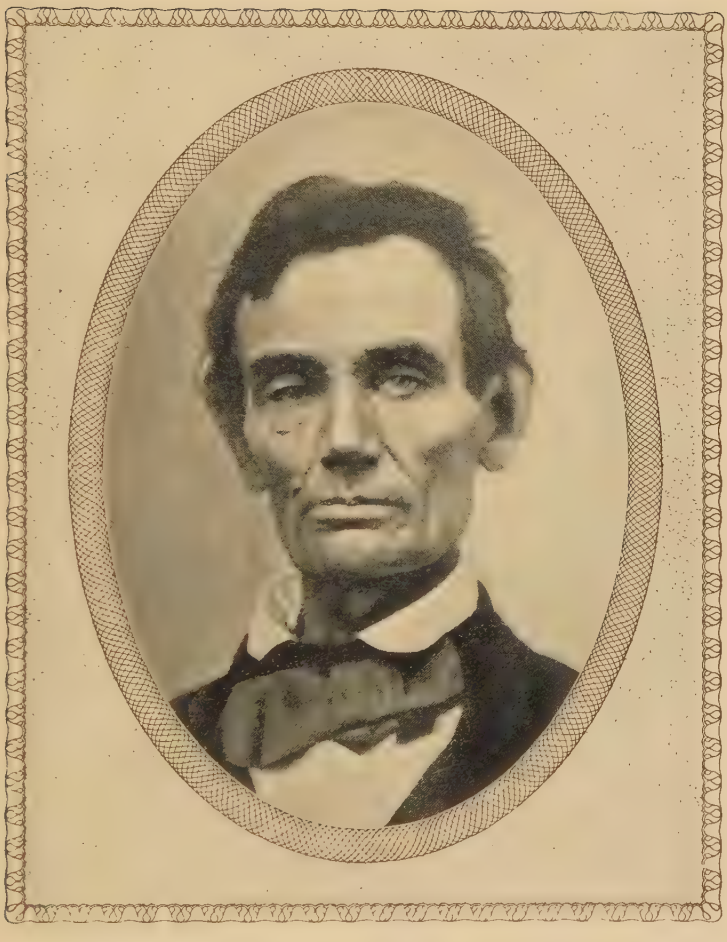
But it brought me an experience of a side in political life which at that period was still new to me. I had to learn what it is to be, or at least to be considered, "a man of influence." I thought it a duty of courtesy on my part to be present at Madison, the State capital of Wisconsin, at the inauguration of the new Governor and the opening of the Legislature, which had a Republican majority. No sooner had I arrived there than I was beset by a, to me, surprisingly large number of persons who wanted offices. Many of them told me that of all men I was the one whose aid would positively assure the success of their applications. According to them I had done valuable service to the Republican party; not only that, but I had suffered for it; the Republican party owed me something; it would not deny me anything that I might ask for, nothing could be more reasonable than that I should endorse their claims with strong recommendations, for they were my warm friends and would do anything for me; their fate was therefore absolutely in my hands—etc., etc. I was greatly puzzled. Most of my new "warm friends" were strangers to me, or mere casual acquaintances. I could not possibly judge their comparative merits, and there were several applicants for each place in sight. With the number of applicants grew my perplexity, for I was not yet used to being "a man of influ-

ence." Finally I hit upon an expedient. I invited each one of those who had approached me to meet me at my room in the hotel; but I invited them, without their knowing it, all to come at the same time. At the appointed hour, my room was crowded. My visitors who, no doubt, had wished and expected a private interview, were evidently surprised to find so large a company. When they were all assembled I addressed them in substance thus: "Gentlemen, you have done me the honor of asking me to recommend you for office. I am perfectly willing to do so. But there are several applicants for each place. Now, you are certainly all very worthy citizens, fully deserving what you seek. You will admit that I cannot make any invidious discrimination between you. All I can do, therefore, in justice and fairness, is to recommend you all for the places you seek upon a footing of perfect equality." After a moment of silent astonishment, one of them gravely suggested that such a kind of recommendation might not be worth much. Then there was a general laugh and the meeting, in apparent good humor, adjourned *sine die*. But I fear I made some enemies on that occasion. At any rate I hoped never to be considered "a man of influence" again; but that hope has proved vain.

The year 1858 was one of great developments. It revealed Abraham Lincoln to the American people. The very atmosphere of the country was quivering with excitement. The famous Dred Scott decision, that political pronunciamento coming from the bench of the Federal Supreme Court, which the pro-slavery interest had expected finally to settle the burning question in its favor, only served to shake the moral prestige of the judiciary, and to make the slavery question more than it had been before, a question of power. In Kansas, civil war had been followed by shameless fraud and revolting intrigue. The Free State party there was steadily gaining in

numbers and moral strength, but the Federal Administration used its power in the efforts to force slavery upon that Territory so openly and unscrupulously that several of its own officers refused to obey it, and Senator Douglas himself recoiled from the use that was being made of the weapons he had put into the hands of the slave power by his repeal of the Missouri Compromise and his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty," according to which not Congress, but only the people of a Territory should have the power to exclude slavery therefrom.

There is in our history no more striking example of a political leader falling a victim to his own contrivances. It was a tragedy of highest dramatic interest—Douglas vainly struggling in the coils of fate, or rather of his own doctrines. From 1851 to 1854 the slavery question seemed to be in a quiescent state. Indeed, the eternal antagonism between freedom and slavery was smouldering beneath the surface, but during one of those intervals of torpid conscience which sometimes occur between periods of excited struggle, the surface at least was comparatively calm. Multitudes of people who had felt strongly upon the subject enjoyed a sort of indolent relief in dismissing the slavery question from their thoughts. Then Douglas violently roused the public mind from its temporary lethargy by proposing, in his Nebraska Bill, to sweep away the legal barriers which had shielded certain Territories from the ingress of slavery on the until then unheard-of ground, that such prohibition was adverse to the spirit of the Constitution, and that according to the true principle of "Popular Sovereignty" the people of all the Territories should be left free to exclude slavery or to admit it even if, until then, it had been legally excluded. There was at the time no public call for so startling a measure. The American people had ac-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

cepted the legal exclusion of slavery from certain Territories in good faith. Even the South—some scheming slavery-propagandists excepted—had acquiesced in it. Why did Douglas advance his disturbing measure? Did he do it, as his friends asserted, because he really thought he could thus put the slavery question to rest? Then he had dreadfully misjudged the character and temper of the American people; for nothing could have been more apt to fan the smouldering embers into a new and furious flame. Did he do it because he believed that so daring a bid for Southern favor as the opening of the Territories to the ingress of slavery was, would open to him an easy road to the presidency? Then he had disastrously miscalculated his chances, for he could not satisfy the greed of the slave-holders for an increase of power without irretrievably forfeiting the favor of the North.

The Dred Scott decision must have made him feel that the two horses he attempted to ride were going in directly opposite directions. That decision declared that Congress had no Constitutional power to prohibit slavery in the Territories and that the slave-holder had, therefore, under the Constitution a right to take his slaves into any Territory and keep them there. The slave-power concluded at once that then the slave-holder was, under the Constitution, entitled to a protection of that right, no matter whether the inhabitants of a Territory liked slavery or not. But what would then become of Douglas's boasted "Popular Sovereignty," which his adherents in the North tried to make people believe would work to keep slavery out of the Territories?

But this theoretical discussion was not all that pestered the "Little Giant." The pro-slavery interest attempted to smuggle Kansas into the Union as a Slave State under the notorious Lecompton Constitution, which had been framed by

the pro-slavery minority in Kansas fraudulently organized as a "Convention," had not been submitted to a fair vote of the people, but had been eagerly welcomed by the pro-slavery cabal controlling the Buchanan Administration, and recommended to Congress for acceptance as the rightful constitution of Kansas. This attempt brought Douglas face to face with the question whether he would surrender his principle of "Popular Sovereignty" and the new State of Kansas to the slave-power and thus irretrievably ruin himself at the North, or repudiate the fraud by which Kansas was to be made a Slave State, and thus, just as irretrievably, forfeit the favor of the South, which he had hoped would lift him into the presidential chair. And it so happened that just at that time his term in the Senate expired and he had to appeal to the people of Illinois for a re-election. There he encountered the avenging angel in the person of Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln and Douglas had met in public debate before —that is, the Whigs, and later the Republicans of Illinois, had regarded Lincoln as the fittest man to answer Douglas's speeches on the stump, and he had acted as their spokesman. Only the preceding year, in 1857, when Douglas, in a speech delivered at Springfield, Illinois, had made an attempt to wriggle out of the dilemma in which the Dred Scott decision had entangled him, Lincoln had, a week later, before a popular meeting held at the same place, thrust the sword of his logic through Douglas's adroit sophistries, and incidentally pronounced his famous vindication of the Declaration of Independence which deserves well to be remembered in the presence of latter-day problems. "The assertion that 'all men are created equal' was of no practical use in effecting our separation from Great Britain, and it was placed in the Declaration not for that but for future use. Its authors meant it to be, as, thank God, it

is now proving itself, a stumbling block to all those who in after times might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism. They knew the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants, and they meant when such should reappear in this fair land and commence their vocation, they should find left for them at least one nut hard to crack."

But these discussions had hardly attracted, beyond the boundaries of Illinois, the attention they merited. It was only when the Republican State Convention of Illinois, on the 16th of June, 1858, passed, by unanimous acclamation, a resolve declaring Abraham Lincoln to be "the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas," that the eyes of the whole American people were turned upon the combat between the two men as an action which gravely concerned them all.

It was, however, well known that Lincoln at the time did not have the sympathy and countenance of all Republicans in the country, nor even in his own State. There were some, and among them men of great name and influence, who thought that their party would be more benefited by clever political maneuvering than by a straightforward advocacy of its principles. In the course of my public career I have not seldom met men of ability who prided themselves so much upon their political cunning that they enjoyed those successes most which had been won by wily stratagem, and would, therefore, always prefer the tactics of crafty combination, covert flank-marches, and ambush warfare to the direct method of open appeal to the public conscience and understanding. I am far from saying that the Republicans who disapproved of the nomination of Lincoln against Douglas all belonged to this class. Many of them, such as Horace Greeley, no doubt believed that the anti-slavery cause would be best served by permitting Douglas to

be re-elected to the Senate without opposition, since he had refused to follow the ultra-pro-slavery policy of the Buchanan administration, and his re-election would drive a wedge into the Democratic party to break it asunder. But it struck the minds of the more unsophisticated anti-slavery men that Republicans could not support Douglas for re-election without, in a great measure, condoning his conduct and sanctioning his principles, and without perilously demoralizing the anti-slavery movement. It would have been an unholy alliance with the man who but recently had been considered the arch enemy. It would thus have disgraced the virginity of the Republican party beyond the possibility of retrieval. It was a revolting idea to the class of men to which I instinctively belonged, and we, therefore, greeted with enthusiasm Lincoln's declaration before the convention which nominated him, that "our cause must be intrusted to and conducted by its own undoubted friends, those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work, who do care for the result." And we cheered his name to the echo when he challenged Douglas to a series of public debates before the assembled people at various places in Illinois. Douglas accepted the challenge. It was indeed the whole American people that listened to those debates. As I said in my "Essay on Abraham Lincoln," written many years afterwards, "the spectacle reminded one of those lays of ancient times telling us of two armies in battle array, standing still to see their two principal champions fight out the contested cause between the lines in single combat."

To be invited to serve as an aid—however humble—to one of those champions, I valued as a high honor; and that honor came to me unexpectedly. The Republican State Committee of Illinois asked me to make some speeches in their campaign, and, obeying that call, I found myself for the first time on a

conspicuous field of political action. I was to appear first at a mass meeting in Chicago, and to speak in English. I took the matter very seriously, and resolved to do my best. I did not appeal to the sentimental sympathies of the audience by dilating upon the injustice and cruelties of the system and the suffering of the bondmen, but, in calm language, I sought to set forth the inherent incompatibility of slavery with free institutions of government, the inevitable and far-reaching conflicts which the existence of slavery in a democratic republic was bound to produce, and the necessity of destroying the political power of slavery in our republic if the democratic character of its institutions was to endure. The speech was not original as to its fundamental ideas; but its manner of treating the subject was largely received as something new, and it was published in full not only by the Chicago press but also by several Eastern papers—a distinction of which I was very proud. I then addressed several meetings, mostly German, in the interior of the State, in a similar strain. One of the appointments called me to Quincy on the day when one of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas was to take place there, and on that occasion I was to meet Abraham Lincoln myself. On the evening before the day of the debate, I was on a railroad train bound for Quincy. The car in which I traveled was full of men who discussed the absorbing question with great animation. A member of the Republican State Committee accompanied me and sat by my side.

All at once, after the train had left a way station, I observed a great commotion among my fellow-passengers, many of whom jumped from their seats and pressed eagerly around a tall man who had just entered the car. They addressed him in the most familiar style: "Hello, Abe! How are you?" and so on. And he responded in the same manner: "Good-even-

ing, Ben! How are you, Joe? Glad to see you, Dick!" and there was much laughter at some things he said, which, in the confusion of voices, I could not understand. "Why," exclaimed my companion, the committee-man, "there's Lincoln himself!" He pressed through the crowd and introduced me to Abraham Lincoln, whom I then saw for the first time.

I must confess that I was somewhat startled by his appearance. There he stood, overtopping by several inches all those surrounding him. Although measuring something over six feet myself, I had, standing quite near to him, to throw my head backward in order to look into his eyes. That swarthy face with its strong features, its deep furrows, and its benignant, melancholy eyes, is now familiar to every American by numberless pictures. It may be said that the whole civilized world knows and loves it. At that time it was clean-shaven, and looked even more haggard and careworn than later when it was framed in whiskers.

On his head he wore a somewhat battered "stove-pipe" hat. His neck emerged, long and sinewy, from a white collar turned down over a thin black necktie. His lank, ungainly body was clad in a rusty black dress coat with sleeves that should have been longer; but his arms appeared so long that the sleeves of a "store" coat could hardly be expected to cover them all the way down to the wrists. His black trousers, too, permitted a very full view of his large feet. On his left arm he carried a gray woolen shawl, which evidently served him for an overcoat in chilly weather. His left hand held a cotton umbrella of the bulging kind, and also a black satchel that bore the marks of long and hard usage. His right he had kept free for hand-shaking, of which there was no end until everybody in the car seemed to be satisfied. I had seen, in Washington and in the West, several public men of rough appearance; but none whose

looks seemed quite so uncouth, not to say grotesque, as Lincoln's.

He received me with an off-hand cordiality, like an old acquaintance, having been informed of what I was doing in the campaign, and we sat down together. In a somewhat high-pitched but pleasant voice he began to talk to me, telling me much about the points he and Douglas had made in the debates at different places, and about those he intended to make at Quincy on the morrow.

When, in a tone of perfect ingenuousness, he asked me—a young beginner in politics—what I thought about this and that, I should have felt myself very much honored by his confidence, had he permitted me to regard him as a great man. But he talked in so simple and familiar a strain, and his manner and homely phrase were so absolutely free from any semblance of self-consciousness or pretension to superiority, that I soon felt as if I had known him all my life and we had long been close friends. He interspersed our conversation with all sorts of quaint stories, each of which had a witty point applicable to the subject in hand, and not seldom concluding an argument in such a manner that nothing more was to be said. He seemed to enjoy his own jests in a childlike way, for his unusually sad-looking eyes would kindle with a merry twinkle, and he himself led in the laughter; and his laugh was so genuine, hearty, and contagious that nobody could fail to join in it.

When we arrived at Quincy, we found a large number of friends waiting for him, and there was much hand-shaking and many familiar salutations again. Then they got him into a carriage, much against his wish, for he said that he would prefer to "foot it to Browning's," an old friend's house, where he was to have supper and a quiet night. But the night was by no means quiet outside. The blare of brass bands and the shouts

of enthusiastic, and not in all cases quite sober, Democrats and Republicans, cheering and hurrahing for their respective champions, did not cease until the small hours.

The next morning the country people began to stream into town for the great meeting, some singly, on foot or on horseback, or small parties of men and women, and even children, in buggies or farm wagons; while others were marshaled in solemn procession from outlying towns or districts with banners and drums, many of them headed by maidens in white with tri-colored scarfs, who represented the Goddess of Liberty and the different States of the Union, and whose beauty was duly admired by everyone, including themselves. On the whole, the Democratic displays were much more elaborate and gorgeous than those of the Republicans, and it was said that Douglas had plenty of money to spend for such things. He himself also traveled in what was called in those days "great style," with a secretary and servants and a numerous escort of somewhat loud companions, moving from place to place by special train with cars specially decorated for the occasion, all of which contrasted strongly with Lincoln's extremely modest simplicity. There was no end of cheering and shouting and jostling on the streets of Quincy that day. But in spite of the excitement created by the political contest, the crowds remained very good-natured, and the occasional jibes flung from one side to the other were uniformly received with a laugh.

The great debate took place in the afternoon on the open square, where a large, pine-board platform had been built for the committee of arrangements, the speakers, and the persons they wished to have with them. I thus was favored with a seat on that platform. In front of it many thousands of people were assembled, Republicans and Democrats standing peace-

ably together, only chaffing one another now and then in a good-tempered way.

As the champions arrived they were demonstratively cheered by their adherents. The presiding officer agreed upon by the two parties called the meeting to order and announced the program of proceedings. Mr. Lincoln was to open with an allowance of one hour, and Senator Douglas was to follow with a speech of one hour and a half, and Mr. Lincoln was to speak half an hour in conclusion. The first part of Mr. Lincoln's opening address was devoted to a refutation of some things Douglas had said at previous meetings. This refutation may, indeed, have been required for the settlement of disputed points, but it did not strike me as anything extraordinary, either in substance or in form. Neither had Mr. Lincoln any of those physical advantages which ususally are thought to be very desirable, if not necessary, to the orator. His voice was not musical, rather high-keyed, and apt to turn into a shrill treble in moments of excitement; but it was not positively disagreeable. It had an exceedingly penetrating, far-reaching quality. The looks of the audience convinced me that every word he spoke was understood at the remotest edges of the vast assemblage. His gesture was awkward. He swung his long arms sometimes in a very ungraceful manner. Now and then he would, to give particular emphasis to a point, bend his knees and body with a sudden downward jerk, and then shoot up again with a vehemence that raised him to his tip-toes and made him look much taller than he really was—a manner of enlivening a speech which at that time was, and perhaps still is, not unusual in the West, but which he succeeded in avoiding at a later period.

There was, however, in all he said, a tone of earnest truth-

fulness, of elevated, noble sentiment, and of kindly sympathy, which added greatly to the strength of his argument, and became, as in the course of his speech he touched upon the moral side of the question in debate, powerfully impressive. Even when attacking his opponent with keen satire or invective, which, coming from any other speaker, would have sounded bitter and cruel, there was still a certain something in his utterance making his hearers feel that those thrusts came from a reluctant heart, and that he would much rather have treated his foe as a friend.

When Lincoln had sat down amid the enthusiastic plaudits of his adherents, I asked myself with some trepidation in my heart, "What will Douglas say now?" Lincoln's speech had struck me as very clear, logical, persuasive, convincing even, and very sympathetic, but not as an overwhelming argument. Douglas, I thought, might not be able to confute it, but by the cunning sophistry at his command, and by one of his forceful appeals to prejudice, he might succeed in neutralizing its effect. No more striking contrast could have been imagined than that between those two men as they appeared upon the platform. By the side of Lincoln's tall, lank, and ungainly form, Douglas stood almost like a dwarf, very short of stature, but square-shouldered and broad-chested, a massive head upon a strong neck, the very embodiment of force, combativeness, and staying power. I have drawn his portrait when describing my first impressions of Washington City, and I apprehend it was not a flattering one. On that stage at Quincy he looked rather natty and well groomed in excellently fitting broadcloth and shining linen. But his face seemed a little puffy, and it was said that he had been drinking hard with some boon companions either on his journey or after his arrival. The deep, horizontal wrinkle between his keen eyes was un-

usually dark and scowling. While he was listening to Lincoln's speech, a contemptuous smile now and then flitted across his lips, and when he rose, the tough parliamentary gladiator, he tossed his mane with an air of overbearing superiority, of threatening defiance, as if to say: "How dare anyone stand up against me?" As I looked at him, I detested him deeply; but my detestation was not free from an anxious dread as to what was to come. His voice, naturally a strong baritone, gave forth a hoarse and rough, at times even something like a barking, sound. His tone was, from the very start, angry, dictatorial, and insolent in the extreme. In one of his first sentences he charged Lincoln with "base insinuations," and then he went on in that style with a wrathful frown upon his brow, defiantly shaking his head, clenching his fists, and stamping his feet. No language seemed to be too offensive for him, and even inoffensive things he would sometimes bring out in a manner which sounded as if intended to be insulting; and thus he occasionally called forth, instead of applause from his friends, demonstrations of remonstrance from the opposition. But his sentences were well put together, his points strongly accentuated, his argumentation seemingly clear and plausible, his sophisms skillfully woven so as to throw the desired flood of darkness upon the subject and thus beguile the untutored mind, his appeals to prejudice unprincipled and reckless, but shrewdly aimed, and his invective vigorous and exceedingly trying to the temper of the assailed party. On the whole, his friends were well pleased with his performance, and rewarded him with vociferous cheers.

But then came Lincoln's closing speech of half an hour, which seemed completely to change the temper of the atmosphere. He replied to Douglas's arguments and attacks with rapid thrusts so deft and piercing, with humorous retort so

quaint and pat, and with witty illustrations so clinching, and he did it all so good-naturedly, that the meeting, again and again, broke out in bursts of delight by which even many of his opponents were carried away, while the scowl on Douglas's face grew darker and darker.

Those who by way of historical study now read the printed report of that speech and of its pointed allusions to persons then in the public eye, and to the happenings of those days, will hardly appreciate the effect its delivery produced on the spot. But that has been the fate of many even far more famous oratorical feats, to which cold print never could do justice.

At that period Abraham Lincoln had, indeed, not yet risen to the wonderful elevation of sentiment and the grand beauty of diction which the whole world some years later came to admire in his Gettysburg speech, and still more in his second inaugural address. But there was in his debates with Douglas, which, as to their form at least, were largely extemporaneous, occasionally a flash of the same lofty moral inspiration; and all he said came out with the sympathetic persuasiveness of a thoroughly honest nature, which made the listener feel as if the speaker looked him straight in the eye and took him by the hand, saying: "My friend, what I tell you is my earnest conviction, and, I have no doubt, at heart you think so yourself."

When the debate at Quincy was over, the champions were heartily cheered by their partisans, the assemblage dissolved peaceably, the brass bands began to play again, several of them within hearing of one another, so as to fill the air with discordant sounds, and the country people, with their banners and their maidens in white, got in motion to return to their homes, each party, no doubt, as it usually happens in such cases, persuaded that the result of the day was in its favor. I took my leave of Mr. Lincoln and was not to meet him again until

about twenty months later, and then on an occasion even more memorable. The result of the election in Illinois was unfavorable to Mr. Lincoln as a candidate for the Senate. Douglas did not, indeed, receive a majority of the popular vote, but owing to the apportionment of legislative districts, he won a majority in the new legislature. His return to the Senate was thus assured. But Lincoln was the real conqueror in another sense. His keen political foresight and his courageous leadership had secured to the anti-slavery cause an advantage which rendered its triumph in the next presidential election well-nigh certain. In the famous Freeport debate he had forced Douglas to make, in the most authoritative form and on so conspicuous an occasion that all the people could hear every word uttered, a declaration which rendered the disruption of his party inevitable. It was the declaration that, while the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision had asserted the Constitutional right of the slave-holder to hold his slaves as property in any Territory of the United States, yet the people of a Territory had the legal power, practically, to nullify that right by denying to slavery the necessary police protection—in other words, practically to exclude slavery by "unfriendly legislation." This was a jugglery which the slavery propagandists who formed the aggressive force of the Democratic party in the South would not only not accept, but would never forgive. With inexorable logic they argued that, if the Constitution gave the slave-holder the right to hold his slaves as property in the Territories of the United States, the Territorial legislatures were in duty bound not only to abstain from whatever might tend practically to defeat that right, but to make such laws as were required to protect him in the full enjoyment of it. Whoever refused to subscribe to that doctrine, was, in their eyes, an enemy of the South. And as to making such a

man President, it would not be thought of. Thus the fate of Douglas as a candidate for the presidency was sealed. And as he could not accept that doctrine without utterly ruining himself at the North, and was therefore bound actively to resist it, the fate of the Democratic party was sealed, too.

Lincoln had clearly foreseen this; and when, on the night before the Freeport meeting, the Republican managers had tried to dissuade him from forcing the decisive declaration from Douglas, for the reason that Douglas by a plausible answer might win the election in Illinois and with it the Senatorship, Lincoln answered that "he was after larger game than the Senatorship; that Douglas could then never be President, and that the battle of 1860 was worth a hundred of this." The sureness of his outlook and the courageous firmness of his attitude in this crisis proved that Lincoln was not a mere follower of other men's minds, nor a mere advocate and agitator, but a real leader—a leader in the truest sense of the term. Of this I may have more to say hereafter.

I was deeply impressed by the democratic character of the spectacle I had witnessed in Illinois. On the whole it had strengthened my faith in the virtue of the democratic principle, although it had also made me more sensible of some of the dangers attending its practical realization. Here were two men, neither of whom had enjoyed any of the advantages of superior breeding or education. One of them, Lincoln, had in fact risen from home conditions so wretched that a faithful description of them severely taxes our credulity—conditions ordinarily apt to clog the intellect and to impede the development of all finer moral sensibilities. Neither of the two men had received any regular schooling calculated in any manner to prepare a person for the career of a statesman. Neither of them had in any sense been particularly favored by fortune.

Neither of them had, in working his way upward from a low estate, any resource to draw on but his own native ability and spirit. But here they were, in positions before the country in which their ambitions could, without any overleaping, aim at the highest honors of the Republic. One of them, Douglas, had risen by rapid but regular political advancement to a Senatorship of the United States, and had, by his contact with the great world, acquired, if not the true refinement, at least some of the outward polish of "good society." His rise had been effected, perhaps, not altogether by blameless means, but at any rate mainly by the force of his own intellect and the exercise of his own energies. The other, Lincoln, had not been quite so successful in achieving official station, but he had won a singular influence over the minds of large numbers of people by the power of his own mind and the virtues of his own character—and this while the outward rusticity of his early life still clung to him, and was in a large sense a part of his being. Each one of them was truly a child of the people. Each had won his remarkable eminence because each had, in his way, by his own effort, deserved it. And these men now contended for the mastery by appealing to the intelligence and the patriotism of the people—the one, perhaps, largely by the arts of the demagogue, seeking to befog the popular understanding where he could not, to his advantage, honestly enlighten it; the other, perhaps, by candid truth-telling and grave appeals to conscience—but both by addressing themselves to the minds of the people, whose opinion, lawfully expressed, was by both recognized to be the only legitimate source of all power.

The only thing that troubled me in the admiring, reverential contemplation of this spectacle was not so much the thought that in these efforts to shape public opinion the arts of the demagogue and the appeal to prejudice or selfishness might

now and then prove more potent than the word of the truth-teller or the appeal to conscience; it was rather the observation that, with many people, mere party spirit, the influence of party fellowship, the fear of partisan criticism, of party tyranny, overweighted every other influence or consideration in determining their political conduct. I believed this to be the case, not as if I had been disposed to attribute mean motives to all those who did not think as I did, but because various persons had frankly told me in private conversation that they could not deny the truth of what Mr. Lincoln and others on his side said, but that they belonged to the Democratic party and held themselves in duty bound to follow it, or that, if they voted against their party they would get into quarrels with their neighbors that would injure them socially or hurt them in their business. I heard this so often that it alarmed me as one of the most dangerous tendencies of our political life. That a conscientious citizen should be inclined to sacrifice to party attachment a diverging opinion on a matter of comparatively small importance, I could understand. But that, when face to face with so vital a question as that of slavery or freedom, a question portentously involving the whole future of the Republic, a free man charged with the solemn duty to contribute his vote to the decision of the common destiny, should close his ears to the voice of reason and stifle the best impulses of his moral nature, merely in obedience to the behest of party dictation, or from fear of partisan resentment, seemed to me monstrous—aye, almost criminal. I therefore devoted a part of almost every stump speech I made to a vigorous denunciation of that sort of party-serfdom and to an earnest exhortation admonishing my hearers to do their own political thinking and to act with courageous independence upon their honest convictions conscientiously formed.

Such exhortations were, of course, at the time mainly aimed against the Democratic party. But I soon found occasion to advocate their general and impartial application. As soon as my task in Illinois was finished, about a week before election day, I returned to Milwaukee, where a very animated contest was going on, and I was at once pressed into service. I plunged into the struggle with great alacrity. The object was to secure the election of the Republican candidate for Congress in the First Congressional district of Wisconsin, and to defeat certain Democratic candidates for municipal offices, who were accused of corrupt practices. The election was expected to depend mainly upon the "German vote" in Milwaukee. Until then a large majority of the Germans had supported the Democratic party for the reasons I have already set forth. But the local issue of "honest government" now helped greatly in shaking their party allegiance and thus in turning the tide. The result was a sweeping Republican victory. A fortnight after the election a public meeting was held to celebrate the event, at which, in response to some very laudatory remarks by other speakers concerning my share in the successful campaign, I made a speech which, in the collection of my addresses published in 1865, I entitled "Political Morals." In this speech I expressed with great emphasis my ideas of the relation between the individual citizen and his political party; and as those ideas, then somewhat impulsively uttered, have remained substantially unchanged throughout my long life, and have at various times determined my conduct in critical situations, and exposed me to much aspersion, and seriously affected my political fortunes, the reader of these reminiscences may kindly forgive the somewhat liberal quotations.

I called attention to the fact that the recent victory had been won by the votes of the citizens of German nativity who

had formerly been on the other side. But I warned my Republican friends not to misunderstand its meaning. It was not a mere partisan victory, but a victory of political honesty over corruption; the victory of moral independence over moral servitude; of manhood over servile partisanship!

But the same Germans, after having shaken off the yoke of one party despotism, should not be ready to take upon their necks the yoke of another. I expressed the hope that they would follow the lead of political honesty, so long as it was true honesty that led them, and no longer, and that, if our party should lose its honesty and integrity of purpose, it would be struck down as it deserved. And in that case, my heart would behold with grief and sorrow its degradation, but it would have no tears for its defeat. . . .

I continued:

"The decline of political morals is not owing to the more or less accidental circumstance that a number of corrupt men have risen to influence and power. The real cause is that the political action of the masses was not dictated and ruled by their consciences. . . . It is said that there are but few men who, however honest otherwise, can withstand the seductions of power. If this is true, what effect must it have upon political leaders when they see that, in point of principle and political practice, they can do with the masses whatever they please? When they find out that they will be obeyed and applauded whatever their command may be? That they may sell themselves and sell others without being rebuked? That they may even squander the money and rob the treasury of the people without being held to account? Nay, that their very depravity gives them a claim to protection by their party? Let me tell you that not only the politicians debauch the consciences of the people by contempt of principle, but that the masses demoralize

the politicians by culpable indulgence. The virtue of many a public man has thus been victimized by the indulgence of his constituency. . . .

"It must be our principal object not only to catch the people's votes for our candidates, but to enlist in our cause the people's conscience. We must encourage moral independence in politics; we must admonish every man to think and reason for himself, to form his own convictions and to stand by them; we must entreat him never to accept, unseen and uninvestigated, the principles of others, even if they be our own. Let those who follow your lead believe in your words because what you say is true, and not merely because you say it. . . . Address yourself to their moral nature, and their consciences will enlighten their understanding. Then you will organize the party of independent men. This independence will keep the rank and file vigilant, and that vigilance will keep the leaders upright and honest. I know it will require incessant work to keep up something like discipline in such a party, but it will be an object worth working for; for such an organization will never become a mere tool in the hand of selfish ambition, and its discipline will never degenerate into a mere machinery of despotism. I know that volunteers will sometimes not fight as well as regular troops, and that drill will sometimes defeat mere enthusiasm. But enthusiasm also may be disciplined, and then it will be irresistible. . . .

"We must not hesitate to denounce every member of our own party who prostitutes his trust and power by dishonest and corrupt transactions, as a contemptible villain. And not only that, we must consider and treat him as a traitor to his party. What we can and must do, is to make all dishonest and corrupt practices high treason, and to take every such traitor and pitch him overboard, and condemn him to political death

without regard to person or station, without benefit of clergy. . . .

"I repeat it, and I cannot impress it upon your minds too solemnly: Our liberty and the honor and prestige of this Republic cannot be preserved unless you raise the standard of political morals; and this is the way to do it."

Such sentiments were warmly applauded by a Republican mass meeting in 1858. And what I somewhat crudely expressed there has remained the rule of my political conduct all through my long life. Indeed, subsequent experience has only served to strengthen my conviction that the despotism of party organization constitutes one of the greatest and most insidious of the dangers threatening the vitality of free institutions of government—all the more, the freer those institutions are. Of this I shall have more to say in connection with later events.

When the political campaigns of 1858 were over, I thought it was high time for me to settle down in the regular calling for which I had prepared myself. I made application to the Circuit Court sitting in Jefferson County, Wisconsin, for admission to the bar, and my petition was granted without ceremony. Indeed, the proceeding was simple in the extreme. It consisted in the presentation of my request by a lawyer of Watertown, a smile and a nod by the judge, a hand-shake, the signing of a paper, and finally a moderate tipple and a hilarious exchange of lawyers' jokes at the village tavern near by. I had the good fortune of becoming associated in business with Mr. Halbert E. Paine, a young lawyer practicing in Milwaukee. He was one of the finest characters I have ever known, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and a patriot capable of any self-sacrifice. Whenever in later years I rose into public position, my first thought always was to find some way

of bringing Mr. Paine to my side, being sure that in him I would have the safest counselor and the truest friend. In this I succeeded only once, and then only imperfectly. He joined the army soon after the breaking out of the Civil War, rose to the rank of Brigadier-General, lost a leg while attacking at the head of his command, at Fort Hudson, served several times in the lower House of Congress, established a law office at Washington, declined, for economic reasons, the position of Assistant Secretary of the Interior, which was offered to him when I took charge of the Department, but accepted the Commissionership of Patents, and, after having left that office, resumed his law practice in Washington.

I have often regretted that I did not resist the temptation of public activity which constantly interfered with every attempt on my part to settle down to steady occupation as a lawyer. But I may say, by way of excuse, that whenever a public call was made upon me, my friend and associate, Mr. Paine, in the generosity of his heart, invariably encouraged me to respond to it. And as such calls came in rapid succession, the result followed that I was constantly employed in public matters, and never had time for any private pursuits that demanded consecutive application. I had hardly sat down upon my chair in the law office at Milwaukee, and was in great dejection of mind about the loss of a cow case in the court of a justice of the peace, when I was urgently demanded for service in a contest of peculiar significance.

Wisconsin had its "fugitive slave case," which created intense commotion among the people. In March, 1854, a colored man, Joshua Glover, who for some time had been working in a sawmill near Racine, was, by virtue of a warrant issued by a United States District Judge, arrested as a fugitive slave from Missouri. The arrest was effected under peculiarly dramatic

circumstances. The day's work done, Glover was in his cabin, not far from Racine, amusing himself with two other colored men, when, about dusk of the evening, two United States Deputy Marshals, with four assistants and the claimant from Missouri, came in carriages from Racine and knocked at the door of the cottage. The door being opened, one of the Deputy Marshals rushed forward and struck Glover down with a bludgeon. Although Glover recovered himself and struggled fiercely against being manacled, the seven white men finally overcame him, thrust him, wounded and bleeding, into a wagon, and thus carried him to Milwaukee, where, early the next morning, he was locked up in jail. When, the same morning, this occurrence became known in Racine, the people rushed together on the Court House Square—the largest concourse ever seen in that town, denouncing the "kidnapping of Joshua Glover, a faithful laborer and an honest man," demanding for him a "fair and impartial trial by jury," and "declaring the slave-catching law of 1850 disgraceful and demanding that it should be repealed." It was also resolved to send a delegation to Milwaukee to see the resolution carried into effect as much as it could be, and one hundred citizens went on that errand. The capture had been telegraphed to Sherman M. Booth, the editor of an anti-slavery paper in Milwaukee. Mr. Booth, a fierce-looking man with flowing black hair, a long and bushy black beard, and dark glowing eyes, mounted a horse, and riding through the streets of the town, he stopped at every corner, loudly shouting: "Freemen! To the rescue! Slave-catchers are in our midst! Be at the Court House at two o'clock!" More than five thousand men and women assembled on this summons. The meeting was addressed by some of the foremost citizens. A committee of vigilance and protection was named to see that Glover should have a fair trial. The committee agreed not to

countenance any violation of the law. But when the delegation from Racine arrived, the multitude gathered again, battered down the jail door, and liberated the negro, who, put in a wagon and carried off, lifted up his manacled hands and shouted: "Glory! Hallelujah!" the crowd wildly cheering. He was taken to Canada in a lake schooner.

The most conspicuous actor in these proceedings had been Sherman M. Booth. He was selected as the representative victim of the fugitive slave law of 1850, and was arrested upon a warrant issued by the United States Court Commissioner, and a suit was entered against him for damages to the amount of the supposed value of the escaped slave, some two thousand dollars. He was liberated on a writ of habeas corpus granted by Abram D. Smith, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, on the ground that, in his opinion, the fugitive slave law of 1850 was unconstitutional. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, which, after full argument, unanimously affirmed the order discharging the prisoner. Then the United States District Court took hold of the matter again, and after various proceedings, in which the Supreme Court of Wisconsin constantly held "to the right of the State Court on habeas corpus to pass upon the jurisdiction of the Federal Court," the matter went to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, by unanimous decision, reversed the judgment of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. The summary of this decision was that "when a person is in the custody of an officer of the United States, a State may indeed issue a writ of habeas corpus, and the officer holding the person in question in custody must make return to the writ, so far as to show that he holds him under the precept of the United States Court, but no further, and that thereupon the power of the State Court is at an end. Neither the formality nor the validity of

the process, nor the constitutionality of the act under which the process issues, can after such return be inquired into, either upon a writ of habeas corpus from a State tribunal, or upon any other State process." The opinion was written by Chief Justice Taney, the author of the famous Dred Scott decision. It attracted wide attention as the "Glover case," and the proceedings under the fugitive slave law following it had powerfully stirred up the anti-slavery sentiment throughout the country.

Indeed, the fugitive slave law of 1850, regarded as a part of the compromise measures which were to create for the anti-slavery North and the pro-slavery South a practicable "modus vivendi"—a way of peaceably getting along together—was a striking example of that kind of mistake which is justly said to amount to a crime in public policy—the mistake not seldom committed by compromisers, of going so far as to offend and defy the moral sense and the legitimate self-respect of the other. The old fugitive slave law, enacted in 1793, had authorized the owner of the fugitive slave to arrest him, to bring him before a United States judge or any State judge or magistrate and prove to the satisfaction of such judge or magistrate that the person arrested owed service to the claimant under the laws of the State from which he had escaped; whereupon it was made the duty of the judge or magistrate to give a certificate that sufficient proof had been made; and this certificate was declared a sufficient warrant for removing the fugitive to the State from which he had escaped. It further imposed a fine of five hundred dollars for knowingly and willfully obstructing the execution of this law, or for harboring or concealing the fugitive after notice that he was a fugitive slave. It is true that this law was but imperfectly enforced and that, in spite of it, many fugitive slaves were concealed and har-

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

bored in the Northern States or escaped across them to Canada. But this was not because the law was not stringent and severe enough; it was because, in the very nature of things, no law for the capture and rendition of human beings fleeing from slavery, ever so stringent and severe, could have been effectively enforced. On the contrary, the more stringent and severe, the more provokingly it would offend the moral sympathies of human nature, and the more surely and generally it would be disobeyed and thwarted.

If the compromise of 1850 were to be a real measure of conciliation, nothing could, therefore, have been more ill-advised than to embody in it a law apt to bring the odium of slavery in its most repulsive aspects to the very door of every Northern household. According to that law, the right of a claimant to an alleged fugitive slave, or rather the right of a human being to his or her freedom, was not to be determined by the ordinary course of law, a trial by jury, but by a summary process presided over by a United States Commissioner —a process in which the testimony of the alleged fugitive slave was not to be admitted as evidence, and the presumption was held to be all in favor of the claim of the slave-hunter. It made punishable not only by fine, but also by imprisonment, the harboring or concealing of a fugitive slave. It "commanded" every citizen, whenever called upon by the proper officer, actively to aid in the capture of a fugitive slave. It thus imposed upon him the duty of becoming a slave-catcher and, as the saying was at the time, to do for the slave-holder what the slave-holder would have been too proud to do for himself. It is no wonder that, when Charles Sumner, upon the question put to him in the Senate, whether he would obey the fugitive slave law, replied: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" the winged word reverberated throughout the

North. Indeed, it was the prevailing moral sentiment among Northern people, not that it would be sinful to violate that law, but rather that it would be sinful to obey it. And nothing can be more futile, unstatesmanlike, as well as inhuman, under a popular government, than the enactment of laws that are offensive to a moral sense springing from an intuitive conception of justice and the natural sympathies of the human heart. It may therefore well be said that the fugitive slave law did more than anything else to keep the anti-slavery sentiment alive at a period when the widespread lassitude from past excitements co-operated with the materialistic tendency of prosperous times to put it asleep and to make the slavery question a "dead issue" in politics. And when the Kansas-Nebraska bill had, in spite of the prosperity of the times, shaken the public conscience out of its lethargy, the various attempts to enforce the fugitive slave law did more than anything else to influence the righteous wrath of freemen against the institution of slavery. It exemplified more drastically and provokingly than anything else its aggressively tyrannical tendencies.

Indeed, it had the effect of making the impulsive anti-slavery sentiment seek refuge in the extreme States' rights doctrine which was first elaborately formulated at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the famous "Virginia and Kentucky resolutions," and became subsequently, under Calhoun's leadership, the fundamental article of the political faith of the Slave States. According to it, the Federal Union and the Constitution were the product of a compact of which the several States were the original parties. The Federal Government created by that compact, could, therefore, in the nature of things not be the only and final judge of the extent of its own powers, but (in the language of the Virginia resolutions) "in case of a

deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States who are parties thereto have the right and are in duty bound to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits, the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them." When in the early thirties, the State of South Carolina ran this "compact theory" of the Federal Constitution to its logical consequence, attempting an actual nullification within its borders of the Federal revenue laws, almost the whole North united in condemning the attempt as something akin to treason, although the Democratic party on the whole would consider the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions as justified in principle. But when twenty years later the Federal law concerning the capture and rendition of fugitive slaves outraged the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, the same "compact theory" of the Federal Government was resorted to by a large number of people, among them not a few public men of high standing and of conservative antecedents, to thwart the execution of the fugitive slave law. Not only was that law denounced as unconstitutional and void in numberless mass-meetings, but one Northern legislature after another, among them that of Wisconsin, passed so-called "personal liberty bills," setting the provisions of the fugitive slave law for the capture of alleged fugitives practically at naught—that is, substantially nullifying it. The North was thus fast becoming the "nullifying" section of the country.

Such was the temper of public sentiment at the North when the Glover case occurred in Wisconsin and the legal proceedings called forth by it took place. Anti-slavery meetings as well as the anti-slavery press, East and West, praised the action of the Supreme Court and the Legislature of Wisconsin to the skies and expressed the fervent hope, that whatever

the Federal Government or the Federal judiciary might do, the State of Wisconsin "would stand firm on the noble ground taken."

In the spring of 1859, a vacancy on the Supreme Bench of Wisconsin was to be filled by popular election. A caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature, attended also by other anti-slavery men, nominated as a candidate for that position Byron Paine of Milwaukee. Opposed to him as the Democratic candidate was William P. Lynde, also of Milwaukee. Mr. Lynde was a lawyer of high respectability, but he lacked the elements of popularity which distinguished his Republican competitor. The figure of Byron Paine stands in my memory as one of my most fascinating recollections. When I imagine the ideal republic, I put him into it as one of its typical citizens. At that period he was only thirty-two years old. His tall and sturdy frame, and his face, not regular of feature, but beautiful in its expression of absolute sincerity, kindness, and intelligence, made his very appearance a picture of strength ruled by reason, justice, and benevolence. There was something childlike in the gaze of his lustrous blue eyes. He was not what is usually called "brilliant" in conversation,—rather modest and unpretending. He talked with a sort of cheerful ingenuousness; but when discussing serious subjects, he would often surprise the listener with an unexpected display of profound research and wide knowledge, and his opinions came forth, not, by any means, with a tone of obtrusive dogmatism, but as the expression of well matured and profound conviction, never leaving the slightest doubt as to the absolute purity of his motives. An unstudied refinement gave a peculiar charm to his whole being. His large humanity naturally made him an anti-slavery man, and his whole mental and moral quality was such that so offensive an affront to

human dignity as the fugitive slave law would necessarily provoke in him an almost revolutionary indignation.

Although a young lawyer of limited practice and no fortune, he had volunteered his services without compensation to Mr. Booth when that gentleman was arrested for helping the fugitive slave, Glover, to escape. In his various arguments, which were praised by his very opponents as singularly logical, learned, and profound, and sometimes rising to a high order of eloquence, he took the strongest State's rights ground, and, as I have mentioned, he was sustained by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. Letters of approval and congratulation from public men of note, one of whom was Charles Sumner, came pouring upon him—letters which might have made many ordinary mortals vain, but were received by him with modest diffidence. It was natural that in the campaign that was made for him as a candidate for the Supreme bench of his State, the principal issue should be, aside from his personal merits, the doctrines he had promulgated as an advocate in the legal proceedings that had made him conspicuous. And in that campaign I took a zealous part on his side. On the 23d of March, 1859, I delivered a speech in Milwaukee "for States' rights and Byron Paine," in which I defended, to the best of my ability, his position, which no doubt was also the position of the bulk of the anti-slavery men of the time, although there were strong and distinguished dissenters.

This address I did not include in the collection of my speeches which was published six years later, because a more matured judgment had convinced me that—not indeed the fundamental theory of democracy, but the conclusions drawn from it as to the functions and necessary powers of government, were unsound. Here was a striking illustration of the proneness of the human mind to permit itself to be swayed

in its logic, its course of reasoning, its philosophical deductions, even in its views of historic events, by moral sentiments, by sympathetic emotions, and by party spirit. Indeed, it certainly was not party spirit that determined my course, for my deeply grounded distrust of party tyranny over the human conscience put me on my guard against any undue influence from that quarter. But this campaign for an election to a judicial office was an anti-slavery campaign—a campaign against one of those arrogations of power on the part of the "slaveocracy" which offended our moral sense, insulted the dignity of manhood, and struck at the fundamental principles of democratic government, by denying to the alleged fugitive slave a fair trial by jury. The Supreme Court of the United States had done the thing most dangerous to its authority that a judicial tribunal can do—it had, in the Dred Scott decision, gone out of its way to take part in the political discussion of the day—and that in favor of slavery. And now the same Federal Supreme Court sternly overruled the action of the State Judiciary, which had been in favor of freedom and human rights.

All these things co-operated in bringing about a contest in which the Republican party, the natural opponent of the States' rights doctrine, against a law maintained by the pro-slavery men as a bulwark of the "peculiar institution," planted itself upon extreme States' rights ground and went to the very verge of actual nullification, while the Democratic party, the traditional champion of the States' rights doctrine, became an ardent defender of the Federal power as against any pretensions of States' rights that asserted themselves according to the principles promulgated in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. It was one of those struggles which, as Mr. Lincoln once said, become so mixed that, in the heat of the wrestle, the com-

batants worked themselves into one another's coats. Byron Paine won the election and took his seat in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. But it is a significant fact that, only two years later, when the bulk of the Slave States, then again repudiating the supremacy of the Federal power, had carried the States' rights doctrine to the logical length of secession, those who but yesterday had shouted and voted for "Byron Paine and States' rights," rushed to arms to maintain the supreme authority of the Federal Government and to put down the pretensions of States' rights which were made in favor of slavery. Byron Paine himself, in the course of the Civil War, left the Supreme Bench of Wisconsin to join the army.

Thus in the North as well as in the South men's sympathies with regard to slavery shaped and changed their political doctrines and their Constitutional theories. In the South, it was States' rights or the supremacy of the Federal power as one or the other furthered the interests of slavery. In the North, it was States' rights or the supremacy of the Federal power as one or the other furthered the interests of freedom. This inconstancy of men's minds as to very important political doctrines can, indeed, be psychologically explained in view of the circumstances under which it then occurred. But it has also manifested itself under circumstances far less anxious, and it may, in a democracy, become a grave danger to the stability of political institutions. As to the perplexing conflict between moral sentiment and the fugitive slave law, which at that period troubled many a conscientious and dutiful citizen, the right way out was suggested by Mr. Durkee, a Senator of the United States from Wisconsin, who said, "I shall not obey that law, but I shall submit to the legal penalty for disobeying it."

The Byron Paine campaign was hardly over when I was urgently called to another field. As the anti-slavery move-

ment was disintegrating both the old Whig party and the old Democratic party at a fast rate, the "Native American" sentiment burst forth in one of its periodical manifestations. That sentiment was originally—in greatest part at least—directed against the Catholic influence—against "Romanism," as the favorite phrase ran—but it demanded a curtailment of the political rights of the whole foreign-born element without distinction of origin or religious creed. A secret society, called the "Know-nothings," was organized with all the paraphernalia of rituals and oaths and vows and passwords which seem to have a peculiar charm for people of weak minds and susceptible imaginations, and the "order" spread rapidly all over the Northern States. Some earnest anti-slavery men favored the movement because they thought that it would help in breaking up the old political organizations, especially the Whig party, and thus facilitate the eventual passing of citizens, once detached from their old party affiliations, into the Republican ranks. But when the Know-nothing organization became strong enough to control elections in such States as New York and Massachusetts, and when the proscriptive spirit awakened by it led, as it is always apt to do, to savage excesses in the larger cities—bands of ruffians committing bloody outrages upon peaceable foreign-born people—the anti-slavery men who had thought it "good politics" to countenance and encourage the nativistic dissolvent, became alarmed at their own work, for it evidently tended to drive the foreign voters into the arms of the Democratic party for their own protection.

In Massachusetts, where the "American" movement had won control of the whole State government, the Legislature adopted for submission to a vote of the people an amendment to the State Constitution, providing that foreign-born persons should not have the right of voting until two years after they

had become citizens of the United States. This was the famous "two-years' amendment" which at the time created much excitement among the foreign-born population, and was eagerly seized upon by Democratic newspapers and stump-speakers as a premonitory indication of the fate which awaited the foreign born if the Republican party should come into power. And this warning was all the more likely to make an impression, as the State of Massachusetts was recognized as the high school of the anti-slavery movement.

Among the Republican leaders who became especially alarmed at this state of things was Henry Wilson, one of the United States Senators from Massachusetts. As I learned to know him at a later period, he was what is commonly called "a man of the people." Without the advantage of a higher education—his early connection with the shoe business in Natick, had earned him the nickname of "the Natick cobbler" —he had worked himself up to a position of influence in politics. He had won the confidence of the anti-slavery men by his sincere and very active devotion to that cause. His eloquence did not rise to a high level, but became impressive by the ingenuous force with which it portrayed his convictions. He justly enjoyed the reputation of being a thoroughly honest and well-meaning man. There was something childlike in his being, even in his political dealings, although he may have considered himself, and to a certain extent he was, a skillful political manager. He certainly was a very watchful and busy one. The anti-slavery sentiment filled his whole soul. Beyond that cause he took very little interest in other political questions; at least he judged them by their relation to it, and only in that relation they became important or unimportant in his eyes. Everybody liked him; and everybody was attracted by the sympathetic warmth of his nature; and everybody trusted

the goodness of his motives, although not always his discretion. There was a rumor that, believing he could aid the anti-slavery cause by countenancing the nativistic movement, he had secretly joined one of the Know-nothing lodges. Whether this rumor was correct or not, I do not know. He probably did not care much whether foreign-born citizens were permitted to vote a year or two earlier or a year or two later, provided they cast their votes against the slavery cause. Certain it is that as soon as the nativistic movement threatened to endanger the anti-slavery cause, he turned against it and anxiously looked for a way to defeat the "two-years' amendment" in Massachusetts.

Senator Wilson consulted with Edward L. Pierce, who many years later wrote the great biography of Charles Sumner, and became a warm and dear friend of mine, and the two joined in inviting me to come to Massachusetts and help them undo the mischief. The ostensible occasion was the celebration by a public dinner of the anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birthday—a celebration which was in harmony with the recent revival of Jeffersonian States' rights principles in the agitation against the fugitive slave law. But the real object was to rally prominent anti-slavery men for a demonstration against the mischievous nativistic tide. Of this I was duly informed. As soon as the invitation arrived, my partner, Mr. Paine, insisted that I must accept it, as this was more important than any law business. So I went.

The dinner took place at the Parker House in Boston, and was a notable affair. The principal figures in it were John A. Andrew, who was to be the illustrious war-governor of Massachusetts, Senator Henry Wilson, Governor Boutwell, Frank Bird, Edward L. Pierce, his brother, Henry L. Pierce, Samuel Bowles, the brilliant editor of the *Springfield Repub-*

lican, and several of the anti-slavery leaders of the State. The speeches which were delivered vied with one another in denouncing the fugitive slave law as one of the ruthless invasions of the rights and liberties of the American citizen, and in celebrating the States' rights men of Wisconsin as the heroes of the day. Vigorous attacks upon the narrow-minded spirit of nativism as embodied in the Know-nothing organization were not wanting. And in all this Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the founder of the Democratic party, was praised and canonized by Republican anti-slavery men as the great patron-saint of the fundamental principles of our Republic. A day or two later I was assailed in some newspapers which favored the Know-nothing movement, as an intruder who had come into Massachusetts to meddle with State politics. But this served only to attract to me a degree of public notice which otherwise I would, probably, not have had.

A few days later, on April 18, 1859, a great public reception in Faneuil Hall took place which had been arranged for me by some of the participants in the Jefferson birthday dinner. Senator Wilson presided. The ancient hall was crowded with a typical Boston audience. There I was to strike my blow against nativism and the policy of sly shifts and small expedients, and, judging from appearances, my speech produced a happy effect. I spoke with great fervor, dwelling upon the idea which has been a "leit motif," a leading motive, with me during my whole public life in America: the peculiar significance of the position occupied by this Republic in the progress of mankind toward democratic government, and the consequent responsibility of the American people to the civilized world. It may have an improbable and even absurdly presumptuous sound when it is asserted that foreign-born American citizens may be more fervently, more

jealously patriotic Americans than many natives are. And yet in my experience, this is the case. It is even naturally the case with foreign-born persons who, before they came to this country, had in the old world taken part, or at least an earnest interest, in the struggles for free government and witnessed the terrible difficulty of overcoming the obstacles in their way in the shape of old established institutions, or customs, or traditional prejudices, or habits of thinking and feeling; and who then saw in this new country a free field for the untrammeled development of truly democratic institutions, and of everything good and great, most ardently hoping that here the great demonstration be furnished of the capacity of man to govern himself—a demonstration to encourage and inspire all mankind struggling for liberty and happiness. Such foreign-born Americans watch every event affecting the fortunes or character of the Republic with an especially anxious solicitude, with triumphant joy at every success of our democratic institutions and with the keenest sensitiveness to every failure, having the standing of this country before the world constantly in mind.

In my speech on "True Americanism" in Faneuil Hall I gave full rein to my exuberant American enthusiasm. I feel it all again while writing these reminiscences and reading over in a printed volume the report of the words I then spoke to express what moved me so deeply. Thus I may be pardoned for quoting here some of the language in which I uttered the fundamental idea—language somewhat florid, perhaps, but I was young then and not sufficiently sobered always to resist the intrusion of poetic imagery into the discussion of serious subjects. I opened thus: "A few days ago I stood on the cupola of your State House, and overlooked for the first time this venerable city and the country surrounding it. Then the streets, and hills, and waters around me began to teem with

the life of historical recollections, recollections dear to all mankind, and a feeling of pride arose in my heart, and I said to myself, I, too, am an American citizen. There was Bunker Hill, there Charlestown, and Lexington, and Dorchester Heights not far off; there the harbor into which the British tea was sunk; there the place where the old liberty-tree stood; there John Hancock's house; there Benjamin Franklin's birthplace—and now I stand in this grand old hall, which has so often resounded with the noblest appeals that ever thrilled American hearts, and where I am almost afraid to hear the echo of my own feeble voice;—oh, no man that loves liberty, wherever he may have first seen the light of day, can fail on this sacred spot to pay his tribute to Americanism. And here, with all these glorious memories crowding upon my heart, I will offer mine. I, born in a foreign land, pay my tribute to Americanism? Yes, for to me the word Americanism, true Americanism, comprehends the noblest ideas which ever swelled a human heart with noble pride.

"It is one of the earliest recollections of my boyhood, that one summer night our whole village was stirred up by an uncommon occurrence. I say our village, for I was born not far from that beautiful spot where the Rhine rolls his green waters out of the wonderful gate of the Seven Mountains, and then meanders with majestic tranquillity through one of the most glorious valleys of the world. That night our neighbors were pressing around a few wagons covered with linen sheets and loaded with household utensils and boxes and trunks to their utmost capacity. One of our neighboring families were moving far away across a great water, and it was said that they would never again return. And I saw silent tears trickling down weather-beaten cheeks, and the hands of rough peasants firmly pressing each other and some of the men and

women hardly able to speak when they nodded to one another a last farewell. At last the train started into motion, they gave three cheers for America, and then in the first gray dawn of the morning I saw them wending their way over the hill until they disappeared in the shadow of the forest. And I heard many a man say how happy he would be if he could go with them to that great and free country, where a man could be himself."

I then described how, from these first crude and vague impressions, my ideal conception of the American republic as the hope and guide of liberty-loving mankind developed itself, how peoples struggling for liberty and hampered in that struggle by old inherited institutions and customs and habits of thinking were wistfully looking to this new world for the realization of that ideal; how this new world, by the evolutions of history, appeared predestined and wonderfully fitted for that realization; how, by the assembling and intermingling of the most vigorous elements of all civilized nations, a new and youthful nation was created; how that new nation asserted and maintained its rightful independent existence upon the principle that all men are created equal and are endowed with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; how this basic principle indicated the great historic mission of the American republic, and how the best hopes of mankind were bound up in the fulfillment of this mission, for which we were responsible to the world. I continued thus:

"This principle contains the program of our political existence. It is the most progressive, for it takes even the lowliest members of the human family out of their degradation, and inspires them with the elevating consciousness of equal human dignity; the most conservative, for it makes a common

cause of individual rights. From the equality of rights springs identity of our highest interests; you cannot subvert your neighbors' rights without striking a dangerous blow at your own. And when the rights of one cannot be infringed without finding a ready defense in all others who defend their own rights in defending his, then, and only then, are the rights of all safe against the usurpations of governmental authority. This general identity of interests is the only thing that can guarantee the stability of democratic institutions. Equality of rights, embodied in general self-government, is the great moral element of true democracy; it is the only reliable safety-valve in the machinery of modern society. There is the solid foundation of our system of government; there is our mission; there is our greatness; there is our safety; there, and nowhere else! This is true Americanism, and to this I pay the tribute of my devotion."

I then proceeded to point out the inevitable consequences in a democratic republic of any deviation from this principle, admitting at the same time the local or temporary inconveniences and difficulties apt to arise from a general application of it. I passed some of them in review and said:

"True, there are difficulties connected with an organization of society founded upon the basis of equal rights. Nobody denies it. A large number of those who come to you from foreign lands are not as capable of taking part in the administration of government as the man who was fortunate enough to drink the milk of liberty in his cradle. And certain religious denominations do, perhaps, nourish principles which are hardly in accordance with the doctrines of true democracy. There is a conglomeration on this continent of heterogeneous elements; there is a warfare of clashing interests and unruly aspirations; and with all this, our democratic system gives rights to the

ignorant and power to the inexperienced. And the billows of passion will lash the sides of the ship, and the storm of party warfare will bend its masts, and the pusillanimous will cry out, 'Master, master, we perish!' But the genius of true democracy will arise from his slumber, and rebuke the winds and the raging of the water, and say unto them: 'Where is your faith?' Aye, where is the faith that led the fathers of this Republic to invite the weary and burdened of all nations to the enjoyment of equal rights? Where is that broad and generous confidence in the efficiency of true democratic institutions? Has the present generation forgotten that true democracy bears in itself the remedy for all the difficulties that may grow out of it?

"It is an old dodge of the advocates of despotism throughout the world, that the people who are not experienced in self-government are not fit for the exercise of self-government, and must first be educated under the rule of a superior authority. But at the same time the advocates of despotism will never offer them an opportunity to acquire experience in self-government, lest they suddenly become fit for its independent exercise. To this treacherous sophistry the fathers of this Republic opposed the noble doctrine that liberty is the best school for liberty, and that self-government cannot be learned but by practicing it. This is the truly American idea; this is true Americanism, and to this I pay the tribute of my devotion.

"You object that some people do not understand their own interests? There is nothing that, in the course of time, will make a man better understand his interests than the independent management of his own affairs on his own responsibility. You object that people are ignorant? There is no better schoolmaster in the world than self-government, independently exercised. You object that people have no just ideas of their duties

as citizens? There is no other source from which they can derive a just notion of their duties than the enjoyment of the rights from which they arise."

I then pointed out the inconsistencies and danger of restrictions of the suffrage on arbitrary grounds in their effect upon the conduct of political parties, reaching these conclusions:

"Another danger for the safety of our institutions, and perhaps the most formidable one, arises from the general propensity of political parties and public men to act on a policy of mere expediency, and to sacrifice principle to local and temporary success. And here let me address a solemn appeal to the consciences of those with whom I am proud to struggle side by side against human thraldom.

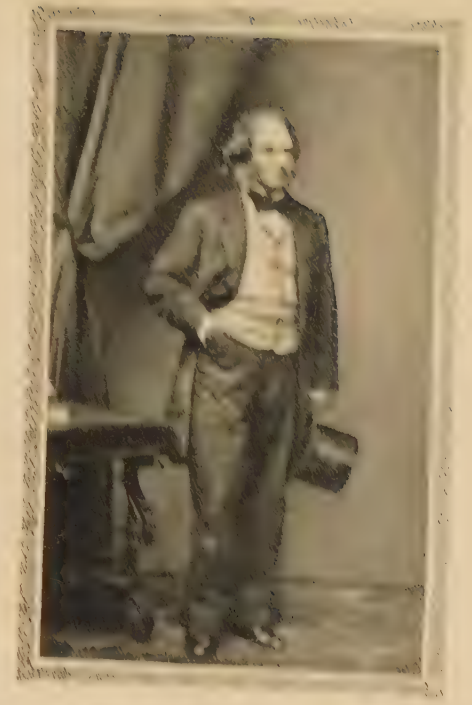
"You hate kingcraft, and you would sacrifice your fortunes and your lives in order to prevent its establishment on the soil of this Republic. But let me tell you that the rule of political parties which sacrifices principle to expediency is no less dangerous, no less disastrous, no less aggressive, of no less despotic a nature, than the rule of monarchs. Do not indulge in the illusion that in order to make a government free and liberal, the only thing necessary is to make it elective. When a political party in power, however liberal their principles may be, have once adopted the policy of knocking down their opponents instead of voting them down, there is an end of justice and equal rights. The history of the world shows no example of a more arbitrary despotism than that exercised by the party which ruled the National Assembly of France in the bloodiest days of the great French Revolution. I will not discuss here what might have been done, and what not, in those times of a fearful crisis; but I will say that they tried to establish liberty

by means of despotism, and that in her gigantic struggle against the united monarchs of Europe, revolutionary France won the victory, but lost her liberty."

An appeal to Massachusetts pride closed the speech.

My address was very warmly applauded by the audience. I received no end of compliments, even from some men of distinction, and was afterwards told that the printed report was widely read and produced an excellent effect in the interior of the State. Perhaps it did contribute a little to the defeat of the "two-years' amendment." By its opponents I was paraded as one of the "foreigners" whose political rights it was intended to curtail.

This was my introduction to Boston, and to me it was a most happy one. Not only did I keenly enjoy the cordiality which met me wherever I turned, but the whole atmosphere of the city, the general physiognomy of the population were exceedingly congenial to me. I thought I saw a light of intelligence on the faces of all the passers-by on the streets, which impressed me as if every milkman on his wagon and every citizen hurrying to his task with his tools under his arm, must be something like Harvard graduates in disguise. No doubt my enthusiasm ran a little ahead of my judgment; but I had good reason to be intensely delighted with the persons whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make. It could hardly be otherwise. For instance, I was invited to a dinner party at the house of Mr. Gardner Brewer, one of the patrician houses of the town. I met there several of my friends of the Jefferson birthday dinner, also, for the first time, Longfellow and Banks. But I was seated at the table by the side of a little gentleman whose name had escaped me when I was presented to him. He was very kind to me, and soon I found myself engaged with him in a lively conversation which gradually drew the attention



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW IN 1868

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN 1859

of the whole table, all the guests listening to him. His talk was so animated, bubbling and sparkling, and at the same time there was so kindly and genial a flow of wit and wisdom, that I sat there in a state of amazed delight. I had never heard anything like it. After a while I asked my neighbor on the other side: "Pray, who is the wonderful man?" "You do not know him?" he answered. "Why, this is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes."

I visited Boston often after those days in 1859, and then I had sometimes the happiness of sitting as a guest at the same table with the other members of the famous circle of Boston's, or rather America's, great celebrities—Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, Norton, Field, Sumner, and others of their companionship, and of hearing them converse among themselves—not with an effort of saying remarkable things, but with the natural, unpretending, and therefore most charming simplicity of truly great minds. I never saw Whittier at one of those dinners. But being a warm admirer of Whittier's powerfully moving anti-slavery poems, I wished very much to behold the poet's face and to hear his voice. Therefore, I eagerly accepted, on one of my visits to Boston, the offer of one of Whittier's friends to take me to Amesbury, the village where he lived, and to introduce me to him. When we called at his very modest frame house, the typical New England village house painted white with green shutters, we were told that he was not at home, but might possibly be found at the post-office. At the post-office we were told that he had been there, but had probably gone to the drug store. At the drug store we found him quietly talking with a little company of neighbors assembled around the stove—for it was a cold winter day. I was almost sorry to break into that tranquil chat between the poet and his village familiars, for I was satisfied with looking at him

as he stood there, tall and slim, with his fine, placid face, all goodness and unpretending simplicity, so superior to those surrounding him, and yet so like them. My friend introduced me to him as a co-worker in the anti-slavery cause, and he received me very kindly. We had a little exchange of questions and answers not remarkable, and he offered to take us to his house. But we could not accept the invitation, as we had to hurry back to the train for Boston. I left him with a feeling as if the mere meeting with him had been a blessing—a breath of air from a world of purity and beneficence.

To no member of that famous circle I felt myself more attracted than to Longfellow, and he, too, seemed to look upon me with a friendly eye. He kindly invited me to visit him whenever I might come within hailing distance. And how delightful were those hours I spent with him from time to time in the cozy intimacy of his old colonial house in Cambridge, the historic Washington headquarters. We usually sat together in the little room on the right hand of the hall, the room with the round book-covered table in it. He then used to bring in a bottle of old Rhine wine and a couple of long German student pipes, which, I fear, he did not enjoy smoking very much, although he pretended to enjoy it, because, no doubt, he thought I did; and then he talked of German poetry and poets, and of the anti-slavery cause for which he cherished a warm, although quiet, interest, and of Charles Sumner, whom he loved dearly, as I did. Longfellow was one of the most beautiful men I have ever known, and he grew more beautiful every year of his advancing old age—with his flowing white hair and beard and his grand face of the antique Jupiter type—not indeed a "Jupiter tonans," but a fatherly Zeus holding a benignant hand over the world and mankind. He was by no means a brilliant conversationalist—not to be compared with Oliver Wendell Holmes—

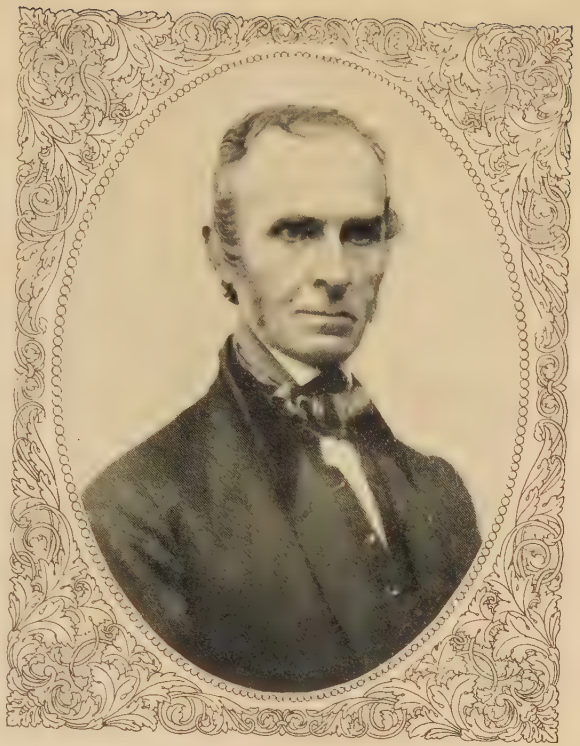
but his talk, although not remarkable for wit or eloquence, had to me a peculiar fascination. It produced, upon me at least, the impression of modestly withholding behind it a great store of serene reserve power, and it flowed on so placidly as to make me feel as if I were in a gently rocking boat floating down a tranquil stream meandering through green meadows. His very being seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of peace and noble sympathy. I have seen him quietly entering social gatherings of men and women when everybody seemed at once to become sensible of the mellow sunshine radiating from his presence, and all faces, old and young, turned to him with an expression of something like joyous affection.

Of the public men whose acquaintance I made on the occasion of the Jefferson dinner, John A. Andrew and Frank W. Bird stand prominent in my memory. Andrew, destined to become famous as the great war-governor of Massachusetts, was a man of extraordinary personal magnetism. His ruddy face topped with blonde curly hair fairly beamed with the energy of youthful enthusiasm. He was a picture of sturdy manhood. The genial warmth of his nature raised the temperature of the very air around him. There was in his speech a cordial ingenuousness, an impetuous, earnest vivacity, and a directness and sincerity so evident, that it irresistibly commanded your confidence. He was one of the rare men with whom you instinctively wished to agree when he spoke to you. He had not only the intellectual and moral qualifications but also the temperament of a leader, and a leader, too, who would attract the best part of the community in point of morals and intelligence, as a trusty personal following. He would have become a great figure on the field of national politics had he not died so young.

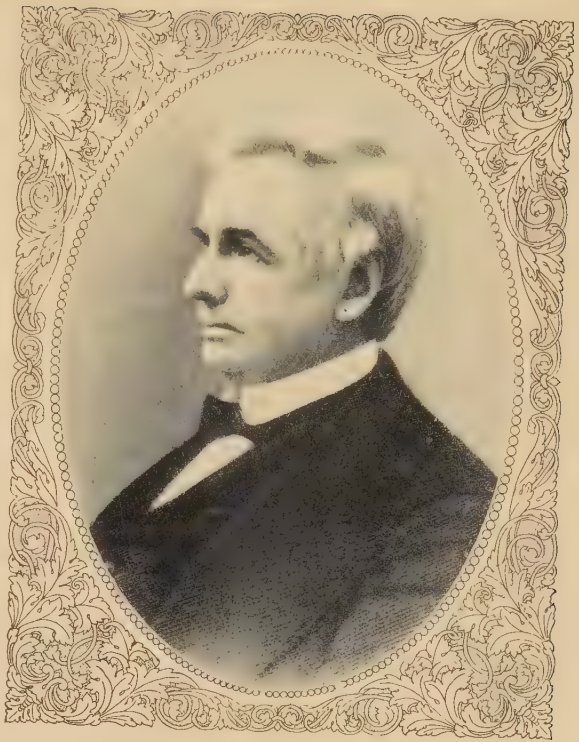
Frank Bird was a man of a different type. I was at first

a little puzzled at the respect shown him by all whom I met and by the decided deference of the younger men among them. He was somewhat rustic in appearance, and could hardly be called uncommonly interesting in conversation. There was no captivation in his looks nor in his manners. He resembled rather a gnarled oak having strong branches and a vigorous foliage but no flowers. Gradually I learned to understand and appreciate his worth. He was animated by a large and respectful sympathy with the weak and lowly, a hearty love of truth and right and justice, and equally hearty contempt of all humbug and false pretense and meanness, an indomitable courage in attacking what he thought wrong, and that kind of patriotism which consisted in a keen and jealous appreciation of the honor and the highest duties of his country. And what he knew and thought and felt came out in a language of rugged force. He may not have contributed much to the stock of ideas in his time, and he had his eccentricities and made his mistakes, but he was the very embodiment of enlightened and courageous conscience and of high moral standards. Public men of a higher grade of ability could, perhaps, not learn much from him, but they were anxious to be thought well of by him and to be able to count him among their friends. This made him a moral power and thus a singularly useful citizen of the Republic. He had a peculiar attraction for younger men. A number of them used to meet him at dinner at regular intervals in some public house in Boston, and this "Frank Bird Club" continued to exist under that name for years after his death.

I returned from my Massachusetts expedition to Wisconsin much richer in friendships as well as in experience. But in my State I soon found myself exposed to a trial not altogether pleasant. Whatever of soreness—and there was but very little—I may have at the time felt at my defeat as a can-



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER IN 1859



JUDGE AARON GOODRICH

didate for the lieutenant-governorship of Wisconsin in the State election of 1857 had long vanished from my mind. But many of the German-born citizens of the State who had joined the Republican party took a more serious view of the matter. They saw in my defeat, while other Republican candidates were elected, a striking proof of the prevalence of nativistic tendencies in the Republican party, and charged Governor Randall with having secretly intrigued against me because I was foreign born. There was no proof of this, and although Mr. Randall as a politician was not over-sympathetic to me, I sincerely discredited the story. But appearances rather encouraged the suspicion of a nativistic spirit in the Republican organization, and the German-born Republicans insisted that it must be disproved or atoned for by a signal demonstration of good faith. Moreover, the Republican party in power had not fulfilled its promises, but indulged itself in a sort of political management on the spoils principle, which it had vociferously denounced when practiced by Democrats—a shortcoming which I had so pointedly reproved in my speech on "Political Morals" in celebrating our victory of the year before. All these things cooperated in inducing the German-born Republicans, and some native American Republicans of the same way of thinking besides, to move my nomination for the governorship by the Republican State Convention to be held in the autumn of 1859. As Carl Roeser, the editor of a Republican journal at Manitowac, expressed it in one of his leading articles: "We are, on principle, in favor of the nomination of Carl Schurz as candidate for governor, not because he is a German, but because we demand of the Republican party that by an open, living deed, namely, the nomination of a foreign-born citizen who has won general esteem throughout the United States, it condemn the proscription of foreign-born citizens."

Being a novice in politics, I distrusted my own judgment as to a thing like this. My ambition did not run in the line of office, and I was much disturbed when I found myself pushed forward in that direction. The state of my mind at the time is best portrayed by a letter I wrote to my friend, Judge Potter, who represented the First District of Wisconsin in Congress—a letter which, forty years later, I found published in the *Milwaukee Sentinel,* together with others of Mr. Potter's political correspondence: "My name has been mentioned in connection with the nomination for governor. Several newspapers have brought me forward, and all our German Republican papers have taken this thing up with great alacrity. Then it went through the whole German Republican press of the North, and my nomination was represented as already made. This state of things embarrasses me very much. If I had been consulted about it before it got into the newspapers, I should have stopped it. . . . What the feeling of the people of this State is, I do not know and have taken no pains to ascertain. As for me, I am wavering whether I shall let the thing go on or cut it short by publicly declaring that I shall not be a candidate. Allow me to consider you my confidential friend, to tell you my thoughts, and to ask your advice. To be governor of this State, honorable as the position may be, is really not the object of my ambition. . . . The thing has only one charm for me, and that is, that a success of this kind would give me a more powerful influence over the German population of the Northern States, which would tell in 1860. Beyond this the governorship has little value for me personally." I then gave several reasons why I should prefer not to be a candidate, and closed: "Now, I want your advice, my dear Judge; tell me openly whether in your opinion I should put a stop to it by declaring my intention not to be a candidate, or whether I shall

let the thing go on." Mr. Potter advised me not to withdraw, and I followed his no doubt well-meant counsel rather against my own judgment.

It turned out that my friend had been more sanguine than I was myself.

Governor Randall, who was a master in management, received the desired renomination by a large majority, and I was again nominated for the lieutenant-governorship, if I remember rightly, by an unanimous vote. This honor I, as well as my friends, thought I could not accept. But in declining it, I emphatically reaffirmed my devotion to the anti-slavery cause and to the party serving it. Some of my friends, however, were not so easily contented. They expressed their anger at what had happened in threatening language, and I made every possible effort to appease them. My first opportunity was a "rousing public reception" given me by the "Young Men's Republican Club" of Milwaukee on my return from the Republican State Convention at Madison, and I most earnestly admonished them never to forget, in anything they might be inclined to do, the great cause whose fate would be decided in the national election of 1860. This admonition I continued to urge upon my dissatisfied friends throughout the State campaign, which had much effect in quelling the disturbance; and the Republican candidates for the State offices were comfortably elected.

On the whole, this was not a promising prelude to an official career. But my wishes and hopes did not in truth contemplate such a career, and I felt that I had neither aptitude nor liking for the business of the "practical politician."

It was also at this period that I had the first taste of being attacked and vilified by political opponents. With a sort of blank amazement I found myself one day accused in a Democratic newspaper of being in the pay of the Prussian Govern-

ment as a spy on the doings of the political refugees from Germany in America. The proof offered to sustain this charge consisted in the absurd allegation that, while the property of other exiles had been confiscated by the Prussian Government, mine had not been. I wondered whether anybody would take so silly an invention seriously. But it was evidently put afloat in the hope that it would be believed by persons not acquainted with European affairs, or by the class of people who are ready to believe anything bad of anybody, especially of a man belonging to the opposite party; and I was solemnly asked what I had to say to clear myself. Indignant at being expected to answer such a charge, I replied that I had not a word to say. This was interpreted by some as an indirect confession, but more generally as a proper expression of contempt. The matter attracted some attention in the State and was largely discussed in the press. The upshot was that a Republican editor, Mr. Horace Rublee, a man of uncommon ability and high character, who at a later period rose to distinction, inquired into my past career, and then learned and published the story of the liberation of Kinkel, which gave me a sort of romantic nimbus. And then an excited hunt began for the originator of the slander, which, indeed, did not result in the discovery of the guilty party, but in the most emphatic declarations of suspected persons that they were innocent.

This, however, was only the beginning of my experiences in being the victim of defamation. I know now, and I knew then, that every public man is more or less exposed to the unscrupulousness of the vilifier among his opponents. But as I became more active on the political field the attacks upon my character grew so thick and fast and amazingly reckless that I have often thought I had more than my proper share of personal abuse. Maybe the thugs of the press believed

that, I being only an adopted citizen, a "foreigner," they could permit themselves greater license in abusing me than they could have safely indulged in when attacking a public man native to the soil. Certain it is that if only a tenth part of the things that were said and printed of me had been true, I should have been rather fit for the penitentiary than for the company of gentlemen. In the course of my public activity I became gradually hardened to this kind of infliction, and took it as an unavoidable incident of political warfare. I made it a rule never to dignify with an answer any accusation that had nothing to do with my public conduct.

My habit of not replying to attacks of the personal kind led sometimes to curious incidents. For instance, when at a later period I opposed General Grant's re-election in 1872, I spoke in a Western town where the Republican paper, anticipating my speech, published a personal attack on me so extravagant in its vileness that I cut out the article and put it in my pocketbook to show it on occasion to my friends for their amusement. It so happened that a few years later I visited the same town in a "sound money" campaign in which the Republican candidate was on the right side; and now it was the Democratic paper of the place that fired a tremendous volley of abuse at me. The Republican editor politely visited me at my hotel, holding the Democratic paper in his hand. "Have you seen this Democratic mud-battery?" he said. "It is a d——d outrage, isn't it?" I read and smiled, remembering that I happened to have my Republican friend's article still in my pocketbook. I took it out and presented it to him. "The Democratic mud-battery is not without precedent," said I. The poor man's confusion may be imagined. He blushed, stammered something unintelligible, and beat a hasty retreat.

One of the favorite methods of fighting a troublesome

political opponent whose arguments cannot easily be answered, has always been to throw suspicion upon his motives. If it may be taken as a compliment to the strength of one's reasoning to be attacked in that way, I should be satisfied with the honors that have been showered upon me. For I had not been publicly active more than two or three years, when I could count upon it that, whenever I had made a speech that attracted some attention, a cry would surely arise from the opposite side accusing me of being in the field for money, and that I served only as a hired and paid attorney. And this cry followed me with a persistence truly remarkable. I do not know of any other public speaker being so constantly pestered in the same way. And the worst of it was that, as sad experience proved to me, a good many respectable and well disposed people believed that there was some truth in it. Even as late as 1896, when I made a speech at Chicago in behalf of sound money which was considered quite effective, it was said in opposition newspapers that I had received $10,000 for it; and some persons on my side, instead of repelling the slander, rather confirmed it by replying only that it was all right, "because my speech was worth so much and more." This went so far that, in some cases, money in considerable sums was offered to me as an inducement to enter the field when it was thought that I was reluctant to do so. One of these cases I may have occasion to mention particularly later on.

I must confess that this charge, coming forth again and again unremittingly, touched me more keenly than the absurd story of my being a Prussian spy had done, and on two occasions I replied to it—once when it appeared even in the Senate, and once when it was elaborated with peculiar acrimony in a prominent newspaper by no less a writer than Gail Hamilton, a relative and strenuous champion of Mr. Blaine. I replied,

because the accusation impugned the unselfishness of my motives, and thus the integrity of my public conduct. The truth is, that being called into the service of the cause I believed in, so often—almost year after year—and being thus obliged to give to that service no end of my time and labor, and my own financial resources being very limited, I had sometimes necessarily to accept compensation for my expenses, traveling fare, hotel bills, and incidentals—for without such provision I could not have served at all. But there was hardly a campaign from which I did not return more or less considerably out of pocket, not seldom finding myself seriously embarrassed, as I had been obliged to neglect my own interests altogether for long periods of time. In fact, I had to serve my cause as a public speaker on the whole at a heavy sacrifice, not only in the way of outlay in excess of reimbursements, but, far more seriously, because the time and labor required for the preparation of speeches, involving much research and study, and the constant travel from meeting to meeting, made regular work in the law office impossible, and finally obliged me to abandon it altogether, much to my material injury and mental chagrin. It happened to me not infrequently that, when I came home from a political campaign, tired and longing for rest or quiet work, I found myself, in consequence of the long neglect of my affairs, obliged to replenish the exhausted bank account in the shortest possible time by setting out again on lecturing tours, which, as I had come to be much in demand by lyceum societies, were quite remunerative, but sometimes excessively fatiguing. And, as the irony of fate would have it, the fees I earned by lyceum lectures to make up for the sacrifices incurred in my political agitation, were used by my detractors as proof of their charge—that is to say, they falsely but perseveringly asserted that the remuneration I received for lyceum lectures I had

regularly exacted for political speeches in addition to reimbursement for my outlays. It was one of the crosses I had to bear. Sometimes it severely tried my patience, but did not exhaust it.

The question whether it is not advisable or even necessary to restrain by law the license of the press in attacking public men has often been argued, and plausible reasons have been adduced in favor of restrictive measures. In spite of many provocations I have had to suffer, I have always been decidedly opposed to such a policy. That the freedom of the press in the discussion of the merits or demerits of public characters is liable to gross abuse, is certainly true. But it is no less true that any restrictive legislation would be liable to abuse far more dangerous. It is very difficult to draw the dividing line between legitimate and illegitimate criticism, and a law against the latter can hardly be devised that could not easily be misused against the former. It is infinitely more important that in a free government which is to rest upon a well-informed public opinion, legitimate criticism should have the widest and most unobstructed range, than that illegitimate criticism should be restrained or punished. As to the practical working of this freedom, I do not know a single instance of a public man in our political history being destroyed or seriously injured in his standing or influence by unjust attacks upon his character. But I know of several cases in which public men were justly attacked, and the public interest demanded that they be attacked, when such conscientious attacks would in all probability have been seriously discouraged, if not entirely prevented, had restrictive laws against illegitimate criticism, outside of our present libel laws, been in force. In fact, the enactment of such restrictive legislation has in our days been most urgently asked for, or at least desired, by a class of politicians whose

interest it is to work mostly in the dark, and upon whom the searchlight of public criticism cannot be turned too relentlessly. I mean the "party machines" and the "bosses."

That the treatment of public characters in our press is not always a beautiful spectacle will readily be admitted. But in a democracy there are, unavoidably, many things, not bad in themselves, that do not furnish a beautiful spectacle; and if we were to remove everything from the workings of our free institutions that is not beautiful in appearance, there would soon be an end of popular government altogether. In its very nature a democracy cannot be esthetically perfect or entirely inoffensive to sensitive nerves. We find full compensation in its blessings for its roughnesses. It is often said that many persons of fine sensibilities will not take an active part in public life on account of the liberties which the press will take with their names. Such persons may be otherwise very estimable, but their public spirit surely lacks the true temper. They are like men who would serve their country as soldiers only on condition that they be not compelled to march over muddy roads, or to listen among their comrades to language not fit for ears polite.

In our days, especially since the assassination of President McKinley, there has been much outcry against the freedom with which the conduct and the character of the executive head of the National Government is being discussed, and much demand that, at least, the presidential office and the person of the occupant of it, should be specially protected by law against disrespectful treatment. And this demand has been reinforced by the assertion that assassination is apt to be incited by any discussion of public affairs or any criticism of the conduct of the government calculated to make the chief magistrate appear as an unworthy or dangerous person. To be sure, the presi-

dential office is entitled to high respect, as one of the most important and exalted functions in the world, and its occupant should not be unjustly or even flippantly remarked upon. But it must not be forgotten that this is a Republic to be governed by a well-informed public opinion, and that this public opinion is to receive its light through the freest possible discussion and criticism of public affairs and policies and men. And to exempt the president on account of the dignity of his office from that critical discussion would be entirely incompatible with the nature of our government. The presidential office is reached through a nomination by a political party convention and the ratification thereof by the popular vote. It is the usual ambition of a president ending his first term of office to secure a second, and during the second to secure the presidency for another member of his party. The people have to decide by their votes whether they consider it their interest to gratify that ambition or not; and they have to make that decision on the best information they can get. They are clearly entitled to that information. Indeed, the information or advice presented to them by an unrestrained freedom of speech and press is not all trustworthy. But it is to be sifted by free discussion, and it cannot be sifted in any other way. Under these circumstances, to set up the president as a superior being to be protected by legal restrictions and penalties against all unhandsome criticism would fit governments in which the fiction of the divine right of kings prevails, but not ours.

It would be a dangerous thing for our presidents themselves, in the first place, because it would greatly obscure their judgment of public opinion. Even under present circumstances, they are, on account of the power they wield and the favors they have to bestow, surrounded by an atmosphere of

sycophancy and obsequiousness but too apt to create in their minds extravagant notions of their greatness and popularity. It is an historic experience that some of them have thus fallen into the strangest delusions and errors. This danger would be still greater were their dignity artificially supported by laws restraining adverse criticism, and were presidents thus encouraged in the belief that by virtue of law they stand above the rest of mankind. That this would not be a healthy and profitable state of mind for the first officer of a republic, needs no argument. And secondly, if such a law had any influence at all, it would be not merely to prevent wanton vilification of the chief magistrate, but also to discourage legitimate and useful criticism of his official conduct. It is a significant fact that after the assassination of President McKinley there were hysterical outcries by vehement advocates of restrictive legislation against those who had opposed and criticised certain policies of the Administration in a perfectly legitimate way, as virtual instigators and accomplices of the assassin. It is easy to see how liable restrictive laws might be to gross and dangerous abuse in times of great excitement.

In my opinion the American people cannot be too careful in guarding the freedom of speech and of the press against any curtailment as to the discussion of public affairs and the character and conduct of public men. In fact, if our newspaper press has become at all more licentious than in olden times, it is in the way of recklessly invading social privacy and of the publication of private scandals. The discussion of public matters and the treatment of men in office, especially in high office, has gradually become very much more discreet and lenient than it was in the early times of the Republic. Private scandal may perhaps be repressed by a strengthening of the

libel laws. But whatever is still remaining of scurrility in the treatment of public things and men should patiently be borne as one of the inevitable concomitants of democratic government, in accordance with Thomas Jefferson's wise saying that "he would much rather be exposed to the inconveniences arising from too much liberty, than those arising from too small a degree of it."

CHAPTER IV

IN the autumn of 1859 I was on duty not only in Wisconsin, where it was my special business to allay the dissatisfaction caused among my friends by the action of the State Convention which I have described, but I was also urgently asked to make some speeches in Minnesota, where the first State election was to be held in November. I obeyed the call. I remember that journey with pleasure, and may be pardoned for indulging myself in giving a picture of what political campaigning with its humors was at that period in the "Far West." The population of Minnesota was thin, the western part of the State still occupied by Sioux tribes. The twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, which now count their population by the hundred thousands, were then still in their infancy. St. Paul, if I remember rightly, had about 12,000 inhabitants, and the name of Minneapolis did not yet exist at all. That settlement was called the Falls of St. Anthony, and had a population of about 2,000 souls. At St. Paul I was received by the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Alexander Ramsey, a man of moderate gifts, but blessed with one of those winning countenances which betoken sound sense, a quiet conscience, good humor, and a kind heart for all men. I was to meet him again at a later period in the Senate of the United States and in the cabinet of President Hayes.

I found myself put down in the plan of campaign for one or two speeches a day, with an itinerary spreading over a large part of the State. I was to travel for several days in the company of a gentleman who introduced himself to me as "Judge

Goodrich." There being at that time no railroads in that part of the State which I was to visit, Judge Goodrich and I rode in a buggy from place to place, to small country towns and sparsely populated settlements. He was a middle-aged man of slim stature, a clean-shaven, somewhat haggard face, and lively dark eyes. I soon discovered in him one of those "originals" who at that time seemed to abound in the new country. I do not know from what part of the Union he had come. He had received more than an ordinary school education. His conversation was, indeed, rather liberally interspersed with those over-emphatic terms of affirmation which are much in use on the frontier, so that it seemed the Judge liked to appear as one of the people. But sometimes he made keen observations touching a variety of subjects—political, historical, philosophical, even theological—which betrayed an uncommonly active and independent mind and extensive reading. As we became better acquainted he began to confide to me the favorite trend of his studies. It was the discovery and unmasking of sham characters in history. He had, upon close investigation, found that some men whom conventional history called very good and great, had not been good and great at all, and did not deserve the credit which for centuries had, by common consent, been bestowed upon them, but that, in fact, that credit and praise belonged to others. His pet aversion was Christopher Columbus. His researches and studies had convinced him that Christopher Columbus had made his voyage of discovery according to the log-book of a shipwrecked seaman who had sought shelter with him, whom he had treacherously murdered, and whose belongings he had made his own. Judge Goodrich told me long stories of the misdeeds of Christopher Columbus which he had found out in their true character. He spoke of the so-called "Great Discoverer of the New World" with intense indigna-

tion, and denounced him as an assassin, a hypocrite and false pretender, a cruel tyrant, and a downright pirate. He was industriously pursuing his inquiries concerning that infamous person, and he was going to expose the fraud in a book which he hoped to publish before long.

This impeachment of the character and career of Columbus was indeed not entirely new to me, but I had never heard it argued with such warmth of feeling, such honesty of wrath. As I traveled day after day with Judge Goodrich and slept with him in the same rooms of the primitive country taverns of Minnesota, and sometimes in the same bed, and as our intimacy grew, I liked him more and more for the rectitude of his principles, the ingenuousness and generous breadth of his sympathies, and the wide reach as well as the occasional quaintness of his mental activities. He appeared to me as a representative of American sturdiness of manhood and of the peculiar American intellectual ambition developed under the rough conditions of primitive life in a new country. Some of his oddities amused me greatly. When he shaved himself he always sat down on the edge of the bed, rested his elbows on his knees, and then plied the razor without any looking-glass before him. I asked him whether this was not a dangerous method of performing that delicate function; but he assured me solemnly that it was the only way of shaving that made him feel sure that he would not cut his throat.

His oratory, too, was somewhat singular. We agreed to alternate in the order of proceedings in addressing audiences; Judge Goodrich was to speak first at one meeting and I at the next, so that we listened to one another a great deal. His speeches always had a sound, sober, and strong body of argument, enlivened by some robust anecdotes after the fashion of the stump, but he regularly closed with an elaborate peroration

couched in wonderfully gorgeous and high-sounding phrase, in which the ruins of Palmyra and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire played a great and mysterious part. That a man of such a practical intellect and large reading, and so capable of strong reasoning should please himself in such a sophomorical display, astonished me not a little. It actually troubled me. One night, when after a very successful meeting and after an especially cordial and confidential talk we went to bed together, I picked up courage to say: "Judge, those sentences about the ruins of Palmyra and the downfall of the Roman Empire are very poetical. But I have not been able exactly to catch their meaning and application to the slavery question. Will you tell me?" The Judge gave a good-natured laugh. "Well," said he, "I have thought all along that the ruins of Palmyra and the downfall of the Roman Empire would strike you. The fact is, I composed the piece in which those sentences occur, many years ago when I was young, and I have always been fond of it and kept it in my memory. I thought it would do splendidly to wind up a speech with. It's true, its bearing upon the slavery question is not quite clear. But don't it sound beautiful? And don't you believe it sets folks to thinking?" Of course, I thought it did, and there was nothing more to be said.

The next day I was sent by the campaign managers upon an expedition on which Judge Goodrich could not accompany me, and we parted with very sincere regret. I never saw him again. But he sent me a copy of his book on Christopher Columbus—a book full of ingenious ratiocination and righteous wrath—as soon as it appeared in print, and I heard that after a long bachelorship he had married a beautiful and accomplished lady of Spanish or South American birth, and was sent as Minister of the United States to Brussels. I have often

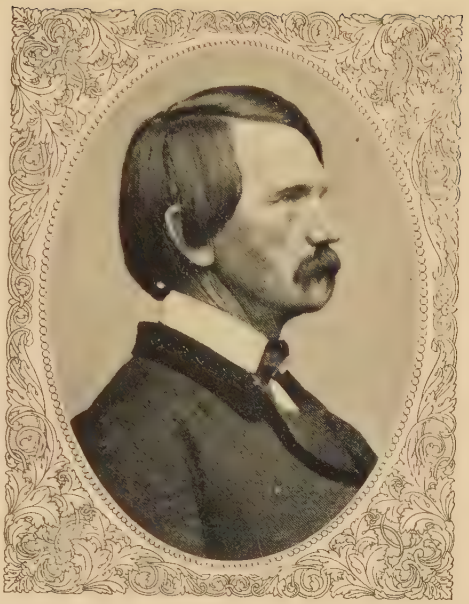
thought how careful he would be in that place to tone down the Western vigor of his vocabulary, and how difficult he would find it to reduce and adapt it to the diplomatic usage.

I was to speak at a place called by the committeeman instructing me, the "City of Lexington," the center of a large farming district. It was marked with a big dot on the map. A buggy was assigned to me with a young man as a driver who "knew the road." I should have to start about daybreak in order to reach my destination in time for the afternoon meeting. There I would meet the Hon. Galusha Grow, the well-known Representative from Pennsylvania in Congress. This was all the committeeman could tell me. It was a glorious sunrise, and soon I found myself on the open prairie, swept by the exhilarating morning breeze. The empty spaces between farms became larger and larger, human habitations scarcer. Now I saw a number of Indian papooses sitting in a row on the fence of a lonesome settlement, and an Indian wigwam near by. Then, before me, the vast plain, apparently boundless and without a sign of human life; here and there a little strip of timber along a water course; the road a mere wagon track. It was delightful to breathe. I heartily enjoyed the bracing freshness of this Western atmosphere. After we had traveled on for two or three hours, it occurred to me to ask my companion whether he had ever been at the "City of Lexington," and when we would be likely to get there. I was surprised to find that he knew as little of the City of Lexington as I did. He had simply been told to follow "this road," in a westerly direction, and we should get there sometime.

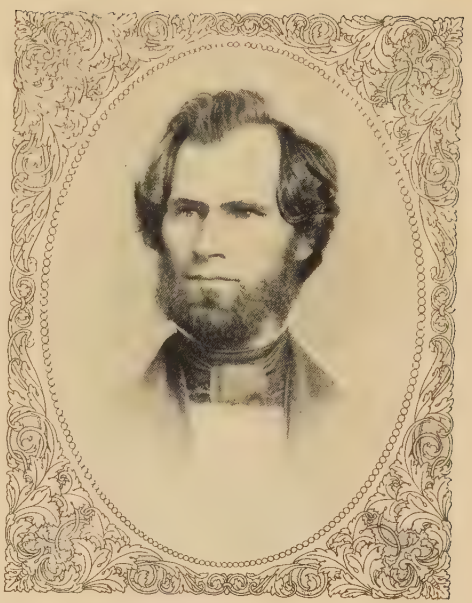
Presently a buggy hove in sight, coming from the opposite direction. Two men were seated in it, one of whom hailed me with, "Hello, stranger! Please stop a moment!" We stopped. A tall gentleman jumped down from the other vehicle and,

saluting me, said: "I wonder whether you are not Mr. Carl Schurz?" "Yes, that is my name." "I am Frank Blair from St. Louis, Missouri," said he. His name was well-known to me as one of the bravest anti-slavery men in that slave State—himself the son of Francis P. Blair, who had been one of the confidential friends and advisers of President Andrew Jackson. "A committeeman told me last night," he said, "that you were in this part of the country, and when I saw you in that buggy, I made a happy guess. Very glad to meet you. Let us sit down in the grass and have some lunch. I have a bottle of claret, and some sandwiches, enough for both of us." So we sat down, and this was the way in which I made the acquaintance of the famous Frank Blair, one of the most gallant and successful anti-slavery leaders in the South, who, later, after the breaking out of the Civil War, bore such a splendid part in the movement saving St. Louis and the State of Missouri to the Union, who then became a major general in the Union Army, then, being discontented with the Republican reconstruction policy, went over to the Democrats, and was nominated by them for the vice-presidency in 1868; took a somewhat sinister part in the "Liberal-Republican" Convention at Cincinnati in 1872, and whom I met again in the Senate of the United States. Our meeting on the Minnesota prairie was exceedingly pleasant. We laughed much about the fun of this wild campaign, and rejoiced together in the prospects of our cause.

Before we parted I inquired of Mr. Blair's driver whether he knew where the City of Lexington was. He had only heard of it, but guessed that if we followed "this road" westward, we should "strike it." So our buggy trundled on over "this road" several hours longer, when we entered a belt of timber on a creek bottom, and suddenly found ourselves in front of a cluster of log houses, the largest of which seemed to be a tavern.



FRANCIS P. BLAIR



GALUSHA GROW

Near its door a man was lounging on a wooden bench, whittling a stick. I asked him whether we were on the right road to the City of Lexington and what the distance might be. "Why," said he, with a contemptuous drawl, "this is the City of Lexington. Be you one of the chaps that's to lecture here this afternoon?" I confessed that I was, and at the same moment another buggy drove up, from which a traveler alighted, in whom, from some picture I had seen, I recognized the Hon. Galusha Grow from Pennsylvania, the speaker of the National House of Representatives that was to be. I found in him an exceedingly jovial gentleman, in the prime of life, and inclined to look at the bright or humorous side of everything. His search for the City of Lexington had been no less arduous than mine, and we had a hearty laugh at our discovery.

The "City" consisted of the tavern, a small country store, a blacksmith's shop, a school-house, and perhaps an additional cabin or two, all built of logs. But the landlord—the man I had seen lounging on the bench—assured us that a great many blocks of city lots had been laid out which were for sale cheap, and that this was sure to become a "big business center." We asked for a room where we might "clean up." He pointed to the pump in the yard, and gave us a tolerably clean towel. As to our dinner, the landlord told us that he was a little short of provisions just then, but would give us the "best he had." The "best he had" consisted of salt pork, somewhat rancid, boiled onions, very sour bread, and a greenish fluid of indescribable taste, called coffee. I never liked rancid pork and boiled onions; neither did Mr. Grow. So we feasted upon sour bread and horrible coffee, which would have had a depressing effect had we not been manfully determined to keep up our spirits.

As to the meeting we were to address, we learned that it was to be held at half-past two in the school-house. We looked

at the school-house, and found a few wooden benches in it which, together with the standing room, would accommodate some forty or fifty persons. A member of the county committee arrived, who apologetically told us that the assemblage would not be very large, as the population of the district was still sparse, but, the land being of first-rate quality, they expected it to be thickly settled before long. Presently some farm wagons arrived with men, women, and children, also a few young citizens on horseback. Soon the school-room was filled, the men mostly standing, and the women, some with babies in their arms, sitting on the benches. Mr. Grow and I contemplated the situation with much amusement. Finally we concluded to make our very best speeches, just as if we had thousands before us, and to put in some extra flights of oratory in honor of the rare occasion. And so we did. We discussed the slavery question with all possible earnestness and fire. By and by the audience became quite enthusiastic. The men stamped and yelled, some of the boys whistled, and the babies shrieked. When the meeting had adjourned there was much vigorous hand-shaking and many urgent invitations to "take a drink" at the tavern bar, which it required no little strategy on our part to evade without giving offense. At last the honest farmers with their wives and children departed, and the City of Lexington relapsed into stillness.

Having been instructed by the State Committee to stay there over night and rest from our fatigues, Mr. Grow and I thought with some dismay of the supper in store for us. We asked the landlord whether we could not have some boiled eggs. There were no eggs in the house; in fact, he did not keep chickens. Or some potatoes? There were none. Then a bright idea struck us. We had noticed a pretty little lake near the tavern. Might we not catch some fish? The landlord thought

we might. He had a boat—a so-called dug-out—and fishing tackle, not very good but serviceable. At once we were ready for the venture, and fortune smiled upon us. In half an hour we had caught almost a pailful of bull-heads. Triumphantly we presented them to the landlord, with the request that our catch be prepared for supper. But, alas, that could not be done. We were told that supper was already on the table, and there was nobody to cook another one. But the landlord solemnly promised that we should have the fish to-morrow morning for breakfast. What could we do but submit to fate? On the supper table we found rancid pork, boiled onions, sour bread, and a greenish fluid, this time called tea. But the prospect of a gorgeous fish meal the next morning kept up our spirits.

The time came for going to bed. The sleeping apartment for guests was in a loft under a roof, to which we ascended by a creaking flight of steps, little better than a ladder. There were five or six beds in the room, all of which were already occupied, except one. This the landlord assigned to Mr. Grow and myself. Our surroundings were by no means inviting, but we accepted the situation with a laugh, blew out our tallow-dip and slept the sleep of the just. By daybreak our room-mates, some six or seven of them, who were probably inhabitants of "the city" or of the neighborhood, boarding at the tavern, quietly left their beds and went down. We rose when they were gone. There being no washing apparatus in our bedroom we had to perform our ablutions at the pump in the yard, where we found but one towel, which, having already been used by a number of predecessors, presented a very unprepossessing appearance. We therefore wiped our faces and hands with our pocket handkerchiefs, and all was well. Now for the luxury of our fish-breakfast! Our bull-heads were indeed smoking on the table, and our appetite for them ravenous. But behold! the fish

had been fried in rancid salt pork and were richly garnished with boiled onions; besides this there was nothing but sour bread and the greenish fluid, now again called coffee. This was a terrible blow, from which we could rally only by hoping for better luck somewhere else. We expedited our departure with nervous energy. Mr. Grow and I had to travel together to the next place, the name of which I have forgotten. Our drivers being ignorant of the road, the landlord pointed out a wagon track which we should follow until we struck "old man Evans's barn," then turn to the right and we would "get there." We actually did "get there" after a rough ride of many hours, tired and very hungry. Whenever I met Mr. Grow in later years we never failed to remember our gay campaigning day in the "City of Lexington," and "old man Evans's barn."

My return home from Minnesota was no less characteristic of the Western country than the campaign had been. I took passage on a Mississippi steamboat down to La Crosse. Steamboat travel on the Western rivers, which was soon to be affected by the competition of railroads, was then still in full bloom. Most of the passenger boats were large and fitted out in a style which at that period was thought to be gorgeous. Many of them served breakfasts, dinners, and suppers that appeared excellent to an unsophisticated taste, and there prevailed ordinarily a tone of hilarious animation among the passengers. On the river south of St. Louis and on the Missouri the clatter of the poker chip and, occasionally, also the crack of a pistol formed part of the entertainment. On the upper Mississippi such things were not so customary and the passengers indulged themselves in more harmless amusements, although, it must be admitted, betting sometimes was lively. I have forgotten the name of the fine boat on which I traveled, but will call her the "Flying Cloud."

It so happened that another boat of different ownership, but of about the same size, started at the same time down the river. Let us call her the "Ocean Wave." It was one of those bright, sunny, autumn mornings, which, in the Northwest, are peculiarly beautiful—an atmosphere so delightfully strong as to fill one with a sense of jubilation. It was my first journey on one of those great steamboats and I enjoyed it beyond measure. When we passed the majestic bluffs of Lake Pepin, the "Ocean Wave" seemed to be gaining on our "Flying Cloud," and my fellow-passengers began to yield forthwith to an irrepressible feeling that this must not be. At first this feeling seemed to be confined to the men, but soon the women, too, began to show an interest in the matter that constantly grew more lively. They crowded around the captain, a short, broad-shouldered, and somewhat grumpy-looking man, who paced the "hurricane-deck" with an air of indifference. Would he permit the "Ocean Wave" to get ahead? he was asked. "Would you like to be blown up?" he asked in return. "No," was the answer, "we would not like to be blown up, but we don't want the 'Ocean Wave' to beat us, either." The captain looked up with a grim smile, said nothing, and walked away.

After a while the thumping of the engine grew louder, the guttural, raucous breathing of the smokestacks heavier and more feverish, the clouds of smoke rolling up from them blacker and more impetuous, and the quiver of the big vessel, as it rushed through the water, more shuddering. At the same time we noticed that the "Ocean Wave," which was almost abreast of us, showed the same symptoms of extraordinary commotion. She even seemed to have anticipated us somewhat in her preparations for the contest and forged ahead most vigorously. Indeed, a cheer went up from her decks, her passengers evidently thinking that the "Ocean Wave" would soon leave

us behind. Our people cheered back defiantly, and the "Flying Cloud" again put in an extra throb.

So we "were in" for a regular Mississippi steamboat race, and I knew from report that such races were sometimes won not by the swiftest boat, but by the one whose boilers could keep longest from bursting. I had often heard the story told of an old lady who before taking passage on a Mississippi steamboat exacted a solemn vow from the captain that he would not race, but who, when another steamboat tried to run ahead, asked the captain not to permit it, and, when the captain told her he had not fuel enough to make more speed, informed him that she had some barrels of pork among the cargo, and would he not have them put in the fire to make better steam? I must confess, when I saw the "Ocean Wave" trying hard to pass us, I keenly appreciated the psychological truth of that anecdote. I see our captain now before me, as he stood on the upper deck, with his left foot on its low railing, his elbow resting on his knee and his chin on his fist, his cheek full of tobacco, which he was chewing nervously, and his glittering eye fixed upon some spot ahead. From time to time he would turn his head and shout a hoarse order up to the pilot house. The passengers crowding around him, men and women, were almost wild with excitement, which vented itself in all sorts of exclamations, some of which, I regret to say, were quite profane. Suddenly the captain looked up and with as much of a smile as the tobacco quid in his mouth permitted, he muttered: "Now, I've got that 'Ocean Wave,' d— her!" Then we noticed that the "Ocean Wave" suddenly "slowed up" and fell behind, and our "Flying Cloud" shot forward, far ahead. Our passengers sent up a triumphant shout and seemed beside themselves with joy. It turned out that the channel had considerably narrowed so as not to be wide enough for two boats, and made at the same time

a pretty sharp turn, and that our boat, having the inside of the curve, had succeeded in rushing into the narrow pass before the "Ocean Wave" could reach it, thus forcing our rival to drop behind, lest she run into us or aground.

But this victorious maneuver did not altogether relieve us of our anxieties. After a while, our fuel being much reduced, we had to land near a big pile of cordwood to take in a new supply. Our passengers were dismayed. "Never mind," said the captain. "The 'Ocean Wave' will have to take in wood, too." No sooner had the "Flying Cloud" made fast near the woodpile than a large number of my fellow-travelers jumped ashore to help the "roustabouts" take in the fuel and thus to shorten our delay. Everybody worked with the utmost ardor. While this was going on the "Ocean Wave" steamed majestically by, her people rending the air with their cheers. When we started again we saw her a formidable distance ahead. But our captain was right. Soon we beheld the "Ocean Wave" lying still to take in a fresh supply of firewood, and we expected to run by and leave her far in the rear. But we had reckoned without our host. Before we had reached her stopping place she hastily pulled in her gangplanks and started again. And now came the real tug-of-war. The whistles of both boats blew fierce notes of challenge. For a long stretch the channel seemed to be wide, and the boats ran side by side, neck and neck. The paddle-boxes sometimes almost touched each other. The passengers crowding the two decks were within speaking distance and jeered from one side to the other half good naturedly, half defiantly. Meanwhile the smokestacks heaved, and puffed, and snorted, and the engines thumped and thundered, and the lightly built decks shook and quaked and creaked as if engaged in a desperate struggle for life. The captain now seemed to divide his time between the engine room

and the pilot house, moving up and down with nervous quickness. Once, when he crossed the deck, I saw a delicate-looking woman stop him with something like anxiety in her eyes, and ask him whether it was "all safe." "Well," he grunted, "I can slow down and drop behind if you say so!" The poor woman did not say so. She looked abashed as if she had been trying to do something very mean and contemptible, and the passengers cheered.

Both steamboats stopped at one or two places, to discharge and take on passengers and cargo. But they both did this with such marvelous rapidity that neither of them got an advantage. They had also occasion again for sharp maneuvering to get in one another's way where narrow places in the channel were reached. But luck was now on one side and then on the other, and the spirits of the passengers rose and fell accordingly, now to boisterously triumphant assurance, and then to gloomy wrath and even despondency. The two boats were evidently so well matched in quality and handled with skill and boldness so equal, that nobody could foretell the result of the race. The "Flying Cloud" people could not refrain from respecting the "Ocean Wave" very much.

At last La Crosse hove in sight. The end was near, and many hearts beat with anxious expectancy. The crowd on the deck grew still. Hardly anybody dared to say anything or to make any demonstration of his feelings. But now fortune favored us again. The boats were still side by side, doing their utmost with fearful energy. But they had to make a curve in order to swing to the landing place, and the "Flying Cloud" —was it owing to good luck or to the foresight of the captain? —had the advantage of the inside. Running full speed as long as it was possible, and stopping the engine only when it was absolutely necessary, the "Flying Cloud" touched the dock

with a crash and had the lines fastened and the gangplanks thrown out with the utmost rapidity, while the "Ocean Wave" was just coming in. The victory was ours, and a tremendous shout of jubilation went up. I wonder whether there were not many of my fellow-passengers who were not, like myself, when the excitement of that glorious day had subsided, glad to be on firm ground again safe and sound, and thankful to the boilers of the "Flying Cloud" for having endured the dreadful strain without bursting!

No sooner were the elections over than I had to start out on an extensive lecture-tour to make up by its earnings for money spent and private affairs neglected, during the political season of the year, and to accumulate something in advance for the coming great campaign of 1860. The lyceum-lecture system had at that time spread over the whole North and Northwest, even into thinly populated regions, and it may well be said to have been an educational institution or agency of great value. There was hardly a town of more than 3000 inhabitants that had not its regular lecture course during the winter, and such courses were to serve the purpose of instruction rather than of mere amusement. Some of the finest minds and the most eloquent tongues of the country, such as George William Curtis, Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, the temperance apostle, John B. Gough, and a large number of distinguished professors and eminent clergymen were constantly in demand to speak to lyceum audiences about things of interest to intelligent people eager to learn, and the lyceum societies enjoyed so much popular support that most of them were able to pay comparatively large fees. I remember that in lecturing one night in a small New England village, I did not notice anybody at the door of the lecture hall to receive or to sell admis-

sion tickets. This struck me as remarkable, and upon inquiry I learned that no arrangement for watching the entrance door was necessary, because every family in the town and immediate neighborhood was a regular subscriber to the course, and if some stranger should drop in as a dead-head, it would not matter. On the contrary, he would be welcome.

As a rule it was expected that the lecturer would discuss serious subjects in a serious way—which, of course, does not mean that a joke was not appreciated in a scientific address or even in a sermon. But the prevailing desire was that the lyceum audience should be told something worth knowing, that their stock of information and ideas should be enlarged, and that their moral sense should be enlightened and stirred. The professional jester and the spectacular performer were not altogether excluded, but they formed the exception, and in most places a very rare one. I am informed that in many of the country towns the lyceum courses have of late fallen into disuse, and that in others their serious character has more or less given way to a growing demand for mere light amusement, which, if true, is much to be regretted.

The observations I made on my lecturing journeys of those years were among the most interesting and cheering of my early American experiences. I saw what I might call the middle-class culture in process of formation. Among those who superintended or mainly patronized the lecture courses I came into contact with many men and women who had enjoyed but little, if anything, more than an ordinary school education, but who carried into the humdrum of their daily life, which, especially in the somewhat lonesome far Western towns, may often have been dreary enough, a very earnest desire to keep pace with the progress of civilization in all its aspects, by informing themselves about the products of literature, the

achievements of science, and the aims and appliances of humanitarian movements. I was often astonished at the eager activity of the minds and the largeness of ideas disclosed by school teachers and small country tradesmen, and village doctors and little lawyers practicing before justices of the peace in country court houses, in the conversations I had with them, and at the earnest endeavor of the women to cultivate, in their simple way, refining influences in their households and their family life. That many things were done which the cynic might hold up to ridicule is true. But the sympathetic observer could see in those debating clubs, and philosophical societies, and literary circles, in which the small towns and villages abounded, the growing processes of people great in intellectual and moral energy.

Those lecturing tours were sometimes enlivened by rather rough adventures, one of which I remember very vividly, for I have often told this story to my children and friends. I once delivered a lecture in Burlington, one of the river cities of Iowa, and in order to meet my next appointment I had to cross the Mississippi early the next morning to reach a railroad station on the Illinois side. The public had for weeks passed over the ice in wagons and sleighs, and I expected to do the same. In fact, there was no other way to get across the river. But spring was approaching, and, as warm weather had prevailed for several days, it was thought that the ice would not hold much longer, though it was still considered safe. We got up at five o'clock in the morning and took a very frugal breakfast by lamp-light. I say "we," for there were about twenty men, mostly commercial travelers, I think, who also wanted to catch a morning train in Illinois. At the door stood the omnibus that was to carry us over. When we had reached the river edge, the driver dismounted and had a

short conversation with a man he met there, and then surprised us with the announcement that the omnibus would go no further. He was informed that the ice had cracked very much and we might break through. This was dismal news. Some of my fellow-sufferers grew very emphatic and called the Mississippi opprobrious names. It was a serious matter. To go back to town and wait for the river to clear so that ferries could run, would, at best, mean several days' delay. We had to get over somehow. Was there no way? Standing in the slush of the river bank we held an excited council of war. At last the driver remarked that while the ice might not carry the weight of a loaded omnibus, it would probably be strong enough to carry the weight of single human beings. So we might walk across, and, if we were willing to pay him for it, he would guide us. We agreed. He turned over his omnibus to the friend he had met, with a message to the hotel. Then he procured a fence rail, and, as it was still dark, a lantern. So we, the travelers, grasped our satchels and set out. Our guide carried the fence rail horizontally in his hands, like a rope dancer carrying his balancing pole. He explained to us that if he should break through or slip into a crack, the fence rail, resting on the ice on both sides, would hold him up. We had to follow him single file. The ice was covered several inches deep with water which had oozed up through the cracks; and that water was very cold. Our march could, therefore, hardly have been more uncomfortable. But worse was to come. We had hardly started when snow began to fall in big flakes—there was little wind, but enough to drive the snow in our faces and blind us. Our guide admonished us to keep well within sight of his lantern so as not to get lost. At first the commercial travelers had tried to cheer our misery with some drummer's jokes. But gradually they grew quite silent. Nothing was to be heard but the cracking of the ice,

the splashing of our feet in the water, and an occasional exclamation from our guide, asking us to "stop a moment." He seemed to have become uncertain of his bearings. We had been wandering and wandering on the river for more than half an hour and ought to have reached the opposite shore some time before, when the man upon whom we depended informed us that he did not know where we were. The gray dawn was slowly creeping up the sky, but the snowfall was still so thick that we could not see the river bank on either side. There we stood, a most forlorn and desolate group, half-way to our knees in cold water, but still drops of perspiration running down from our foreheads, for the carrying of a heavy satchel was no small labor under such circumstances. At last the snow became a little less dense and our lookout a little clearer. Then we found that we were still about midway between the two shores, but a considerable distance below the point from which we had started. We had evidently been walking down stream for a good while. But now that we knew at last where we were, we heaved a deep sigh of relief, and in another quarter of an hour clambered up the muddy river bank on the Illinois side, an extremely wretched-looking lot of humanity.

While visiting Boston on a lecturing tour I had occasion to attend one of those "Conservative Union Meetings," which were held to warn the people against anything like an active anti-slavery movement and to lead them back to the paths of ancient whiggery. It was held in Faneuil Hall, and Edward Everett and Caleb Cushing were the principal speakers. I had never heard either of these two distinguished men before, and was prepared for a powerful onset of argument and appeal. But my expectations were disappointed. In the first place, Mr. Everett's introduction to the audience produced an almost comical effect. It was a raw winter-day and Mr. Everett had

evidently, before venturing out, been carefully armed against the inclemencies of the weather. While the chairman made an eulogistic little speech presenting to those assembled their illustrious fellow-citizen, Mr. Everett stood behind him being peeled out of an endless variety of wraps—an operation performed by an attendant, which caused him to turn himself around several times. This spectacle of the unwinding of Mr. Everett started a pretty general titter among the audience, which at last was stopped by the applause following the close of the chairman's introductory speech. Mr. Everett's argument was the well-worn plea of patriotic apprehension. It was very finely expressed, every sentence of faultless finish, every gesture well pointed and appropriate. But there was a coldness of academic perfection about it all which lacked the robustness of true, deep, aggressive feeling. The audience applauded many times, but, as far as I could judge, without any real burst of enthusiasm. When Mr. Everett sat down the general verdict seemed to be that, as usual, he had made a very fine speech, and that he was a most honorable and patriotic gentleman.

The impression produced by Mr. Caleb Cushing was very different. While speaking he turned his left shoulder to the audience, looking at his hearers askance, and with a squint, too, as it seemed to me, but I may have been mistaken. There was something like a cynical sneer in his manner of bringing out his sentences, which made him look like Mephistopheles alive, and I do not remember ever to have heard a public speaker who stirred in me so decided a disinclination to believe what he said. In later years I met him repeatedly at dinner tables which he enlivened with his large information, his wit, and his fund of anecdote. But I could never quite overcome the impression he had made upon me at that meeting. I could always listen to him with interest, but never with spontaneous confidence.

JOHN F. POTTER

ROGER C. PRYOR

CALEB CUSHING

EDWARD EVERETT

I availed myself of the same lecturing tour, which kept me a week or two in New England, to deliver a political speech at Springfield, Massachusetts. I had been asked to do so by a number of anti-slavery men through Mr. Samuel Bowles, the editor of the *Springfield Republican,* whose acquaintance I had made during my anti-Know-nothing expedition the preceding year. Of this excellent man, one of the best representatives of independent journalism, I shall have more to say hereafter. The object of the speech was to pluck to pieces Senator Douglas's new sophistries—or rather his old sophistries revived and readjusted to his requirements as a presidential candidate facing both ways, North and South; to expose his historical distortions of the Declaration of Independence and the Ordinance of 1787, and to denounce his atrocious declaration that he "did not care whether slavery be voted up or voted down." The speech received a large circulation through the newspapers and attracted some attention even in Washington. As some of my friends in Congress wrote me, Jefferson Davis was reported to have said that I was an execrable Abolitionist, but that I had at least silenced Douglas's charlatanry in logic forever. This was too much praise, for Douglas could never be silenced. He know well that before a partisan public, audacious iteration and reiteration of a falsehood is often almost as good as proof.

My lecturing engagements left me time for a short visit at Washington. Congress was then in a state of excitement, the life of which we can now hardly imagine. The morning after my arrival I took breakfast with my friend, Mr. John F. Potter, the Representative of the First Congressional District of Wisconsin. He asked me to accompany him to the Capitol, where he promised to take me on the floor of the House of Representatives, if he could. Before we started I saw him buckle on a belt with a pistol and a bowie-knife, to be worn

under his clothes. "You seem surprised," he said. "This is my regular morning toilet when I go to the House. You know I am no ruffian, but a peaceable citizen. We do not know what may happen." Then he explained to me that the Northern anti-slavery men might expect an attack at any time, not so much from the Southern Representatives themselves on the floor, as from a gang of Southern desperadoes gathered in the galleries. "They may open on us at any time," said Mr. Potter. "But when they begin to shoot we mean to be prepared to shoot back. A number of our friends go armed just as I do." I had already been told that Senator Wade from Ohio, having been threatened by Southern men, one day appeared in the Senate with a brace of large horse pistols, which he quietly put on the lid of his desk within sight of everybody; and when he was sure they had been noticed, he calmly shut them up in his drawer, ready to hand, and leaned back in his chair, looking around with a grim smile. Whether the story is true, I am not quite certain. But it was widely believed, for it looked very much like "old Ben Wade," and, no doubt, it fitted the situation.

Mr. Potter did in some way get me on the floor of the House, and I had the satisfaction of listening to a debate which, whatever the question before the House might be, soon arrayed the representatives of the anti-slavery North and of the pro-slavery South against one another in angry altercation—the Northern men comparatively calm and argumentative, the Southern hotspurs defiant, overbearing, grandiloquent, taunting their antagonists with cowardice and all sorts of meanness, and flinging, with the utmost recklessness, the dissolution of the Union into the debate as a thing they rather desired than dreaded. I heard Mr. Keith, of South Carolina, a rather handsome and oratorically flamboyant young man, rend the Union "from turret to foundation stone." There was in the bearing

of the Southerners, especially of the young men among them, an assertion of aristocratic superiority, apparently quite sincere, which strained the patience and self-control of their opponents to the utmost. It was the cavalier against the roundhead. The very atmosphere was quivering with challenge, and many a time an outbreak of violence seemed inevitable. In the affronts that were so freely flying about, a tone of bitter personal animosity was evident. Indeed, Mr. Potter told me that the feeling of being colleagues which formerly had prevailed between Northern and Southern men, as generally between members of different parties in Congress, had largely disappeared, that the rancors and spites of the political struggle had invaded their social relations, that among many even the customary greeting had ceased, and that they would meet one another with glowering and fiercely hostile looks.

I had to leave Washington the next day, and I took the conviction with me that the day of compromise was indeed past, and that, not as a matter of spirit but as matter of policy, the North should meet Southern defiance with a demonstration of courage and determination. If the South should be confirmed in the expectation that, whenever threatened by the South with a rupture of the Union, the North would make any concession or abandon any demand however righteous, there would be no end of threatening. To disarm that threat, nothing would avail but a cool acceptance of the challenge. The South had to be taught that slavery would be kept out of the Territories then free—for that was the practical issue—even at the risk of a conflict, and if the Southerners thought, as they did, or at least pretended to do, that Northerners would not fight, the Northerners had to convince them that they would fight, if they must, and that this case of necessity would be presented by any attempt on the part of the South to break up the Union.

Any policy betraying the least inclination to yield would only increase the danger of a final clash of arms. That danger, if it could be avoided at all, could be avoided only by an attitude of stern and defiant decision. Only this could possibly have the effect of making the Southern hotspurs count the cost of their recklessness in time. I was glad to find this to be the prevailing sentiment among the Northern Representatives with whom I talked.

Not long after I had left Washington several scuffles actually occurred on the floor of the House, and of one of the collisions my friend Mr. Potter, himself, was the hero. Mr. Potter was indeed, as he had told me, a peaceable and law-abiding citizen, a man of—not brilliant, but very good abilities, not an orator, but a most sensible and persuasive talker, a studious and dutiful worker, of unflinching courage in the right, and a fine chivalrous character that inspired everyone with confidence and good-will—in short such a man as you would like to have for a co-worker, a neighbor, and a friend. But nobody could look at him without concluding that he would be a most uncomfortable antagonist to run against in a conflict. He was not very tall, but remarkably square-shouldered and broad-chested, and the movements of his limbs betokened that elastic, muscular poise which usually denotes not only power, but also quick readiness of action. He might have been called a fine-looking man, of the virile style of beauty, with his strong, regular features framed in blonde hair and beard, his aquiline nose, and a pair of blue eyes which in repose would charm with their honest and kindly gaze, but could shoot forth flashes of lightning when in excitement—the whole man the very picture of strength and courage. A hot wrangle occurred on the floor between him and Mr. Roger A. Pryor of Virginia, who had irritated him with some very provoking remarks, and a

challenge to a duel followed behind the scenes. As the state of public feeling then was, Mr. Potter thought himself obliged to accept the challenge; and having the choice of weapons according to the code of honor—and thinking it was best to make serious work of it—he chose bowie-knives. Mr. Pryor promptly declined, if I remember rightly, on the plea that the bowie-knife was not a civilized weapon. But as his declination, which was perhaps reasonable enough, was made to appear as a back-down on the part of a Southern "fire-eater," it started a guffaw all over the North, and Mr. Potter woke up to find himself the hero of the hour. A flood of congratulations poured upon him, and at the Chicago Convention a few months later some enthusiastic admirers presented to him a finely ornamented bowie-knife of gigantic size as a token of public approbation. Mr. Pryor served as a brigadier general in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, and after its close settled down in the City of New York, where in the course of time he became a worthy judge and a highly esteemed citizen.

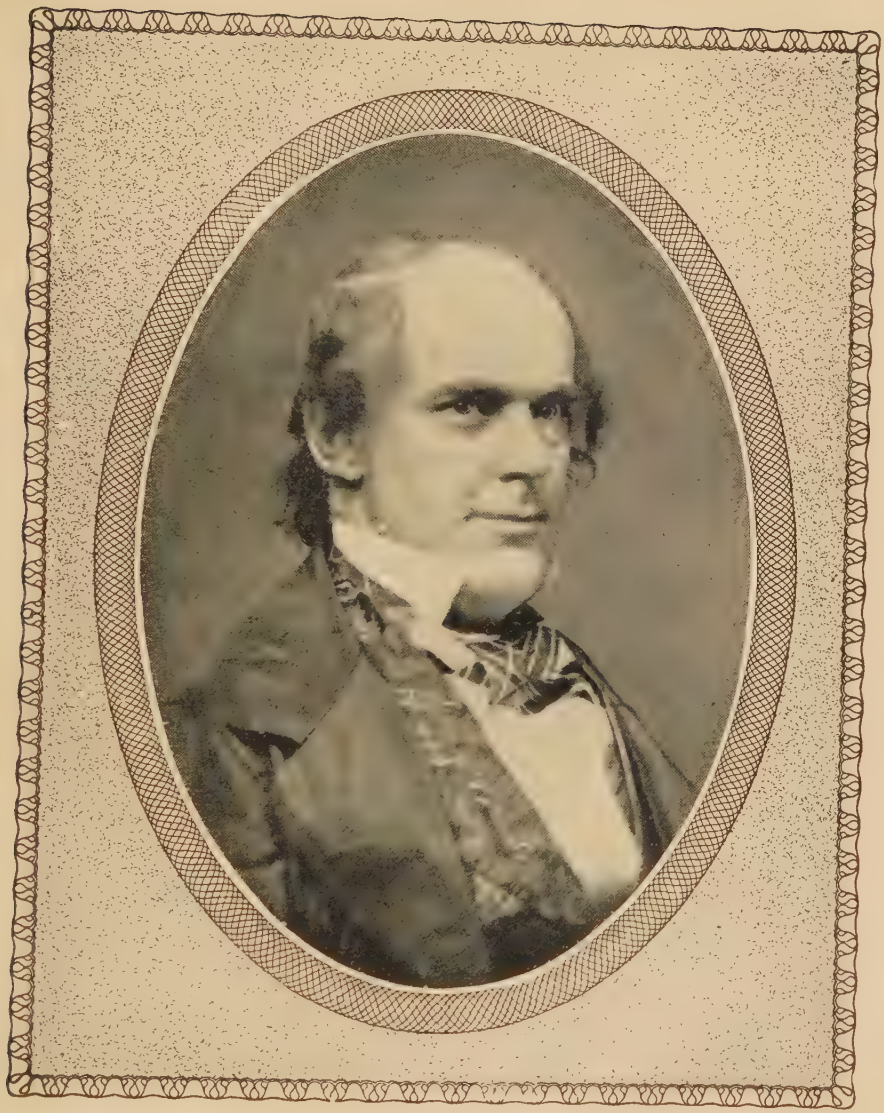
The question whether a challenge sent by a Southerner to a Northerner under the circumstances then existing should have been accepted or declined, has often set me to thinking. Being strongly opposed to the duel on principle, I am naturally inclined to say that it should have been declined. In many cases, I have no doubt, challenges are accepted by men conscientiously disapproving of the practice, because a declination might be interpreted as a want of personal courage. In such cases a declination would in fact be a proof of an order of courage higher than that which is required for exposing one's self to a pistol bullet—the moral courage to subject one's self to an unjust and humiliating imputation rather than do a thing which conscience condemns as wrong. But it will be admitted that at the period of which I speak, the considerations governing men's

minds with regard to such things, were not altogether personal ones. The taunt that Northern men were cowards and would not fight, was constantly in the mouths of numberless Southerners. They no doubt believed it to be true, and that belief was a matter of great public importance. It exercised a powerful, and perhaps even a decisive influence on the Southern people. It made them expect that whatever the South might demand, if the demand was only made with a sufficient degree of imperious bluster, the North would, after some wriggling, finally submit to it for fear of an armed conflict. It is indeed a serious historical question whether, if that Southern notion of an absolute lack of fighting spirit in the North had not existed, the South would ever have ventured upon the risk of actual secession and the consequent Civil War. If, at the time in question, every Northern man challenged to a fight by a Southerner had excused himself on the ground of conscientious scruples, would not the cry have arisen in each instance: "You see, you can insult them, and kick and cuff them, and pull their noses, but they will not fight! There is no fight in the whole lot of them." And so the belief that the South might do anything ever so offensive with assured impunity would have been confirmed and grown constantly more absolute. It may, therefore, with a high degree of plausibility, he argued that, under circumstances, so peculiar the question whether a challenge should be accepted or declined was not a merely personal one, but one of public interest, and whether a man ever so strongly opposed to the duel on principle was not then justified temporarily in sacrificing his principle for the public benefit. There certainly were a great many persons who under ordinary conditions of life would have spurned the idea of countenancing a duel, but who, at that time, instinctively clapped their hands when a public man "showed fight" in repelling the Southern

taunt, and especially when a Northern Representative, by some demonstration of uncommon courage, drove his Southern assailant from the field, as my friend Potter had so conspicuously succeeded in doing. That such a state of public sentiment is not healthy will be readily admitted. But we lived then in a feverish atmosphere which dangerously upset the normal standard of human conduct.

On my return trip westward I had to keep a lecturing appointment at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Salmon P. Chase, who was then Governor of that State, had written me a very kind letter offering me the hospitality of his house, and I had accepted, highly appreciating the honor. I arrived early in the morning, and was, to my great surprise, received at the uncomfortable hour by the Governor himself, and taken to the breakfast room. His daughter Kate, who presided over his household, he said, would be down presently. Soon she came, saluted me very kindly, and then let herself down upon her chair with the graceful lightness of a bird that, folding its wings, perches upon the branch of a tree. She was then about eighteen years old, tall and slender, and exceedingly well formed. Her features were not at all regularly beautiful according to the classic rule. Her little nose, somewhat audaciously tipped up, would perhaps not have passed muster with a severe critic, but it fitted pleasingly into her face with its large, languid but at the same time vivacious hazel eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, and arched over by proud eyebrows. The fine forehead was framed in waving gold-brown hair. She had something imperial in the pose of the head, and all her movements possessed an exquisite natural charm. No wonder that she came to be admired as a great beauty and broke many hearts. After the usual polite commonplaces, the conversation at the breakfast table, in which Miss Kate took a lively

and remarkably intelligent part, soon turned upon politics, and that conversation was continued during a large part of the forenoon in the Governor's library. I had conceived a very profound respect for Mr. Chase's ability as well as his character. All his speeches on the slavery question were well known to me, and I greatly admired their argumentative lucidity and strength, and no less the noble elevation of sentiment pervading them. His personality, too, when I saw him on the floor of the Senate from the gallery a few years before, had impressed me powerfully. More than anyone else he looked the great man. And now, when I sat with him in the confidential atmosphere of his den, and he asked me to give him my view of the political situation, I felt as if a great distinction had been conferred upon me, and, at the same time, a responsibility which I was not altogether eager to take. His bearing in public gave Chase the appearance of a somewhat cold, haughty, and distant man. Without the least affectation or desire to pose, he was apt to be superbly statuesque. But when in friendly intercourse he opened himself, the real warmth of his nature broke through the icy crust, and one received the impression that his usual reticence arose rather from something like bashful shyness than from a haughty sense of superiority. His dignity of deportment never left him even in his unbending moods, for it was perfectly natural and unconscious. It really belonged to him like the majestic figure that nature had given him. There was something very captivating in the grand simplicity of his character as it revealed itself in his confidences when he imparted them with that almost childlike little lisp in his deep voice, and I can well understand how intimate friends could conceive a sentimental affection for him and preserve it through the changes of time, even when occasionally they ceased to approve his course.



SENATOR SALMON P. CHASE

From a daguerreotype made in 1854

With this remarkable man, then, I sat alone in his cosy work-room, and he avowed to me with a frankness which astonished but at the same time greatly fascinated me, his ardent desire to be President of the United States, and to be nominated for that office by the coming Republican National Convention. He said that I would undoubtedly be sent by the Republicans of Wisconsin as a delegate to that convention, and that he wished very much to know what I thought of his candidacy. It would have given me a moment of sincerest happiness could I have answered that question with a note of encouragement, for nothing could have appeared to me more legitimate than the high ambition of that man, and I felt myself very strongly drawn to him personally. But I could not, and I esteemed him too highly to flatter him or to treat him to ambiguous phrases. I candidly told him that I was too inexperienced in American politics to estimate the number of votes he might command in the convention, but that I had formed a general judgment of the situation, which I expressed in this wise: "If the Republican Convention at Chicago have courage enough to nominate an advanced anti-slavery man, they will nominate Seward; if not, they will not nominate you." The Governor was silent for a moment, as if he had heard something unexpected. Then he thanked me for having so straightforwardly given him my opinion, which, possibly, might be correct. But, without casting the slightest reflection upon Seward's character and services, he gave me to understand that he could not see why anti-slavery men should place him second in the order of leadership instead of first—a point which I could not undertake to argue.

The Governor carried on the conversation in the best of temper, although I had evidently disappointed him, and he remained as cordial in his demeanor as before. Still, I thought

I observed a note of sadness in his tone. At that period I had studied the history of the country enough to know that the "presidential fever" was a troublesome ailment, and sometimes fatal to the peace of mind and the moral equilibrium of persons attacked by it. But I had never come in contact with a public man who was, in the largest sense of the term, possessed by the desire to be President, even to the extent of honestly believing that he owed it to the country and that the country owed it to him that he should be President, and who had to make the utmost moral effort to keep that idea from obscuring his motives and controlling his whole conduct. Chase was one of the noblest victims of that disease, and he suffered terribly from it—not as though it had corrupted his principles and vitiated his public morals, for he remained true to the high aims of his public life; but because he constantly indulged in hopes and delusions which always proved deceptive. His repeated disappointments pierced him and rankled in him like poisoned arrows; and he was incessantly tortured by the feeling that his country did not do justice to him, and that his public life was a failure. It was a pathetic spectacle.

I remained in friendly relations with Mr. Chase as long as he lived, and our intercourse always became really confidential whenever we had occasion to exchange opinions. This was not infrequent when he was in President Lincoln's Cabinet and at the beginning of his career as Chief Justice. He always knew that I thought his ambition hopeless and his efforts to accomplish its aim futile. But this never affected our personal friendship, for he knew also that I esteemed him very highly and cherished for him a sincere affection.

CHAPTER V

THE Republicans of Wisconsin were very kind to me. Through their majority in the Legislature they had made me a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, which was established at Madison, and now, in the spring of 1860, their State Convention appointed me as one of their delegates to the Republican National Convention to be held at Chicago in May. That famous Chicago Convention, with its great wooden "Wigwam" that held many thousands of people, its noisy street parades, its shoutings, and jostlings, and wire-pullings, has been so often and elaborately described that I need not go into detail. The Wisconsin delegation elected me its chairman to announce its votes on the floor of the convention, to make, in its name, such statements or declarations as might become necessary, and generally to represent it whenever such representation was called for.

We Wisconsin delegates were all of one mind in strongly favoring Seward as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. By some of the Republicans in Wisconsin, who were originally from New York, Seward may have been preferred because he was a "New York man." But the large majority of the party in the State, among them the younger and most ardent element, went to Seward for reasons of a higher order. As I expressed it, in somewhat high-flown language perhaps, in a speech delivered at a ratification meeting after the convention: "It was certainly not for reasons of superior availability that Mr. Seward's name was brought forward. But we were accustomed to look up to him as the intellectual leader of

the political anti-slavery movement. From him we received the battle-cry in the turmoil of the contest, for he was one of those spirits who sometimes will go ahead of public opinion instead of tamely following its footprints. He would compress into a single sentence, a single word, the whole issue of a controversy; and those words became the inscriptions on our banners, the pass-words of our combatants. His comprehensive intellect seemed to possess the peculiar power of penetrating into the interior connection and of grasping the general tendency of events and ideas, things and abstractions; he charmed our minds with panoramic views of our political and social condition and the problems to be solved; his telescopic eye seemed to pierce even the veil which covers future developments; and while all his acts and words were marked by a thorough-going and uncompromising consistency, they were, at the same time, adorned with the peculiar graces of superior mental culture."

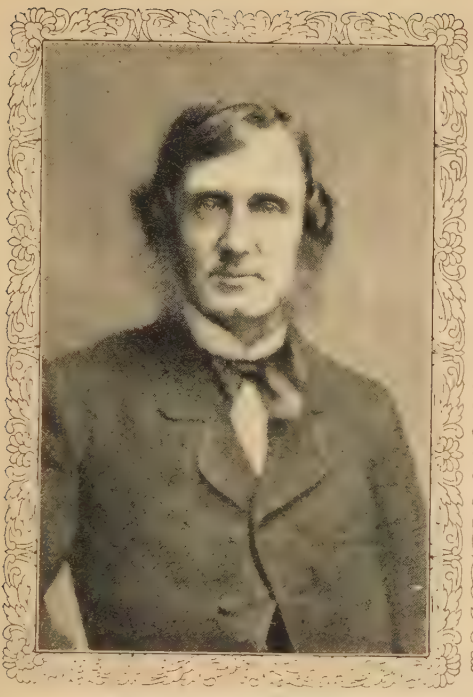
This was the idealistic view of Seward; the impression he had made upon our susceptible minds; the picture created from it by our fervid imagination—the imagination of enthusiastic young men. Similar sentiments, a little less high-wrought, perhaps, held the best part of Seward's support together, and gave him the preference over all other anti-slavery statesmen, although Chase was very highly esteemed and would have well satisfied our demands, had not Seward stood ahead of him as the first of his class. The opposition to Seward found its main strength in the belief of many Republicans that, on account of his supposed radicalism, his nomination would frighten timid souls and imperil our success in the so-called "doubtful States," such as Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—which of course would rule out Chase too, as I had candidly told him at our interview at Columbus. To the young Republicans, of whom I was one, the threatened danger of defeat in the doubt-

ful States had little terror, for we had the utmost faith in the invincible moral power of our cause, aided as this was, in addition to its intrinsic moral strength, by the bitter quarrels in the Democratic party. To call that moral power into the most effective action, the boldest course, the most resolute appeal to the love of liberty, and to the generous impulses of the popular heart, seemed to us the policy surest of success. What we feared much more than the tremor among the weak-kneed that might possibly be created by so courageous an act as the nomination of Seward, was a lowering of the standard of Republicanism by a half-hearted platform and the nomination of a candidate whose name might mean a concession to those who were only opponents of the Democratic party, but not determined anti-slavery men—and thus the possibility of another compromise. To such a concession we were sternly opposed. Such a candidate was presented in the person of Mr. Edward Bates of Missouri, a lawyer of high standing and a very worthy gentleman, but an old Whig who was supposed to be against slavery in a mild, unaggressive way. He was confessedly—at least so his advocates said—to be nominated to "conciliate" outsiders and to convince the timorous throughout the country that the Republican party in power would carefully avoid any disturbance. His principal champion was Horace Greeley, bent on defeating Seward.

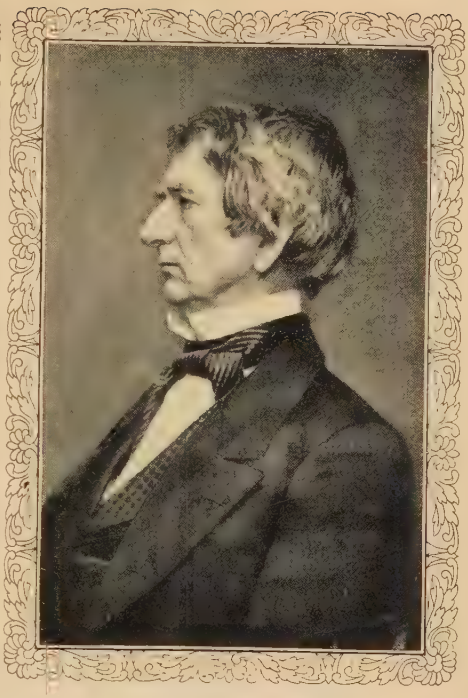
On the list of candidates we also found Mr. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, perhaps the first aspirant to the presidency in the history of the Republic who thought he might attain to the first office within the gift of the people because he was rich and a master of shrewd, and not overscrupulous, spoils management. (He might be called the prototype of the modern State boss.) Of course, we disliked him much, but his candidacy was not taken seriously.

There was no real antagonism among us to Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. He was universally recognized as a true anti-slavery leader who had done our cause very great service. We esteemed him most highly, but we did not favor his nomination, because we were for Seward, as the current phrase then was, "first, last, and all the time."

But I must confess that my enthusiasm for Seward received a little chill, even before the convention met. Immediately after our arrival at Chicago, we from Wisconsin thought it our duty to report ourselves at the headquarters of the New York delegation to ask for suggestions as to what we might do to further the interests of our candidate. But we did not find there any of the distinguished members of that delegation whom we most wished to see—William M. Evarts, George William Curtis, Henry J. Raymond, Governor Morgan, and others. We found only the actual chief manager of the Seward interest, Mr. Thurlow Weed, and around him a crowd of men, some of whom did not strike me as desirable companions. They were New York politicians, apparently of the lower sort, whom Thurlow Weed had brought with him to aid him in doing his work. What that work consisted in I could guess from the conversations I was permitted to hear, for they talked very freely about the great services they had rendered or were going to render. They had marched in street parades with brass bands and Seward banners to produce the impression that the whole country was ablaze with enthusiasm for Seward. They had treated members of other delegations with no end of champagne and cigars, to win them for Seward, if not as their first, then at least as their second choice, to be voted for on the second or third ballot. They had hinted to this man and that man supposed to wield some influence, that if he could throw that influence for Seward, he might, in case of success, count upon

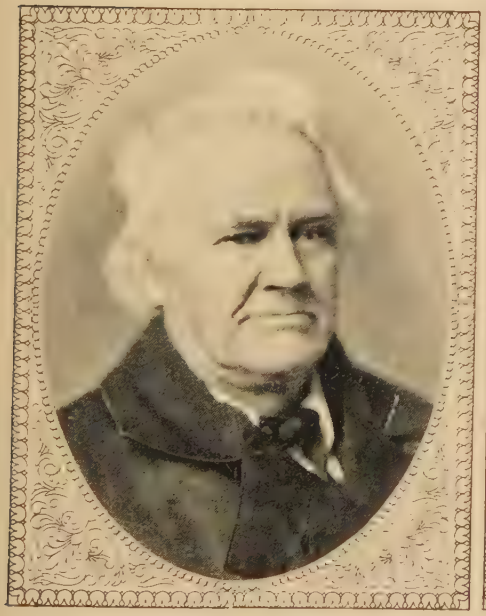


GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

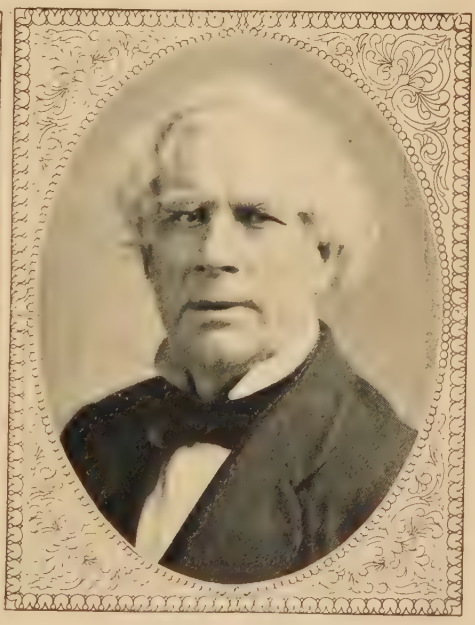


WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve



JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS



THURLOW WEED

From photographs in the collection of F. H. Meserve

proper "recognition." They had spent money freely and let everybody understand that there was a great lot more to spend. Among these men Thurlow Weed moved as the great captain, with ceaseless activity and noiseless step, receiving their reports and giving new instructions in his peculiar whisper, now and then taking one into a corner of the room for secret talk, or disappearing with another through a side door for transactions still more secret. I had heard much of Thurlow Weed as a man of mysterious powers; as a political wizard able to devise and accomplish combinations beyond the conception of ordinary mortals; as the past-master of political intrigue and stratagem; as the profoundest judge of men's abilities, virtues, and failings; as the surest calculator of political chances and results; and as the guide, superintendent, and protecting genius of William H. Seward's political career. This may sound like exaggeration, but he certainly had acquired the reputation of the most skillful political manager—others called it "wire-puller"—of his time. While everybody recognized his extraordinary ability, the opinions about his political virtue were divided. His opponents denounced him as a selfish and utterly unscrupulous trickster, while his friends emphasized the fact that he secured offices for ever so many friends, but never any for himself, except a public printer's place which was profitable in revenue, but very modest in rank. In this respect, therefore, his ambition passed as disinterested. His singular zeal for the furtherance of Seward's political welfare and the singular intimacy that existed between the two not seldom alarmed Seward's political friends, but it cannot be said that Thurlow Weed turned Seward's rise in influence and power to his own material advantage.

My own impression was that Mr. Weed might, indeed, not be without appreciation of the higher aims of political activity,

but that his enjoyment of political contest as well as his extraordinary skill in the manipulation of persons and interests had made him cherish a party victory itself more than the fruits of that victory; that he had come to consider everything fair in politics; that thus his conscience had lost its sensitiveness in the choice of means, and that he would be capable of sacrificing the best aspirations of his party for its success and for the elevation of his favorite. I may not have been quite just to him in this opinion, but it was strengthened by the spectacle I saw before me at the moment I speak of—the tall man with his cold, impassive face and with the mysterious whisper of his high voice, giving directions to a lot of henchmen, the looks and the talk and the demeanor of many of whom made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. I began to fear that if Mr. Seward, after such a campaign for his nomination, were elected President of the United States, he might find himself burdened with a mass of obligations incurred in his behalf which he would not be permitted to shake off, and which he would not be able to meet without dishonor to himself and without injury to the public interest. I disliked to think of Mr. Seward sitting in the presidential chair with just this Mentor behind him. The figures of Faust and Mephistopheles rose in my imagination, and I repeated to myself the words of Marguerite:

"Es thut mir in der Seele weh,
Wenn ich Dich in der Gesellschaft seh."

"In my inmost soul it saddens me
When I see thee in that company."

My conversation with Mr. Weed on that occasion was short. He asked me what I thought of the situation, and I told him what the reasons were which made us young Republicans of

the Northwest support Mr. Seward. He replied that people who thought as I did would, of course, favor Mr. Seward; but the problem was to make people who did not think so, vote for his nomination. Still, he was quite confident of Mr. Seward's success, and he thought it good policy to exhibit that confidence in every possible way. To that end he admonished me to visit as many delegations as I could and to let them know that no candidate could possibly receive as many "German votes" as Mr. Seward. I replied that I could not well say that, for I hoped it would not prove true in case Mr. Seward should unfortunately fail to be nominated. Little more was said, and I did not see Mr. Weed again. When, a few days later, Mr. Seward was defeated in the convention, Mr. Weed is said to have been distressed beyond measure. During the Civil War he rendered very patriotic service to the Republic in various ways, which proved that he could be something more than a mere adroit party manager.

The members of the Convention and the thousands of spectators assembled in the great Wigwam presented a grand and inspiring sight. It was a free people met to consult upon their policy and to choose their chief. To me it was like the fulfillment of all the dreams of my youth. As Hay and Nicolay, the historians of Abraham Lincoln, report: "Blair, Giddings, Greeley, Evarts, Kelley, Wilmot, Schurz, and others were greeted with spontaneous applause, which, rising at some one point, grew and rolled from side to side and corner to corner of the immense building, brightening the eyes and quickening the breath of every inmate." This as well as other distinctions with which I was honored, I owed no doubt to the fact that I was looked upon as a representative and spokesman of the large number of voters of German origin whose support of the Republican cause was naturally regarded as very important. One

of those distinctions came very near producing a comical effect. When Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts had been elected permanent president of the Convention, the temporary chairman appointed United States Senator Preston King of New York and myself a "committee of two" to conduct Mr. Ashmun to the chair. Senator King was a man of rather low stature and conspicuously rotund form, while I was over six feet tall and very slender. When the Senator and I met in the aisle to walk together to Mr. Ashmun's seat, and thus to perform a function intended to be somewhat solemn, and the Senator looked up at me and I looked down on him, a broad smile overspread his jocund face, to which I could not help responding. The suggestion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza was too striking for the assembled multitude to resist, and a titter ran over the convention which might have broken into a general guffaw had the induction of Mr. Ashmun into the chair not been over so quickly.

I was appointed a member of the Committee on Resolutions that had to draw up the Republican platform, and in that committee was permitted to write the paragraph concerning the naturalization laws so that the Republican party be washed clean of the taint of Know-nothingism. This was done in moderate but unequivocal terms, which produced an excellent effect in the campaign. I also took part in formulating the anti-slavery declarations of the platform, but there an unintentional omission occurred which led to a dramatic scene in the convention. While the platform severely denounced the policy of the Administration with regard to Kansas, repudiated all the theories upon which rested the right of the slaveholder to carry his slave property into the Territories, as well as Douglas's spurious "popular-sovereignty" doctrine, denied the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any

individuals to give legal existence to slavery in any Territories of the United States, branded the reopening of the slave trade as "a crime against humanity, and a burning shame to our country and age," thus covering all points in actual issue, it failed to mention specifically the great principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence as our political creed and as the moral basis of our free institutions. When the draft of the platform was read to the convention, enthusiastic applause greeted almost every sentence of it, and an impatient call for a vote followed from all parts of the vast assembly. But amid this noise arose above the heads of the multitude the venerable form of Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio. Everybody knew him as one of the veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause. He had pleaded for that cause with undaunted courage and fidelity when even in many parts of the North no one could do so without danger. It was the religion of his life. No sooner had the clamor for a vote sufficiently calmed down to let him be heard, than he expressed himself painfully surprised that the Republican platform, that solemn promulgation of its political faith to be put forth by the party of freedom, should not contain a word of recognition of the Declaration of Independence. He therefore moved to amend it by inserting in a certain place the words: "That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, 'that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,' is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions."

There are always, in such Conventions, even those that are

not controlled by machine power, many persons impatient at anything that threatens to interfere with the despatch of business as proposed by the committees; and so it was at Chicago. No sooner had Mr. Giddings stopped speaking, than the tumult of voices burst forth again with a stormy clamor for an immediate vote, and, carried away by the whirlwind, the Convention, heedlessly it may well be supposed, rejected the amendment. Then Mr. Giddings, a look of distress upon his face, his white head towering above the crowd, slowly made his way toward the door of the hall. Suddenly from among the New York delegation a young man of strikingly beautiful features leaped upon a chair and demanded to be heard. The same noisy demonstration of impatience greeted him, but he would not yield. "Gentlemen!" he said in a tone of calm determination, "this is a convention of free speech, and I have been given the floor. I have but a few words to say to you, but I shall say them, if I stand here until to-morrow morning!" Another tumultuous protest of impatience, but he firmly held his ground. At last the clamor yielded to his courage, and silence fell upon the great assembly. Then his musical voice rang out like a trumpet call. Was this, he said, the party of freedom met on the border of the free prairies to advance the cause of liberty and human rights? And would the representatives of that party dare to reject the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence affirming the equality of men's rights? After a few such sentences of almost defiant appeal, he renewed, in a parliamentary form, the amendment moved by Mr. Giddings, and with an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm the convention adopted it.

When the young orator sat down his name passed from mouth to mouth. It was George William Curtis. I had never seen him before. After the adjournment of that session I went to him to thank him for what he had done. He was then in the

flower of youthful manhood. As he stood there in that convention, towering over the vast multitude, his beautiful face radiant with resolute fervor, his singularly melodious voice thrilling with impassioned anxiety of purpose, one might have seen in him an ideal, poetic embodiment of the best of that moral impulse and that lofty enthusiasm which aroused the people of the North to the decisive struggle against slavery. We became friends then and there, and we remained friends to the day of his death.

After the close of the Convention, Mr. Evarts is reported to have said in a tone of mournful irony: "We New Yorkers have lost our candidate, but we have at least saved the Declaration of Independence." I have often thought, in the light of later events, that what they saved was worth much more than what they lost. As the Convention progressed it became more and more evident every hour that Seward, whose support came mainly from New York, New England, and the Northwest, was not only not gaining, but rather losing, in strength. This was owing to two causes. The argument that his supposed ultra-radicalism—which really consisted more in phrase than in purpose—would greatly imperil the success of the Republican party in the "doubtful" States of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and New Jersey, had its effect. I do not myself think that the danger was nearly as great as the managing politicians of those States and the personal enemies of Seward, led by Horace Greeley, represented it to be. I believed then, and I believe now, that the moral impetus of the campaign, aided by the internecine war in the Democratic party, would have carried Seward through triumphantly. But many earnest anti-slavery men who otherwise would have been glad to make Seward their candidate, thought it would be reckless as well as unnecessary to take what many others considered a serious risk. Such men

would not have been willing, while admitting the advisability of giving up Seward, to accept a candidate whose nomination would compromise any essential Republican principle. But they were willing to accept a candidate fully representing those principles, but less likely to provoke those prejudices which stood in Mr. Seward's path. Such a candidate was found in Abraham Lincoln, upon whom all the elements of the opposition to Seward's nomination could, without much difficulty, be united. In the second place, not a few of those who had been among Seward's warmest supporters, were somewhat disenchanted—mortified might not be too strong a word—by the conspicuous appearance on the scene of the promiscuous crowd of New York politicians of the lower sort, who did but too much of the shouting for Seward, and thus forced themselves, in a somewhat repulsive manner, upon people's attention. It can hardly be doubted that Thurlow Weed's cohorts hurt Seward more than they helped him. Seward's true friends did not, indeed, abandon him on their account. But many of them felt themselves not a little embarrassed in pressing Seward's nomination in such companionship.

When on the third day of the Convention the balloting began, the contest was already decided. After the first ballot, which gave the several delegations the required opportunity for casting the complimentary votes for the "favorite sons" of their States, the opposition to Seward, obeying a common impulse, concentrated upon Abraham Lincoln, and the third ballot gave him the majority. Much has been said about the superior volume and fierceness of the shouting for Lincoln in the packed galleries and its effect upon the minds of the delegates. But that is mere reporters' talk. The historic fact is that, as the Convention would not take the risks involved in the nomination of Seward, it had no other alternative than to select

Lincoln as the man who satisfied the demands of the earnest anti-slavery men without subjecting the party to the risks thought to be inseparable from the nomination of Seward. That the popular demonstrations for Lincoln in and around the Convention were, indeed, well planned and organized, is true. But they were by no means a decisive factor. Without them the result would have been the same.

When on the third ballot, Lincoln came so near a majority that his nomination appeared certain, delegates, before the result was declared, tumbled over one another to change their votes in his favor. The Wisconsin delegation did not change its vote. Together with New York, Michigan, Minnesota, and parts of other delegations, we stood solidly for Seward until Mr. Evarts, the chairman of the New York delegation, with a speech of genuine pathos and admirable temper, moved to make Mr. Lincoln's nomination unanimous. To this we heartily assented. I described our action at a ratification meeting held in Milwaukee a few days later:

"We, the delegates from Wisconsin, voted for him to the last. I may say that a few hours after my arrival at Chicago I saw that Seward's nomination was very improbable. I do not lay claim to any particular sagacity for that, for it was a plain arithmetical problem. The causes which brought about his defeat I will not detail; suffice it to say that they were not of an insignificant nature. But we stood by him, determined to carry his name as high as possible. Nor did we follow the example of those who changed their votes after the decisive ballot, before the final result was announced; not as though we had been opposed to Mr. Lincoln, than whom there is no truer man in the nation, but because we thought we owed it to our old chieftain that, if fall he must, he should withdraw with the honors of war, surounded by an unbroken column of true and devoted

friends. So the delegations from New York and Wisconsin and some delegates from other States stood together to the last. Thus was this debt of honor discharged. We considered it honestly due, and it was honestly paid. I need hardly say that, when the motion was made to make Mr. Lincoln's nomination unanimous, we seconded it without any sacrifice of feeling, and when it was carried we heartily joined in the general enthusiasm. We had not gone there to have our candidate nominated or none, but with the loyal intention to subordinate our individual judgment to the judgment of the majority, provided the Convention asked of us nothing inconsistent with our consciences as anti-slavery men and the dignity of the Republican cause. And I do no hesitate to say that if Mr. Seward had not been in the field, Mr. Lincoln, unless I mistake the temper of our people, would in all probability have been the first choice of Wisconsin. Although Mr. Seward failed, Mr. Lincoln's nomination nailed the good Republican banner to the mast as boldly and defiantly as ever."

While the victory of Mr. Lincoln was being announced to the outside world by the boom of a cannon which had been placed on the roof of the Wigwam, and not only the great convention hall, but, as it appeared, the whole City of Chicago shook with triumphant cheers for Lincoln, my thoughts involuntarily turned to Chase, who, I imagined, sat in a quiet office room at Columbus with a telegraph near by clicking the news from Chicago. Not only had the prediction made to him a few months before become true, but it had become more terribly true than I myself had anticipated. Of the votes, about 670 cast in the Convention, he had never received more than 49, and even that beggarly number had dwindled down to $24\frac{1}{2}$ on the last ballot. Not even his own State had given him its full strength. No doubt he had hoped, and hoped, and hoped

against hope—no American afflicted with the presidential fever ever ceases to hope—and now came this disastrous, crushing, humiliating defeat. I saw that magnificent man before me, writhing with the agony of his disappointment, and I sympathized with him most profoundly. I should have pitied him, had I dared to pity such a man. But would not this distressing experience teach him the wisdom of not staking the happiness of his life upon the winning of that prize? Alas, it did not. He continued to nurse that one ambition so that it became the curse of his life to his last day. It sometimes painfully distorted his judgment of things and men. It made him depreciate all the honors and powers bestowed upon him. When he was Secretary of the Treasury and, later, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the finest opportunities for enviable distinction were open to him, which, indeed, he achieved, but he restlessly looked beyond for the will-o'-the-wisp which deceitfully danced before his gaze. Many years later, when he had been touched by a slight paralytic stroke which somewhat impaired his speech and the freedom of his limbs, I saw him at an evening reception in his house, when his futile efforts to appear youthfully vigorous and agile were pathetically evident. Gossip had it that the reception was given for the very purpose of convincing the political society of Washington that he was physically as fit to be President as ever. He was indeed a great man; but, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, how much greater and how much more useful would he have been had he been content with his real greatness!

I had the honor of being appointed a member of the committee that was sent to Springfield to carry to Mr. Lincoln the official announcement of his nomination. At every railway station we passed in daylight we were received with demonstrations of joy. Mr. Lincoln received us in the parlor of his mod-

est frame house—a rather bare-looking room; in the center the customary little table with a white marble top, and on it the silver-plated ice-water pitcher and the family Bible or the photograph album; and some chairs and a sofa ranged along the walls. There the Republican candidate for the Presidency stood, tall and ungainly in his black suit of apparently new but ill-fitting clothes, his long tawny neck emerging gauntly from his turn-down collar, his melancholy eyes sunken deep in his haggard face. Most of the members of the committee had never seen him before, and gazed at him with surprised curiosity. He certainly did not present the appearance of a statesman as people usually picture it in their imagination. Standing up with folded hands, he quietly, without visible embarrassment or emotion, listened to the dignified little speech addressed to him by Mr. Ashmun, the president of the Convention, and then he responded with a few appropriate, earnest, and well-shaped sentences, expressing his gratitude for the confidence reposed in him, and his doubts of his own abilities, and his trust in a helping Providence. Then followed some informal talk, partly of a jovial kind, in which the hearty simplicity of Lincoln's nature shone out, and after the usual hand-shaking the committee took its leave. One of its members, Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania, remarked to me as we passed out of the house: "Well, we might have done a more brilliant thing, but we could hardly have done a better thing."

I heard similar utterances from other members in which, however, an undertone of resignation and of suppressed doubt was perceptible. Some of them, who were entirely unused to Western men and Western ways, and who, on this occasion, saw Mr. Lincoln for the first time, could not quite conceal their misgivings as to how this single-minded man, this child of nature, would bear himself in the contact with the great world

and in the face of the large and complicated problems, for grappling with which he had apparently so scant an equipment. Indeed, a few days after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention, some symptoms of dissastisfaction and of coldness towards Mr. Lincoln became perceptible even in certain circles of Western Seward enthusiasts, who could not reconcile themselves to what they called the ignominious slaughter of the greatest Republican leader. Having myself been an ardent advocate of Seward's nomination, I thought I could address an effective appeal to the discontented, and I did so in my speech at the ratification meeting in Milwaukee in language which I may be pardoned for quoting, for it was the cry of my heart:

"I have heard, here and there, a murmur of disappointment. What! With a cause and a platform like ours? With such standard-bearers as Lincoln and Hamlin? It is hardly credible. Listen to me a single moment. Standing as we do on the threshold of great decisions, I cannot suffer my mind to be encaged in the walls of this house, or in the narrow lines of party interest and party policy, not even in the boundaries of this country. There is the wide world around us with its manifold races and nations of men, all of them for thousands of years engaged in an arduous struggle for happiness and freedom; now advancing with spasmodic force and rapidity, now falling back again exhausted and discouraged; always struggling to disentangle their feet from the treacherous coils of despotic rule, and always baffled in their efforts; so much noble blood spilled, so many noble hearts broken, so many noble aspirations turned into despair!

"And in this world of strife and anguish, there arose this Republic—a world of promise. It was the gospel of liberty translated into fact. It was to be the beacon light of humanity! But alas, the abolition of kingly rule did not work the aboli-

tion of the baser passions of human nature. But half a century elapses and this free government is ruled by a despotic interest; the Republic sinks into the mire of slavery and corruption, and the hope of humanity sinks with it. The advocates of despotism predict its downfall from day to day, and proclaim with exultation that the great experiment of human self-government has failed. It is in vain that the best men of the nation, like the prophets of old, rise up against the growing demoralization. They are sneered at and persecuted, or at best, their efforts remain isolated and apparently fruitless. Suddenly a great startling outrage is perpetrated. The slave-power with its train of corruption and demoralization shows itself in its naked deformity, and threatens to swallow down at one gulp the whole future of the country.

"Now the popular conscience wakes up. The people of the North rise to a great effort. The first attempt to rescue the development of the Republic from the grasp of that despotic power fails, but the movement grows in dimensions and intensity. We press on and on, and the day of deliverance is at hand. Oh, it comes at last! How we have longed to see it! How we have counted the minutes by the impatient throbbings of our hearts! We rally in formidable array. Every fiber of our being trembles with eagerness for the greatest of struggles. Every pulsation of our blood beats the charge. We place one of the purest, noblest, and ablest men of the nation at the head of our army. Victory is within our grasp. And now there stand some who call themselves patriots, mouthing like children that they cannot do as much as they would have done, if their particular favorite had been nominated for the presidency!

"Ah, if we ever have a right to grow impatient with our fellows, it is when we see them at the moment of a great crisis governed by small and paltry considerations.

"I do not plead the cause of party discipline. That is not one of the deities at whose shrine I worship. It never will be. But must I, born in a foreign land, speak to you of devotion to the great interests of your country? Must I entreat you to sacrifice the small whim of a personal preference to the greatest cause of this age? No, no! It cannot be! No man in whose soul glows a spark of sympathy with struggling humanity can now stand idle. No heart that ever was fired by the divine breath of liberty can now remain cold!

"Let Wisconsin stretch her hand across the great lakes and grasp that of New York. Let it be known that New York and Wisconsin, who stood together to the last for Seward in the convention, will be the first and foremost in the battle for Lincoln and Liberty!"

This appeal had much applause and was said to produce a good effect among those to whom it was addressed. But soon such invocations became entirely unnecessary, as the rising spirit of the campaign swept away every discontent in the Republican ranks. This spirit became irresistible. There has been much questioning as to what the influences were that stirred up and kept going the anti-slavery movement at the North. It was a favorite theory among Southern people—and I have heard that opinion expressed by some of them even at the present day—that, aside from the morbid notions of a few fanatical abolitionists, who were possessed by a half-insane fixed idea, and from the reckless and restless tendency of the Yankee character to meddle with other people's affairs, it was the greed of gain, the selfish desire to subject and control the South for pecuniary profit, that inspired the anti-slavery movement, and that this was in fact the decisive influence. Nothing could be further from the truth. Although there were many merchants and manufacturers on the anti-slavery side, yet it is an indis-

putable historic fact that, as a rule, the commercial and manufacturing interests at the North were opposed to every anti-slavery agitation, and this opposition was, at times, very bitter, and even violent. There is a very natural and obvious reason for this. Capital engaged in commercial and manufacturing enterprise is always conservative and timid. It abhors unruly disturbance of the existing order of things. Its material prosperity is usually its first, and not seldom its only consideration in determining its attitude as to public affairs, and the prosperity of a large part of the business of the North was thought to depend upon the maintenance of an orderly condition of things in the South and of friendly relations between the two sections of the country. The commercial sentiment, therefore, always anxiously favored every compromise designed to settle, or, at least, to adjourn the difficulties or conflicts springing from the slavery question. It fiercely frowned upon every attempt to shake the Compromise of 1850. If it was in any manner displeased with Douglas's Nebraska bill, it was because that bill upset the Missouri Compromise. But it would have been quite willing to accept that measure, however favorable to slavery, had it promised to secure peace and quiet. And even after Mr. Lincoln's election, it manifested a willingness to surrender the fruits of the anti-slavery victory in a new compromise in order to pacify the slave-power and to avert the impending collision. No fair-minded man can study the history of those times without convincing himself that commercial selfishness not only did not incite and stimulate the anti-slavery movement, but actually discountenanced and resisted it.

I think it can be said without exaggeration that there has never been in the history of this Republic a political movement in which the purely moral motive was so strong—indeed, so dominant and decisive. No doubt, some politicians saw in it

tempting opportunities for the achievement of distinction, place, and profit. Every promising cause attracts such men; but they may be active in its behalf without determining its character. The uprising against slavery was simply the revolt of the popular conscience against what was felt to be a great wrong, and against the despotic arrogance of the slave-holding aristocracy that attempted to rule the whole Republic in its interest. This feeling resounded in endless variations through all the arguments and appeals that were addressed to the people, and it created an enthusiasm that was genuine, wholesome, and lofty. I have been active in many political campaigns, but in none in which the best impulses of human nature were so forceful and effective and aroused the masses to so high a pitch of almost religious fervor. Only a few weeks after the convention, the campaign was in full blast. I had a large number of calls to meetings in June, and spoke day after day, often more than once, until the day of the election in November, excepting two short weeks in September, which I absolutely needed for rest and recuperation. The country swarmed with orators, every one of whom on our side seemed bound to do his best, regardless of exertion and fatigue. We all were lifted up by the inspiring consciousness of being, for once, wholly right. There was nothing to apologize for, nothing to defend, nothing to explain, nothing to conceal, for, as we believed with unlimited, supreme faith, our cause was clearly, undeniably the cause of liberty, right, and justice, and our party a party of high moral aims and exalted patriotism.

The campaign was hardly opened when the whole North seemed to get into commotion. It looked as if people, especially in the smaller cities and towns and the country districts, had little else to do than to attend meetings, listen to speeches, march in processions, and carry torches after night-fall.

"Wide-Awake" companies with their glazed capes and caps, the prototypes of the modern marching clubs of party organizations, sprang up all over the land as by magic. Brass bands, some of them very trying to musical ears, seemed to grow out of the earth. And all this was done without any official machinery, for the postmasters and revenue officers, and district attorneys and United States marshals with their retinues were on the Democratic side. The Republicans held only a few State and municipal offices hardly worth mentioning as political agencies. Nor was there much money used in stirring and keeping up the agitation. The funds at the disposal of the Republican National Committee were beggarly compared with the immense sums that nowadays flow into the war chests of such bodies. The State and local committees were generally in the same condition. In a large measure the campaign seemed to run itself. It was not necessary to drum up audiences for meetings by extraordinary tricks of advertising or of alluring attractions. The simplest notice sufficed to draw a crowd. Not seldom large gatherings were altogether extemporized. Of this I had myself some striking experiences. One afternoon, I think it was in July, I addressed a large open-air meeting of country people at a village not far from one of the larger cities in Indiana. This done, I thought it might be more comfortable for me to sleep in the hotel in town instead of the village tavern, and then take the train from there in the morning for my next appointment. I hoped to slip into the hotel unobserved and to have a quiet night. But I had reckoned without my host. When at supper, I was waited upon by the local committee, who informed me that the theater was full of people, who wanted me to speak to them. How was this? Had the meeting been regularly appointed? No; but I had been seen coming into the town, and some folks thought this was a good time for having a talk

from me, and the brass band was set going, and now the people, men and women, had been just rushing into the theater. The Wide-Awakes were lined up in front of the hotel to escort me. What could I do but surrender? The Wide-Awakes, with a tremendous hurrah, took me like a captive to the theater, brass band ahead. The theater was crowded to suffocation, and the heat terrible. The thermometer must have been high up in the nineties. There was hardly a man in the hall who had not taken off his coat, and many of them their vests and neckties and collars. The women fanned themselves desperately. I had not spoken many minutes when I was fairly dripping with perspiration. The audience must have noticed my distress. An old man rose and begged me to stop a moment. "Mr. Schurz," said he, pronouncing my name in an indescribable way, "it's very hot, and you show it. Now, I am sure, the ladies here won't mind if you take off your coat and whatever else you like, to make yourself as comfortable as you can." This little speech was greeted with thunders of applause. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs as a sign of approval. I did as I was bidden. My coat went off first, then, after a while, my vest, my necktie, and my collar. The enthusiasm of the people was immense. After I had spoken about an hour I made an attempt to close, saying that they would certainly all wish to get out of this terrible temperature into the open air. A burst of protest came from all parts of the house: "No, no; go on; go on!" I had to go on, and spoke an hour longer, and even then the people did not seem to have enough.

Not long after this I happened to travel down the Ohio on a steamboat from one river town to another, and at one of the landing places which we touched about seven o'clock in the morning, a crowd of several hundred people, having heard that I was passing by, had gathered on the wharf. They prevailed

upon the captain to stop for half an hour, and I had to speak to them from the deck of the boat. This was the earliest morning mass-meeting I ever attended.

While "stumping" in Illinois I had an appointment to address an afternoon open-air meeting in the capitol grounds in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's place of residence. He asked me to take dinner with him at his house. At table we conversed about the course and the incidents of the campaign, and his genial and simple-hearted way of expressing himself would hardly permit me to remember that he was a great man and a candidate for the presidency of the United States. He was in the best of humor, and we laughed much. The inevitable brass band took position in front of the house and struck up a lively tune, admonishing us that the time for the business of the day had arrived. "I will go with you to the meeting," said Mr. Lincoln, "and hear what you have to say." The day was blazing hot. Mr. Lincoln expressed his regret that I had to exert myself in such a temperature, and suggested that I make myself comfortable. He indeed "made himself comfortable" in a way which surprised me not a little, but which was thoroughly characteristic of his rustic habits. When he presented himself for the march to the capitol grounds I observed that he had divested himself of his waistcoat and put on, as his sole garment, a linen duster, the back of which had been marked by repeated perspirations and looked somewhat like a rough map of the two hemispheres. On his head he wore a well-battered "stovepipe" hat which evidently had seen several years of hard service. In this attire he marched with me behind the brass band, after us, the local campaign committee and the Wide-Awakes. Of course, he was utterly unconscious of his grotesque appearance. Nothing could have been farther from his mind than the thought that the world-conspicuous distinction bestowed upon

him by his nomination for the presidency should have obliged him to "put on dignity" among his neighbors. Those neighbors who, from the windows and the sidewalks on that hot afternoon, watched and cheered him as he walked by in the procession behind the brass band, may have regarded him, the future President, with a new feeling of reverential admiration, or awe; but he appeared before and among them entirely unconcerned, as if nothing had happened, and so he nodded to his acquaintances, as he recognized them in the crowd, with a: "How are you, Dan?" or "Glad to see you, Ned!" or "How d'ye do, Bill?" and so on—just as he had been accustomed to do. Arrived at the place of meeting, he declined to sit on the platform, but took a seat in the front row of the audience. He did not join in the applause which from time to time rewarded me, but occasionally he gave me a nod and a broad smile. When I had finished, a few voices called upon Mr. Lincoln for a speech, but he simply shook his head, and the crowd instantly respected the proprieties of the situation, some even shouting: "No, no!" at which he gratefully signified his assent. Then the brass band, and the committee, and the Wide-Awakes, in the same order in which we had come, escorted us back to his house, the multitude cheering tumultuously for "Lincoln and Hamlin," or more endearingly for "Old Abe."

A large part of my work, my specialty, consisted in addressing meetings of German-born voters in their and my native language. This took me into the States of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York—not only into the large cities, but into small country towns and villages, and sometimes into remote agricultural districts, where I found my audiences in school-houses and even in roomy barns or in the open air; and these were the meetings that I enjoyed most of all. It was a genuine delight to me thus to meet my country-

men who remembered the same old Fatherland that I remembered as the cradle of us all, and who had come from afar to find new homes for themselves and their children in this new land of freedom and betterment—to meet them, I say, face to face, without the noise and formality of a large assemblage, and to talk to them in a conversational, familiar way, without any attempt at oratorical flourish, about the pending questions to be decided and the duties we owed under existing circumstances to the great Republic that had received us so hospitably, and about the high value of the blessings we enjoyed and had to preserve, and how we could do no greater honor to our old Fatherland than by being conscientious and faithful citizens of the new. There they sat for an hour or two, hard-working farmers, and small tradesmen, and laborers, with earnest and thoughtful faces, some of quick perception and others of more slowly working minds, listening with strained attention, sometimes with a puzzled expression, which made me go over the same ground again and again, in clearer language and with different illustrations; they sat, often without a sign of applause except now and then a nod or a mere look of intelligent agreement—until the close of the speech, when they would throng around me for a hand-shake, and not seldom with requests for a little more elucidation of this or that point, which they thought of using in discussing the matter with their neighbors. It would happen that some German-born Democratic politician, a local office-holder perhaps, a country postmaster, or deputy sheriff, or clerk of a board of supervisors, or of a court, fearing for his revenue or his political influence, attempted to disturb such meetings by noisy conduct or by asking impertinent questions or by loudly calling upon his friends to go away. But I cannot remember one instance in which the effect of such an attempt did not turn against the intruder.

The desire to learn and to understand was so general and so earnest that it would not brook any partisan interference.

As a public speaker I gathered in those meetings a very valuable experience. It is that, with such audiences as I have described—indeed with a majority of popular audiences—the desire to be informed and instructed is greater than the desire to be amusingly entertained. No doubt a joke or an anecdote with a witty point will make such hearers laugh. But there is a superior charm for them in a clear statement of an interesting subject and in lucidly logical reasoning. He who aims at making a lasting impression upon the minds and hearts of his hearers in a popular audience should take care not to undervalue their intelligence, their moral sense, and their self-respect. To carry conviction, the speaker must above all things make his hearers feel that he is himself convinced, and he cannot do that unless his argument be serious and his appeal thoroughly earnest. Persons who have never given much consideration to public matters will often begin to do so when you show them that you esteem them enough to expect that they will, and that you attach some importance to their attitude. You may sometimes create noble emotions by appealing to them as though they already existed.

At the beginning of my activity as a public speaker I made it my rule never to say anything in my speeches that I did not conscientiously believe to be true; never to hesitate to admit a mistake when I became convinced that I had made one; never to appeal to a prejudice or to a mean, narrow-minded selfish interest; to invoke only the highest order of motives—patriotism, the sense of right, justice, and honor; and never to miss an opportunity for reminding my hearers that it is the duty, the high privilege of this great American Republic to serve as the guiding-star to liberty-loving mankind, as the

torch-bearer of civilization, and that this great destiny can be fulfilled only by waging a relentless war against all dishonest practices or ignoble aspirations in our home politics, that may impair the blessings and injure the prestige of democratic government, and by conducting our intercourse with foreign nations on the highest principles of fairness and good will. I have, no doubt, committed many, and some serious mistakes in my public life, but now, at the close, I may say for myself that throughout it I have conscientiously observed that rule.

In the campaign of 1860 I made two speeches, which, to judge from their publication in newspapers and from the number of pamphlet copies circulated, attracted much attention. The one was delivered at St. Louis, Missouri. Although Missouri was a Slave State, the anti-slavery element in the City of St. Louis, composed in great part of the German-born population, with some energetic native Americans among its leaders, had acquired such strength that it was hoped it would serve as the nucleus for an effective emancipation movement in the State. I was invited to address a mass-meeting in support of it, and I accepted the invitation all the more eagerly as I might hope to have among my hearers some representatives of the slave-holding interest and to speak to them, face to face. This hope was gratified. The meeting was very large, and, as my friends informed me, not a few of the principal slave-holders and pro-slavery men came to listen. The speech I made to them was, I think, the best of my anti-slavery speeches. I undertook to show the Southern people the utter incompatibility of the needs and the aspirations of slavery with the essential attributes of democratic institutions of government, as well as with the natural requirements and aspirations of free-labor society, and thus to demonstrate to them the absolute downfall of slavery in the near future, whatever the Southern peo-

ple might do to save it—in fact, that any effort to save it by secession would inevitably result in terrible disaster to the Southern people themselves. This was my peroration:

"Slave-holders of America, I appeal to you. Are you really in earnest when you speak of perpetuating slavery? Shall it never cease? Never? Stop and consider where you are and in what days you live.

"This is the nineteenth century. Never since mankind has recollection of times gone by has the human mind disclosed such wonderful powers. The hidden forces of nature we have torn from their mysterious concealment, and yoked them into the harness of usefulness; they carry our thoughts over slender wires to distant nations; they draw our wagons over the highways of trade; they pull the gigantic oars of our ships; they set in motion the iron fingers of our machinery; they will soon plow our fields and gather our crops. The labor of the brain has exalted to a mere bridling and controlling of natural forces the labor of the hand; and you think you can perpetuate a system which reduces *man,* however degraded, yet capable of development, to the level of the soulless machine?"

It might seem in the light of subsequent events that the slave-holders were not isolated, not as much without sympathy in the world, when struggling for the establishment of their independent empire, as I had predicted they would be. But it only seemed so. The apparent sympathy that was given them really sprang only from a wish cherished by foreigners that this great Republic should be disrupted and thus cease to threaten other nations with a dangerous rivalry on various fields of activity and ambition. The French Emperor, Louis Napoleon, did not in fact sympathize with the cause of slavery as such, but he hoped that the slave-holders' insurrection would succeed in breaking up the Union, and thus render it unable to interfere

with his ambitious scheme to establish a vassal empire in Mexico. A large part of the ruling class in Great Britain, which befriended and encouraged the Southern Confederacy, did not do so because it sympathized with slavery as such, but because it disliked and feared the American Republic as a democracy and a rival power which it would have been glad to see stripped of its strength and prestige. The French emperor was ready to recognize the Southern Confederacy as an independent State, and to intervene in its favor by at least breaking up our blockade of the Southern ports; and many Englishmen of great influence would willingly have co-operated with him in this direction. But the fact that the war carried on by the Southern Confederacy was universally regarded as a war for the maintenance of slavery, stood in the way. Neither the French emperor nor the British aristocracy could safely venture to defy the enlightened opinion and the moral sense of civilized mankind in general, and of the best part of their own subjects or constituencies in particular, by giving open and effective support to human slavery in its struggle for existence and power. It may, therefore, after all, truly be said that it was slavery that deprived the Southern cause of the effective sympathy which otherwise might have helped it to success, and that slavery thus put it in a position of fatal isolation in the world of the nineteenth century. Of this I shall have more to say hereafter.

I have to confess, however, that I erred in the estimation I expressed in that speech of the seriousness of the threats of revolution and disunion in case of a Republican victory at the presidential election, that came constantly from the South. For the reasons already given, such an attempt seemed to me so absolutely foolish, especially as the pro-slavery Democracy, even if they lost the executive, would still control the Senate,

and thereby have a veto on all anti-slavery legislation, that I could not understand how a sane mind could conceive it. I did not sufficiently consider the possibility that the Southern "fire-eaters" might have talked themselves, by their own grandiloquence, into a state of mind that was not quite sane, and that they might succeed in starting in the South a popular "craze" strong enough to sweep into its current the more sober-minded against their own inclination. This is what actually happened. It flattered Southern pride to be told, as the Southern revolutionists constantly told their people, that one Southerner could whip half a dozen Northerners; that the Northern people generally had no fighting spirit whatever, and that the South need only put on a warlike attitude to bring the Northerners to their knees, and thus to extort from them any concession that might be desired. Had the people of the South foreseen that the Northerners could and would fight for the Union even to the last ditch, it is quite probable that the sober thought would have overcome the "craze," and that the secession movement would have stopped short of the actual trial of strength. Good policy, therefore, demanded that, in order to dispel the Southern delusion as to the lack of fighting spirit in the North, the Northern spokesmen should assume a tone of defiance, challenging the Southern blusterers to come on, if they were foolish enough to dare.

On the other hand, while it was not doubted at the North that the Southern people were brave and full of fighting spirit, it was very much doubted whether they could effectively fight in a war which was, in fact, waged against slavery. It was thought that the necessity of guarding and keeping down their slaves would require a very large part of their fighting force and leave comparatively little for operations in the field against hostile armies. This opinion I candidly shared, and I expressed

it in my speech at St. Louis and on various other public occasions. Subsequent events showed this to have been a grave mistake. But hardly anybody, perhaps not even a Southerner, would have dared to predict that while large Southern armies were fighting in the field to keep the slaves in bondage, a large majority of the same slaves would, without being coerced or overawed by the presence of an armed force, quietly and faithfully continue to cultivate the fields of their masters, and thus to provide them with sustenance in the struggle against their liberators. But this is what actually happened. To be sure, it could not eventually save slavery; but it did enable the South to put greater armies into the field and to continue the fearful grapple much longer than the North had anticipated.

My speech at St. Louis, while gaining some votes for Lincoln, did not produce any visible effect upon the "slave-holders of America." But one of them told me at a later period that he had listened to that speech; that he had become unwillingly convinced, then and there, that, on the whole, I was right; that he had not dared to say so openly, because it would have cost him the friendship and confidence of his class, but that it had haunted his mind all through the Civil War.

That one of my speeches which perhaps attracted most attention in the campaign of 1860 was wholly devoted to a dissection of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the presidential candidate of the Northern wing of the Democratic party. In preparing this argument I debated with myself the question how far it was permissible to attack a political opponent personally, in the discussion of public interests. I came to the conclusion that it was entirely permissible and fair if the personality of that opponent was brought forward to give strength to his cause, and especially if that personality exercised an influence through false pretense. This, as it seemed to me, was in the highest

degree the case with Senator Douglas. He posed as the "champion of free labor," while he had caused the Missouri Compromise to be repealed and slavery to be admitted into Territories until then dedicated to freedom, and while he openly sought to win the support of the Southern people by telling them that his policy of "popular sovereignty" and "non-intervention" would give them the best chance to get more Slave States. He posed as the great representative of true democracy and popular rights, while he advocated police measures to restrain all discussion adverse to slavery which might have done honor to the most despotic government of the old world. He was extolled by his partisans as "the greatest of living statesmen," while he advanced, in support of the institution of slavery, theories of government so glaringly absurd and childish that the merest schoolboy should have been ashamed of them. And he did all these things with an aggressive assurance which produced upon many people the impression that he was really a superior being who might be taken at his own valuation. He was, in my eyes, the most formidable and most dangerous demagogue in America. I thought it would be a meritorious work to prick this imposing bubble, especially as his prestige was the only thing that threatened to take from Mr. Lincoln the votes of some of the Northern States and thus to defeat his election. I went at my task with zest, summoning all I could command of power of statement, of sarcasm, fancy, and humor, and the result was an analysis of Douglas's theories and career which I could not have made more scorching, merciless, and amusing.

The speech was to be delivered in the large hall of the Cooper Institute in New York. On the evening of the meeting I dined with Governor Morgan, who was chairman of the Republican National Committee, and some prominent Republicans of New York, at the Astor House. On the way from the

Astor House to the Cooper Institute, Governor Morgan, with whom I drove, asked me how long I expected to speak. I answered: "About two hours and a half." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Governor. "No New York audience will stand a speech as long as that!" He seemed to be seriously alarmed. I explained to him that the speech I was prepared to make was a connected argument which I had to present to the public in its entirety or not at all, and that, therefore, if I could not be permitted to deliver the whole of it, some excuse must be found for my not speaking at all that evening. The Governor seemed much distressed. At last he submitted, but with the air of one who was resolved to meet an inevitable disaster with fortitude.

The great hall of the Cooper Institute was crowded to suffocation, the atmosphere of the assemblage proved thoroughly sympathetic, and I not only held my audience but achieved that night, as a "stump-speaker," the greatest success of my career. The bursts of applause and laughter were such that, now and then, I had to stop for minutes at a time. The face of Governor Morgan, who sat near me, lost its anxious gloom and grew brighter and brighter as I went on to my second and even to my third hour. On one of the seats of the front row I noticed an old gentleman with flowing white hair and large spectacles, who held an umbrella in his hand. At first he looked rather drowsy, but gradually he seemed to wake up and his face beamed with pleasure. He joined in the general applause by pounding with his umbrella on the floor, at first gently, and then with constantly increasing violence. I was not half through with my speech when the ferrule of the old gentleman's umbrella broke. But that did not disturb him in the least. In his enthusiasm he continued to pound the floor with all his strength. At last the stick of the umbrella went to pieces,

so that he no longer could make any noise with it. But then, when I brought out a point which particularly stirred him, or a cheer went up whose contagion he could not resist, the old gentleman would fling up the wrecked umbrella and wave it over his head like a victorious banner, much to the amusement of the multitude. Owing to the many interruptions my speech occupied more than three hours, but Governor Morgan no longer found fault with its length. An immense number of pamphlet copies of this speech were circulated, and I was told that it cost Mr. Douglas many votes. I have to confess that of my printed speeches this has remained one of my favorites, that in later years I have now and then taken up the volume containing it to re-read certain of its liveliest passages and then to call up once more the youthful days when my combative temperament enjoyed to the full the "gaudium certaminis"; when the poetic imagination ran riot, and when the music of language seemed to tinkle all around in the air.

The campaign-committees kept me very hard at work in several States until the day of the election. I was too tired to take any part in the Republican jubilations after Abraham Lincoln's victory. But rest at my quiet Wisconsin home was soon cut short by my necessities. I found myself compelled, a week or two after the election, to set out on lecturing tours for the purpose of replenishing somewhat my drained exchequer. On my journeys East and West I met with strange experiences. The news of the success of the Republican party had hardly gone through the land when political demonstrations took place in some of the Southern States which made it appear that the threats of secession, to which of late years we had become accustomed, were, after all, something more than mere bluster and gasconade. The danger of a disunion movement, with consequences difficult to foresee, loomed up in portentous

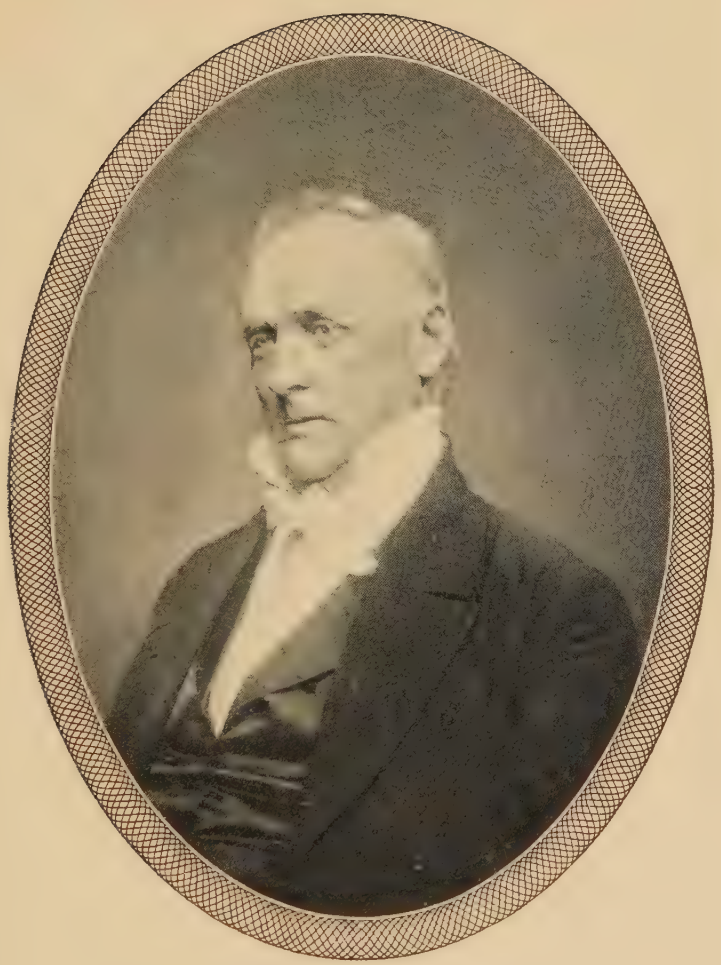
reality. A chill swept over the North. The anti-slavery enthusiasm of the campaign was suddenly hushed. The question which but yesterday had agitated men's minds and fired men's hearts, whether it was not right and just and good policy to exclude slavery from the Territories and to put that remnant of barbarism upon the course of ultimate extinction, was suddenly crowded into the background by the apparently much more pressing question: what might be done to avert the awful calamity of a great civil conflict that seemed to hang over the country like a gloomy storm-cloud. People wore very sober faces, and inquired each other's opinions with a tremor of anxiety in their voices.

The defeated Democrats, who all the while had predicted dire mischief in case of a Republican victory, were, of course, not slow to take advantage of the disturbed state of the popular mind. Some of them openly justified the secession movement under existing circumstances; others loudly demanded that the victorious party should abandon the anti-slavery principles and policy it had been contending for, and thus induce the Southern leaders to let their States stay in the Union. The supporters of Bell and Everett in the late campaign, the "Constitutional Union party," which had not carried a single State in the presidential election, but enjoyed in the country that consideration to which the high individual respectability of its leaders and many of its members entitled it, were no less zealous in the advocacy of some compromise by which the South might be "pacified." So-called "Union-meetings" were held all over the North to urge such a policy, and clamorous appeals were made to the lovers of peace as well as to those whose motives were more selfish. Southern trade came to a complete standstill, and Northern merchants and manufacturers stood terrified at the prospect of their Southern customers refusing to

pay their debts. Securities went topsy-turvy at the stock-exchange; the banks, feeling the ground shake under their feet, drew in their loans, and money became excessively stringent. General bankruptcy and ruin seemed to be impending. The nervousness of the commercial spirit lashed itself into frenzy. The agitation in favor of "concessions to the South" assumed a violent form. In the very city of Boston, a meeting of anti-slavery men was broken up by a furious crowd, among whom, as the paper reported, several of the "respectable conservative citizens" were conspicuous. Sumner was told by a Boston newspaper that it was time for him to hold his tongue, and his name was hissed at a meeting of workingmen in Boston. In Philadelphia, George William Curtis was refused a hall for a lyceum lecture because he was known as an anti-slavery man. In various other Northern cities, grave disturbances of a similar nature occurred. A cry went forth that no public expression of opinion should be permitted that might "irritate the South."

But the very violence of those demonstrations served to bring on a reaction. People began to ask whether this did not sound too much like the crack of the slave-driver's whip. Moreover, news came from the South that the instigators and leaders of the secession movement did not wish any compromise, and that to them the election of the Republican president was really not the cause, but merely a *welcome opportunity* for their separation from the Union and for the realization of their long-cherished ideal of an independent confederacy of Slave States. The only question still undecided was whether those leaders could carry the great mass of their people with them. The probability was that they would be able to do so, for in such cases the most extreme counsel is apt to appeal most powerfully to the popular ear. President Buchanan's message at the open-

ing of the session of Congress was highly characteristic. He argued in substance that while no State had a constitutional right to secede from the Union, yet, if a State did so, there was nowhere any power to keep it in the Union. President Buchanan was the very personification of the political species then known as the "Northern man with Southern principles," that is, a Northern politician always ready to do the bidding of the slave-holding interest. I had been introduced to Mr. Buchanan with a multitude of other people at a White-House reception and taken a good look at him while after the hand-shaking he conversed with some Senators. He was a portly old gentleman with a white head, always slightly inclined to one side, and a cunning twinkle in his eye which seemed to say that although he might occasionally not appear to be of your opinion, yet there was a secret understanding between him and you, and that you might trust him for it. He always wore a white neckerchief like a divine. His moral weakness was of the wise-looking kind. He could pronounce the commonplace sophistries of the pro-slavery Democracy with all the impressiveness of unctuous ponderosity. He had rendered the slave-power abject service in the Kansas affair, again and again putting forth statements of fact which he could not possibly believe to be true, and constitutional doctrines that could be supported only by the most audacious shifts of logic. He was mindful of the fact that he owed the presidency to the trust of the slave-power in his fidelity to its behests. So far he had justified that trust to the full of his ability and of his opportunities. No Southern pro-slavery fanatic could have served the slave-holding interest with more zeal and—considering his position as a Northern man—with more self-denial. By forfeiting the good opinion of his neighbors he had really made himself a martyr to the cause of slavery. But when his Southern mas-



PRESIDENT BUCHANAN

The fifteenth president of the United States From a war-time photograph

ters now went so far as to strike out for the dissolution of the Union, the destruction of the Republic itself, his situation became truly desperate. He may have prayed in his heart that now at least they might have mercy upon a poor Northern man in the presidency of the Republic. But they would use him for their purposes to the last. When he attempted to balk, his courage went only to the length of quibbling about constitutional paradoxes. Thus he satisfied neither side, but won the contempt of both. In his Cabinet he had three Secretaries—of the Treasury, of War, and of the Interior—of whom he should have known that they conspired with the secessionists. He permitted them to remain at the head of their departments until they thought they had exhausted all the resources for mischief which their official power gave them. What he really did accomplish was to encourage the promoters of the secession movement by his confession of constitutional impotency, and to give them ample time for undisturbed preparation while the National Government stood by, idle. He recoiled from active treason, but had not courage enough for active patriotism. Thus Mr. Buchanan, to whom fortune offered one of the finest chances to win a great name by simply doing his plain duty with resolution and energy, managed to make himself the most miserable presidential figure in American history.

The compromise epidemic in the country naturally infected Congress, and both Houses, at once, after the opening of the session, appointed a committee to devise some way to "conciliation and peace." While the difficulties standing in the way of an agreement upon a policy of that kind seemed well-nigh insurmountable, the agitation in favor of it had a demoralizing effect upon public sentiment in general, and upon the Republican party in particular, especially when Seward, who had been regarded as the most radical leader of that party, ap-

peared in the front rank of the compromisers. I was one of the many anti-slavery men who were greatly puzzled by Mr. Seward's mysterious attitude, and much alarmed as to what might come of it. What we feared was not merely that the principles of our anti-slavery party might be surrendered, and the fruits of our anti-slavery victory be frittered away, but that, under the influence of a momentary panic, a step might be taken that would—to use a term current at that time—"Mexicanize" our government—that is, destroy in it that element of stability which consists in the absolute assurance that when the officers of the government are legally elected, their election is unconditionally accepted and submitted to by the minority. When that rule is broken—when the possibility is admitted that, after an election, the minority may prescribe conditions upon the fulfillment of which its acceptance of the results of the election is to depend, the stability of republican government is gone. So long as such a possibility exists, the republic will be in a state of intermittent revolution. And this rule would have been broken. We would, in order to avoid by a post-election bargain one civil conflict, have opened the way forever to many other civil conflicts. We would, in one word, have destroyed the most indispensable guarantee of stability and good order in the Republic, had we after the legal election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, purchased the submission of the slave-holding States to the result of that election by any compromise whatever. It was, therefore, not merely this or that concession to the slave-holding interest that was to be opposed, but it was the compromise as such, however little it might have conceded.

The profound anxiety I felt on this subject found voice in a series of letters I wrote during that winter to my intimate friend in the House of Representatives, Mr. Potter of Wis-

consin, who was of the same mind. The same anxiety led me, during an interval of my lecturing engagements, to make a flying trip to Washington where I hoped to help my friend in "stiffening the backs" of some Republican members who had taken the compromise epidemic. But the panic had already much subsided, at least in Congress. Mr. Potter managed to smuggle me on the floor of the House of Representatives, and there I witnessed one day a singular spectacle. The Honorable Thomas Corwin, "old Tom Corwin of Ohio," as he was popularly called, rose to address the House. He was the chairman of the then famous "Committee of Thirty-three," which was charged with the task of devising a compromise measure to compose the differences between the North and the South. He had a distinguished career behind him. He had been a Whig with anti-slavery leanings, had opposed the Mexican War in a speech celebrated for its boldness; had been a leading member of the Whig party; Governor of Ohio; Senator; and Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore; and had joined the Republican party in its struggles for free Territories, and had zealously advocated the election of Mr. Lincoln. He was best known as a popular orator of great wit, genial humor, and fascinating eloquence. Interesting stories were told about him, how he could produce wonderful effects by rapid changes of his facial expression. He had been one of the great "features" of the Harrison campaign in 1840, "the log-cabin and hard-cider campaign," when people would travel far "to hear Tom Corwin." Now he was an old man, highly esteemed and much liked by all, and when, on the occasion mentioned, he rose in the House, members without distinction of party crowded eagerly around him, standing up in the aisles and between the seats, so as to catch every sound of his voice, which was much enfeebled by age. I managed to get upon one of the steps

leading up to the Speaker's chair and could, looking over the heads of those in front of me, see Mr. Corwin while he spoke; but from that distance, in spite of the breathless stillness reigning in the hall, I lost many of his sentences, because he spoke only in a low murmur. There he stood, not the Tom Corwin of the stump, who made his hearers roar with laughter or shout with enthusiasm, but an anxious old patriot, the faithful disciple of the old Whig school of compromisers, his swarthy face unillumined by a single spark of his accustomed humor, its expression grave and solicitous, his gushing eloquence with nervous intensity, almost with the accents of despair, imploring his hearers to accept what he thought necessary for the salvation of his country—and, around him, all listened to the old man as if spellbound, with a sort of tender veneration. Most of them had the fixed conviction in their minds that the time of compromise was over, and that all these efforts were in vain, while many of the Southerners were ready to go home and to join the insurrection, and most of the Northern Republicans were determined that the result of the election must stand as a thing finally decided, and not a thing to be bargained for. It was a memorable scene: the last pathetic gasp of the policy of compromise.

When Mr. Corwin sat down many of the members pressed around him to shake his hand after what was, probably, the last speech of his life. I too approached him and he seemed glad to see me. He kindly remembered that we had met on the platform of a mass-meeting at Alleghany City, and he expressed a wish that I would visit him at his quarters that evening, which I was happy to do. I found him alone, and we had a quiet talk. In the course of it, I frankly expressed my opinion that it would be fatal to stable and orderly government in a republic to permit the legal result of an election to become a matter of bar-

gain and compromise between the majority and the minority, and to purchase the submission to that result by the minority by concessions. "Yes, yes!" said Mr. Corwin. "I know you young men think that way; and, for aught I know, a majority of the Republicans think that way. But you must keep your Republic first. Now you will have to fight for it. But it is useless to argue further. I think myself that all the efforts for compromise will come to nothing. I have done the best I could, but on both sides they are like bull-dogs eager for the fray. We can only pray that God may protect the right."

When I rose to leave, he said: "I want to say something personal to you. At Alleghany City I heard you speak, and I noticed that you can crack a joke and make people laugh if you try. I want to say to you, young man, if you have any such faculty, don't cultivate it. I know how great the temptation is; I have yielded to it. One of the most dangerous things to a public man is to become known as a jester. People will go to hear such a man, and then they will be disappointed if he talks to them seriously. They will hardly listen to the best things he offers them. They will want to hear the buffoon, and are dissatisfied if the buffoon talks sober sense. That has been my lot—look at my career. I am an old man now. There has always been a great deal more in Tom Corwin than he got credit for! But he did not get credit because it was always expected that Tom Corwin could make people laugh. I do not know but they expected jokes from me in the House to-day. That has been my curse. I have long felt it, but then it was too late to get rid of the old reputation and to build up a new one. Take my example as a warning. Good-by, and God bless you." I was deeply touched by the words of the old statesman, and made an earnest effort to convince him that the House had listened to his speech with the intensest interest and profound

reverence, but he answered with a melancholy laugh, and again bade me to mind his advice.

The seceders spurning every compromise because they insisted upon the establishment of an independent Southern Confederacy, and the Republican majority insisting that the result of the election must be unconditionally submitted to by the minority, the bargain policy was bound to fail; and although the temporary consequences of that failure were terrible, it is well that it did fail. The acute Civil War that followed saved the American people no end of chronic civil wars which a successful questioning and a merely conditional acceptance of the legal result of a presidential election would inevitably have drawn after it. When I left Washington it seemed certain that, whatever else might happen, the fundamental principle of republican government would remain intact.

But the election of Mr. Lincoln brought me troubles of a more personal nature. My activity as a speaker and organizer in the campaign had given me a standing in the victorious party which caused me to be regarded more than ever by many Republicans as a person of influence. My Wisconsin tribulation repeated itself. I was flooded with letters requesting recommendations for appointment to office under the incoming administration. They came in a few instances from worthy and meritorious men whom I knew and whom I should have been glad to serve. But a large majority of them bore signatures entirely new to me, and I was astonished at the number of "friends" I had in the United States. In most cases that "friendship" was based upon some casual introduction at a public meeting, or the circumstance that my friend had belonged to a company of Wide-Awakes which had escorted me somewhere, or the equally important fact that he was personally acquainted with an uncle or cousin of mine. They were

all sure that the new administration owed me some big position for the services I had rendered, and that, besides, I could also do much for my friends, as the administration could not properly refuse me anything, etc., etc. I could not dispose of these requests as I had done in Wisconsin three years before. The question what I should do was now much more serious and perplexing.

My general observations had indeed convinced me of the absurdity and mischievousness of the "clean sweep" following every change of party in power. But I had not yet gained a deep enough insight into all the demoralizing influences of the "spoils system" to enable me fully to appreciate the significance of the spectacle I was then witnessing. Moreover, many of the men engaged in the anti-slavery contest, myself among the number, were so profoundly impressed with the absolute righteousness of our cause from the moral point of view, that we could hardly understand how any sensible human being could advocate the other side without being subject to some dangerous delusion, or guilty of some obliquity of moral vision that would gravely affect the fitness of a person for public trust. This was not so extravagant a notion, as it ordinarily would have been, at a time when the existence of the Republic was at stake and might depend upon the absolute fidelity of those in official position; when it was well known that all the departments of the government were stocked with "rebel sympathizers," and when some of the leading secessionists openly boasted that they were always supplied with the earliest and best inside information about what was going on in government circles. It was fair to conclude that, if ever, something like a "clean sweep" of the offices was justifiable, if not even necessary, at that particular crisis. I was, therefore, not as much shocked at the rush for patronage as I should have been

under different circumstances. But the idea that I, as an upstart "man of influence," should take an active part in the distribution of the Federal offices—even of offices of great importance—for some of the letters I had received referred to such—struck me as something grotesque. However, I concluded at last to confine myself to signing petitions or making personal recommendations of applicants whom I knew to be deserving men.

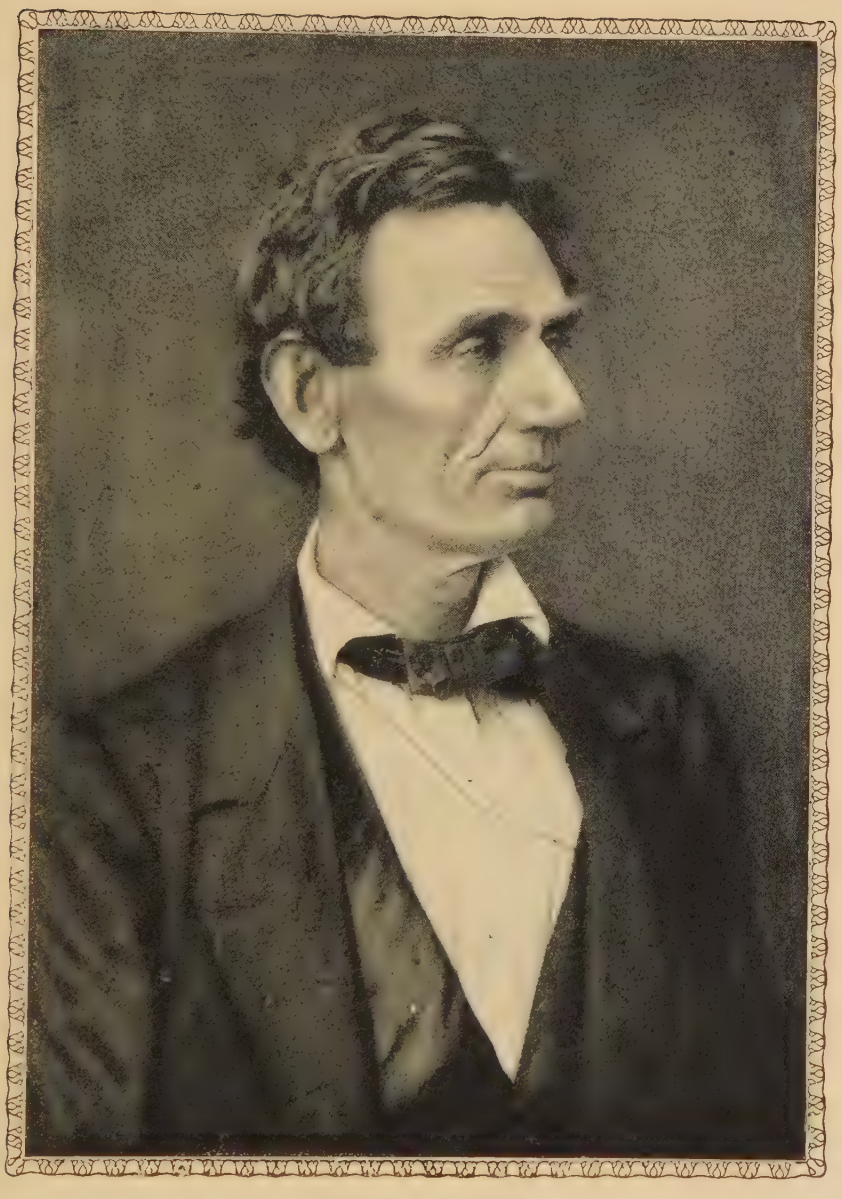
But now came my own case. During the campaign, I may candidly say, it had never occurred to me that my efforts as a public speaker should, or might, be rewarded by appointment to a Federal office. But immediately after the election, it seemed to be generally taken for granted that the new administration would, as a matter of course, give me some prominent place. I received several addresses signed by a large number of German-Americans from different parts of the country, congratulating me upon the services I had rendered, and expressing the hope that the administration would show a proper appreciation of them. Prominent Republicans of American nativity, especially members of Congress in whose districts I had spoken, wrote to me in the same sense. I have to confess that this pleased me greatly, and soon I easily permitted my friends to persuade me, or perhaps, I easily persuaded myself, that it was entirely proper for me to expect some office of importance and dignity. But when it was suggested by some members of Congress that I should frankly tell Mr. Lincoln what I might wish to have, I positively refused. As I wrote to Mr. Potter—in one of the letters whose publication surprised me forty years later—I would not ask for anything, lest I compromise my political independence, which at no price I would give up. If the President, of his own free will, offered me a position not asked for, I might take it without burdening myself with

any personal obligation. Thus I "left the matter in the hands of my friends," and these friends, especially the leading Republicans of Wisconsin, were very earnest in requesting the administration to offer me a first-class foreign mission.

It was thought important, in view of the troublous state of things, that as large as possible a number of Republicans be present in Washington at the time of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and I found a great many friends, old and new, when I arrived there on March 1st. The air was still thick with rumors of "rebel plots" to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, or to capture him and carry him off before he could take hold of the reins of government. He had stolen a march upon what conspiracy there may have been, by entering the National Capital unexpected and unobserved on the morning of February 23d, and was, no doubt, well guarded. The multitude of Republicans assembled in the city were not satisfied that the danger was over, and saw treasonable designs in every scowling face observed on the streets or in the windows—of which indeed there were a good many. But the inauguration passed off without disturbance. I was favored with a place in front of the great portico of the Capitol, from which I could distinctly see and hear every part of the official function. I saw Lincoln step forward to the desk upon which the Bible lay—his rugged face, appearing above all those surrounding him, calm and sad, but so unlike any other in that distinguished assemblage that one might well have doubted how they could work together. I saw Senator Douglas standing close by him, his defeated antagonist, the "little giant" of the past period, who, only two years before, had haughtily treated Lincoln like a tall dwarf. I witnessed the remarkable scene when Lincoln, about to deliver his inaugural address, could not at once find a convenient place for his hat, and Douglas took that hat and held it like an at-

tendant, while Lincoln was speaking. I saw the withered form of Chief Justice Taney, the author of the famous Dred Scott decision, that judicial compend of the doctrine of slavery, administer the oath of office to the first President elected on a distinct anti-slavery platform. I saw, standing by, the outgoing President, James Buchanan, with his head slightly inclined on one side, and his winking eye, and his white neck-cloth—the man who had done more than any other to degrade and demoralize the National Government and to encourage the rebellion, now to retire to an unhonored obscurity, and to the dreary task of trying to make the world believe that he was a better patriot and statesman than he appeared to be. I heard every word pronounced by Abraham Lincoln's kindly voice, of that inaugural address which was to be a message of peace and good will, but the reception of which in the South as a proclamation of war showed clearly that no offer of compromise, indeed, that nothing short of complete acceptance of their scheme of an independent slave-holding empire would have satisfied the Southern leaders. Their answer to the inaugural was increased energy in the formation of the Confederate Government, and in agitating the cause of secession in the Southern States that had not yet seceded.

While these things were going on, I saw President Lincoln repeatedly, and he always received me with great cordiality. We spoke together as freely as we had before he was President. Our conversations turned upon questions of policy and upon the qualifications and claims of applicants for office whom I had recommended. My own case was never mentioned between us until he, with evident satisfaction, announced to me that I had been nominated for the position of Minister of the United States to Spain. The Senate confirmed my nomination without unusual delay. I was curious to know whether Senator



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From the photograph made by Hessler, immediately after Lincoln's nomination

Douglas, whom I had so bitterly attacked during the campaign, had offered any objection, and I was informed that he had not. But there had been, as I learned later from Mr. Potter, some objection to my nomination on the part of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State. He argued that, as I had been engaged in revolutionary movements in Europe at a comparatively recent period, my appearance in a diplomatic capacity at a European court might not be favorably received, and that this was of importance at a critical time when we had especial reason for conciliating the good will of foreign governments. Mr. Lincoln—as my informant told me—replied that I could be trusted to conduct myself discreetly; at any rate, that he did so trust me; that it was not for the government of this Republic to discriminate against men for having made efforts in behalf of liberty elsewhere—efforts with which every good American at heart sympathized; that it might be well for European governments to realize this fact; and finally, that the political significance of my appointment would be entitled to much consideration. He was strongly supported in this view by Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General. When Mr. Lincoln took so peremptory a stand, Mr. Seward at last yielded, but not with good grace. Indeed, the matter gave him occasion for a singular display of temper. One day when Mr. Potter, accompanied by another Republican member of Congress from Wisconsin, discussed the subject with Mr. Seward in his office at the State Department, and incidentally remarked that the failure to bestow such a distinction upon me would be a severe disappointment to a good many people, Mr. Seward jumped up from his chair, paced the floor excitedly, and exclaimed:

"Disappointment! You speak to me of disappointment. To me, who was justly entitled to the Republican nomination

for the presidency, and who had to stand aside and see it given to a little Illinois lawyer! You speak to me of disappointment!"

These stories came to me after the matter had been finally settled, too late to have any effect upon my conduct. I believed then, and now believe them to be substantially true, as Mr. Potter told them to me, including that of Mr. Seward's outbreak. Mr. Seward permitted his feeling that the Republican party had grossly wronged him, to run away with his temper on various other well-authenticated occasions; and at that time he had, like many others, not yet arrived at a just appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's character and abilities, and looked down upon him as a person much below his level. But as to the reasons Mr. Seward urged against my being sent as American Minister to a European court at that time, he was clearly right. I think I should have judged as he did, had I been Secretary of State. It is true, his apprehensions were not justified by the event. Soon after the confirmation of my appointment by the Senate I received a visit from Señor Tassara, the Spanish Minister in Washington, who had been a journalist, and, I believe, at one time, somewhat of a revolutionary character himself. He gave me every reason to think that my appointment was quite acceptable to the Spanish Government. And in the course of time my personal relations with that government became in fact very agreeable. But it might have been otherwise, and Mr. Seward was perfectly correct in not wishing to take any superfluous risk in that respect. Whenever in later years I reflected upon that part of my career, I have inwardly reproached myself for not anticipating at that time Mr. Seward's view of the matter, although it was kept secret from me while the question was still pending. I certainly ought to have done so. But I have to confess that my pride—or I might perhaps more

properly call it my vanity—was immensely flattered by the thought of returning to Europe clothed in all the dignity of a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the United States only a few years after having left my native land as a political refugee. When, however, I heard of the discussions that had preceded my appointment, I did not enjoy that triumph as I had thought I should. Even while receiving public and private congratulations in unexpected abundance, I was secretly troubled by a lurking doubt as to whether the office I had obtained was really one that I should hold, and whether the fact that my friends had sought it for me with my knowledge and approval, was not really equivalent to having asked for it myself. In this state of mind I left Washington for my home in Wisconsin.

I had not been there many days when the portentous news of the rebel attack on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor startled the country. The President's proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers followed immediately, and, less than a week later, the bloody assault of a secessionist mob upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment passing through Baltimore. It is impossible to describe the electric effect these occurrences produced upon the popular mind in the Northern States. Until the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter many patriotic people still entertained a lingering hope of saving the Union without a conflict of arms. Now civil war had suddenly become a certainty. The question of what might have been utterly vanished before the question of what was to be. A mighty shout arose that the Republic must be saved at any cost. It was one of those sublime moments of patriotic exaltation when everybody seems willing to do everything and to sacrifice everything for a common cause—one of those ideal sun-bursts in the history of nations.

The newspapers reported that the City of Washington had been cut off from its railroad communications through Baltimore, and was almost entirely defenseless; that a rebel force might invade it at any moment and do no end of mischief without meeting serious opposition; that the department buildings were being barricaded and the government clerks armed with muskets; and that the government needed the help of every man who could get there. I thought it my duty to hurry to Washington at once, and offer what service I could render. I put the pistols I had carried in the Kinkel affair into my hand-bag, and started off. I shall never forget the contrast between this and the preceding journey. When only a short time before I had traveled from Washington westward, a dreadful load of gloomy expectancy seemed to oppress the whole country. Passengers in the railway cars talked together in murmurs, as if afraid of the sound of their own voices. At the railroad stations stood men with anxious faces waiting for the newspapers, which they hastily opened to read the headings, and then handed the papers to one another with sighs of disappointment. Multitudes of people seemed to be perplexed not only as to what they might expect, but also as to what they wished. And now what a change! Every railroad station filled with an excited crowd hurrahing for the Union and Lincoln. The Stars and Stripes fluttering from numberless staffs. The drum and fife resounding everywhere. The cars thronged with young men hurrying to the nearest enlistment place, and anxious only lest there be no room left for them in the regiments hastily forming, or lest the regiments so formed be too late to secure Washington from a rebel "coup-de-main." To judge from the scenes I witnessed on the railroads, old party differences were forgotten. Men who had shaken their fists against one another during the political campaign, now shook

hands in token of a common patriotism. Social distinctions, too, seemed to have vanished. The millionaires' sons rushed to the colors by the side of the laborers. The railroad journey was as through a continued series of recruiting camps full of noise and bustle, day and night.

When we arrived at Perryville on the Susquehanna, between Wilmington, Delaware, and Baltimore, Maryland, we found railroad communication on that line between Washington and the North still interrupted. The Maryland secessionists were reported to be in control of Baltimore. The railroad passengers for Washington had to board a steamboat at Perryville that would take them to Annapolis, where a small force of Federal troops was assembled under the command of Major General Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. Introducing myself to the guard as an officer of the government on his way to Washington, I was at once admitted to the presence of the General at his headquarters. I found him clothed in a gorgeous militia uniform adorned with rich gold embroidery. His rotund form, his squinting eye, and the peculiar puff of his cheeks made him look a little grotesque. Only a person much more devoid of the sense of humor than I was, would have failed to notice that General Butler thoroughly enjoyed his position of power, which, of course, was new to him, and that he keenly appreciated its theatrical possibilities. He received me with great courtesy, and assured me at once that he would see me safe through to my destination; that he was just engaged in re-opening the railroad line from Annapolis to Annapolis Junction, on the road connecting Baltimore with Washington; that the first train would be started before nightfall; that I would be welcome to travel on that train; and that, until the time of my departure, all the conveniences of his headquarters would be at my disposal. While we were conversing, officers

entered from time to time to make reports or to ask for orders. Nothing could have been more striking than the air of high authority with which the General received them, and the tone of curt peremptoriness peculiar to the military commander on the stage, with which he expressed his satisfaction or discontent, and with which he gave his instructions. And, after every such scene, he looked around with a sort of triumphant gaze, as if to assure himself that the bystanders were duly impressed. But he did expedite business, and, no doubt, he got over his theatrical fancies as the novelty of the situation wore off.

Before dark the train was ready to start. One of General Butler's staff-officers told me a little story which will bear repeating, as it illustrates the character of our volunteer regiments. When our troops took possession of Annapolis, there was but one locomotive in the railroad shop, and that locomotive had been partly taken to pieces by the "rebel sympathizers" of the place, in order to make it unfit for use. A volunteer regiment was drawn up in line, and men were called for who thought themselves able to repair a locomotive. A dozen or more privates stepped forward, and one of them exclaimed: "Why, that locomotive was built in my shop!" In a short time the locomotive was again in working order.

The General had sent a detachment of infantry ahead of the train to guard the track and to scour the woods between Annapolis and Annapolis Junction, so that we proceeded only at a snail's pace. It was past midnight when we reached the Junction. There we found Colonel Ambrose Burnside with his Rhode Island Regiment encamped in a grove of tall trees. The camp-fires were still burning brightly, the soldiers, wrapped in red blankets, lying around them in picturesque groups. Colonel Burnside, the very image of soldiery beauty, was still up and doing, and received us with his peculiar heartiness.

Young Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, in military attire, with a waving yellow plume on his black felt hat, was also on the ground. He would not remain behind when his people went to the front. This Rhode Island Regiment was noted as one that had a remarkable number of millionaires in its ranks.

Soon after sunrise we had a train for Washington under way, filled with soldiers and a few civilian passengers. I walked into the city while the soldiers were getting into line at the station. The streets, which a few weeks ago I had seen filled with a lively multitude, now looked deserted and gloomy. Of the few persons I met on the sidewalk, some stared at me with a scowl on their brows, as if asking me: "What do you want here?" I was afterwards told that when the first troops, that had meanwhile arrived, marched into town they were received from doors and windows by the inhabitants with jeers and curses and insulting epithets, the resident population of Washington largely sympathizing with the secessionists. As soon as possible I reported myself to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He seemed surprised, but glad to see me. I told him why I had come, and he approved. In his quaint way he described to me the anxieties he had passed through since the rebel attack on Fort Sumter and before the first Northern troops reached Washington. He told me of an incident characteristic of the situation which I wish I could repeat in his own language. I can give only the substance. One afternoon after he had issued his call for troops, he sat alone in this room, and a feeling came over him as if he were utterly deserted and helpless. He thought any moderately strong body of secessionist troops, if there were any in the neighborhood, might come over the "long bridge" across the Potomac, and just take him and the members of the Cabinet—the whole lot of them. Then he suddenly heard a sound like the boom of a cannon. "There they are!"

he said to himself. He expected every moment somebody would rush in with the report of an attack. The White House attendants, whom he interrogated, had heard nothing. But nobody came, and all remained still. Then he thought he would look after the thing himself. So he walked out, and walked, and walked, until he got to the Arsenal. There he found the doors all open and not a soul to guard them. Anybody might have gone in and helped himself to the arms. There was perfect solitude and stillness all around. Then he walked back to the White House without noticing the slightest sign of disturbance. He met a few persons on the way, some of whom he asked whether they had not heard something like the boom of a cannon. Nobody had heard anything, and so he supposed it must have been a freak of his imagination. It is probable that at least a guard was sent to the Arsenal that evening. The confusion of those days must have been somewhat like that prevailing at the time of the capture of Washington in the War of 1812.

In the course of our conversation I opened my heart to Mr. Lincoln about my troubles of conscience. I told him that since recent events had made a warlike conflict with the seceding States certain, it was much against my feelings to go to Spain as Minister and to spend my days in the ease and luxury of a diplomatic position, while the young men of the North were exposing their lives in the field, in defense of the life of the Republic; that, having helped, as a public speaker, to bring about the present condition of things, I thought I would rather bear my share of the consequences; that I had seen some little field service in the revolutionary conflicts of my native country, and had ever since made military matters a favorite subject of study, and that I should be glad to resign my mission to Spain and at once join the volunteer army.

Mr. Lincoln listened to me with attention and evident sympathy. Then, after a moment of silence, he said that he fully understood and appreciated my feelings, but that he would not advise me to give up the Spanish mission. He thought that this diplomatic position might eventually offer me a greater field of usefulness. The war might be over very soon. Many people, whose opinions were entitled to respect, thought so. Mr. Seward was speaking of sixty or ninety days. He himself was not at all as sanguine as that, but he might be wrong. However, in a few weeks we would, as to that point, see more clearly. He did not know whether it were necessary that I should start for Spain immediately. I might see Seward about that. He could probably arrange everything so as to enable me to delay my departure at least for a month or two. Accordingly I called upon Mr. Seward and told him of my conversation with the President. Mr. Seward was very complaisant. He thought that Mr. Horatio Perry, a very able and patriotic gentleman who had formerly been connected with our mission to Spain, and who, with my hearty concurrence, had recently been appointed Secretary of Legation, and was already on the ground, might temporarily act as chargé d'affaires until my arrival at Madrid, and that, therefore, I need not hurry.

I then laid before Mr. Lincoln a plan I had formed, as follows: in the impending war an efficient cavalry force would undoubtedly be needed. The formation and drilling of cavalry troops composed of raw material would require much time. But I was confident that there were in the City of New York and vicinity many hundreds of able-bodied immigrants from Germany who had served in German cavalry regiments, and who had only to be armed and put upon horses to make cavalrymen immediately fit for active service. There were also, to

command them, a sufficient number of experienced cavalry officers trained in the Prussian or some other German army. I thought that I, being somewhat known among the German-born citizens of the country, was a suitable person to organize such a regiment if the government gave me proper authority. Mr. Lincoln was very much pleased with my project, and sent me at once to Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, to discuss with him the necessary arrangements. Mr. Cameron was also very much pleased, but thought it necessary that I should submit the matter to General Scott, the commanding general of the army, before final action were taken.

I had never seen General Scott, but had heard him described as a somewhat pompous old gentleman, not inclined to tolerate opinions on military matters in any way differing from his own. Looking forward to an interview with him on such subjects with some misgiving, I asked Mr. Cameron for a letter of introduction, setting forth as strongly as possible my claim to kind attention, so that the General might not at once put me down as a mere intruder seeking a favor for himself. Thus armed, I approached the General, who, after having read my letter, invited me to take a chair. But when I explained my scheme to him, his face assumed a look of stern and somewhat impatient authority. His question whether I had any practical experience in the organizing and drilling of mounted troops was of ill omen. When I had confessed that I had no such experience, he replied that he had concluded so from my proposition. If we were to have any war at all, he added, it would be a short one. It would be over long before any volunteer cavalry troops could be made fit for active service in the field. Moreover, the theater of that war would be Virginia, and the surface of Virginia was so cut up with fences and other obstructions as to make operations with large bodies of cavalry

impracticable. The regular dragoons he had were quite sufficient for all needs.

I saw, of course, the utter uselessness of any attempt I might make further to argue the matter with such an authority. When I reported my conversation with General Scott to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Cameron, they both agreed that the old gentleman was taking too narrow a view of present exigencies. I promptly received the desired authority for raising the regiment, and departed for the City of New York. I found the people of New York in the full blaze of the patriotic emotions excited by the firing upon Fort Sumter and the President's call for volunteers. There were recruiting stations in all parts of the town. The formation of regiments proceeded rapidly. Wealthy merchants were vying with each other in lavish contributions of money for the fitting out of troops, and numberless women of all classes of society were busy stitching garments or bandages for the soldiers, or embroidering standards. There was hardly anything else talked about in public places, in the clubs, and in family circles. The whole town constantly resounded with patriotic speeches and martial music. Party spirit seemed to be fairly lifted off its feet by the national enthusiasm. Men who but yesterday had cursed every Republican as a "rank abolitionist" and every abolitionist as an enemy of the country, and who had vociferously vowed that no armed body of men should be permitted to pass through the City of New York for the purpose of "making war upon a sovereign State," now, like Daniel E. Sickles in the East, and John A. Logan in the West, rushed to arms themselves. There were, doubtless, not a few persons in the Northern States who harbored sentiments of bitter hostility to the new administration and to the cause it represented; but that hostility, which at a later period found vent in the so-called "Copperhead"

movement, was, in the spring and early summer of 1861, either awed into silence, or its utterances were at least so feeble as to be hardly audible in the roar of the patriotic storm. It was a genuine uprising of a people with all its noble inspirations. For once there was a true spirit of equality and fraternity in this great popular impulse to rescue the Republic. Social distinctions were forgotten. The rich merchant's son found it quite natural to shoulder his musket by the side of his porter, or to be drilled by his clerk who happened to have learned the manual of arms as a member of a militia company. Nor was the foreign-born citizen less zealous than the native. The Irish, although they had almost all been Democrats, were conspicuous in their warlike spirit, and it has been calculated that the Germans furnished, from first to last, a larger contingent of men in proportion to their numbers, than any other nationality.

There are interesting stories told of the tricks resorted to by some patriotic youths to smuggle themselves into the ranks as private soldiers under the first limited calls for troops. Then very many well-known instances in which the privilege of being accepted as a private soldier was not only sought with irrepressible zeal, as if it had been a most valuable office, but in which it was obtained by very questionable means, such as buying off with heavy bribes and then fraudulently personating more fortunate applicants who had actually been enrolled. Such cases came to my personal knowledge—among others, that of a well-educated youth who was rejected by the enlisting officers because he labored under some serious physical disability. He thereupon effected his enrollment by something very much like bribery and false swearing; then by acts of extraordinary bravery he won promotion to the rank of captain; although lame on one side, he was one of the most efficient

and daring officers I have ever known—I speak from knowledge, as he served for a time on my staff—and he finally died a genuine hero's death while riding close into the enemy's lines for the purpose of securing to his commander some important information. He hailed from Ohio, and his name was Newcome.

When I arrived in New York on my recruiting mission, several German infantry regiments were almost completed—mainly under the leadership of Colonel Max Weber, who had been an officer in the army of the Grand Duchy of Baden, which, in 1840, went over to the revolutionists of that period; of Colonel Blenker, who had commanded part of the revolutionary forces of the Palatinate, and of Colonel von Gilsa, who had been an officer in the Prussian army. At the same time two other German revolutionary officers, Colonel von Schimmelfennig and Colonel Mahler, who in 1847 had served in the Palatinate and in Baden, were organizing German volunteer regiments in Pittsburg and in Philadelphia, while Franz Sigel and other German revolutionists were, in the same manner, active in the West. In New York Colonel Blenker attracted the most attention. He was indeed a personality of extraordinary picturesqueness. In my reminiscences of the insurrection of 1849 in the Palatinate I have described how the appearance of Colonel Blenker's martial figure on a prancing stallion at the head of some well-armed battalions revived the spirits of the retreating revolutionary forces. After the failure of the South-German insurrection, he migrated, with many thousands of companions in misfortune, to this country, and became the traveling agent of a then very popular and prosperous German weekly, the *Criminalzeitung,* edited by Mr. Rudolph Lexow. Whenever Blenker appeared in a town he soon had a large audience around him, attracted by his grand

manner and the high-flown eloquence of his conversation. This eloquence he exerted without stint, to the amusement of many, while his honorable character was generally respected. At the outbreak of the Civil War he promptly offered his services to the government, and was eminently successful as the organizer of a volunteer regiment, the Eighth New York. Immediately upon my arrival in New York I called upon him at his hotel, the Prescott House, and was received with magnificent cordiality. When I had accepted his invitation to drink a glass of wine and to smoke a cigar with him, he rang the bell and said to the astonished waiter: "Bring me a case of Burgundy and a box of your best Havanas!" A few days later he invited my wife, who meanwhile had joined me, and myself, to inspect his regiment, which, if I remember rightly, was camped in Terrace Garden, East 58th Street. The fine regimental band struck up as we were conducted by Colonel Blenker, in full uniform, to a little platform erected for the purpose, and the regiment passed before us in parade, whereupon the officers were assembled to be introduced to "Lady Schurz," as Colonel Blenker insisted upon calling my wife. This done, the officers were dismissed by Colonel Blenker with a wave of the hand that could not have been more imperial if Louis XIV. himself had performed it. Of all the official functions that it has been my fortune to witness, none was more solemnly ceremonious than this.

In those days the marching of a newly-formed volunteer regiment down Broadway to the Battery, where it embarked for Washington, was every time an occasion for outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm on the part of the multitudes crowding the sidewalks and the doors and windows. The people seemed never to have enough of such spectacles. But when Blenker's regiment marched out, the popular demonstration passed all

bounds. Not only "all Germany" of New York was on the street, but also many thousands of men and women of other nationalities, who had heard of the superb Colonel and his men. And their expectations were not disappointed. The regiment, clothed in light gray uniforms—at that period the volunteer organizations were still permitted to follow their fancy in the matter of dress—presented the finest possible appearance in point of equipment as well as of soldierly bearing. The regiment band was excellent. And at the head of the regiment marched, on foot, Colonel Blenker, with a swinging stride that astonished the natives. Nothing could have surpassed the lofty grace with which he acknowledged the boisterous acclamations of the admiring throng on the sidewalks and the waving of handkerchiefs that greeted him from the windows.

When in the course of events he had been, deservedly, promoted to a brigadier-generalship, his headquarters in the field were the wonder and envy of the whole army of the Potomac. His tent was unique in the elaborateness and taste of its appointments. Not only officers of the army but civilians from afar came to see it, and he was lavish in his hospitality. Great things were told of the reception he gave to General McClellan when that commander visited him. Our war had attracted many German officers who sought service in our army, among them noblemen of high rank. Some of these were attached to General Blenker's staff as "additional aides-de-camp." He was thus enabled to form a sort of court around him which abounded in high titles. A story was passing from mouth to mouth that General Blenker was often heard to give orders in this wise: "Prince A., you will instruct Count B. to inspect the pickets to-night, and to take Baron S. with him."

But Blenker proved that a man can be a perfect stage-general and at the same time a very efficient soldier. He was a

thoroughly brave man, an excellent organizer, and an efficient commander. The regiment he had formed was a model regiment, and the brigade commanded by him on the ill-fated day of the first battle of Bull Run stood firm as a rock, in perfect order, when the rout of our panic-stricken army seemed to sweep everything else with it. While he amused his friends by his theatrical oddities as a type, he still enjoyed their sincere respect.

In New York, I found that many of the German cavalrymen I had counted upon had already enlisted in the infantry regiments then forming. But there were enough of them left to enable me to organize several companies in a very short time, and I should certainly have completed my regiment in season for the summer campaign, had I not been cut short in my work by another call from the government. I received a letter from the Secretary of State informing me that circumstances had rendered my departure for my place at Madrid eminently desirable, and that he wished me to report myself to him at Washington as soon as possible. This was a hard blow. So I had to leave the country at that critical period and to go on my diplomatic errand after all. But hard as it was, I had to obey. I took it as a just punishment for ever having yielded to the vain thought of appearing in Europe as an American Minister Plenipotentiary. I promptly secured the transfer of my recruiting authority to Colonel McReynolds of Michigan, and left New York for Washington. My regiment was fully organized by my successor before the lapse of many weeks, and won an excellent reputation in the field as the First New York Volunteer Cavalry Regiment, commonly called the "Lincoln Cavalry." Thus it turned out that for once General Scott's military judgment was at fault. The war was not over before the volunteer cavalry could take

the field, and the fences and other obstructions on the surface of Virginia did not prevent it from rendering good service.

Having reported myself to Mr. Seward, I was informed by him that, while Mr. Perry, the Secretary of Legation at Madrid, had, as chargé d'affaires, done the business of the office quite satisfactorily, and he could not too strongly recommend him to my confidence, the presence of a minister of full rank was now needed near the Spanish Court.

I hoped he would explain to me the urgencies of the situation in detail, but he simply referred me to my written instructions, which I found to be couched in rather general terms and somewhat oratorical language. In his conversations with me Mr. Seward was exceedingly amiable, but I thought I detected something like restraint in his utterances, and he alluded repeatedly to my relations with Mr. Lincoln, which, he said, seemed to be quite confidential. I did not, at that time, know anything about the divergencies of opinion existing in the Cabinet as to the policy to be followed by the government, and of the clash that had taken place between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, and which probably had greatly shaken Mr. Seward's assurance of mastery in the administration. Indeed, nobody could at that time have imagined the possibility of what had actually happened. As was revealed to the public only twenty-five years later by Hay and Nicolay in their life of Lincoln, Seward had, on the 1st of April, 1861, presented a memorandum to Mr. Lincoln, in which he virtually summoned the President to surrender the whole conduct of the policy of the government to him, the Secretary of State, and in which he sketched a program according to which the slavery question should be dropped out of sight and certain diplomatic demands be made upon Spain, France, and Russia, which are usually followed by war. And Mr. Lincoln had, in his gentle

way, in his answer reminded Mr. Seward that it was the President's business and responsibility to determine the policy of the administration; and he had further intimated his disapproval of Mr. Seward's fantastic suggestions of foreign embroilment by not mentioning them at all. Thus this attempt at a sort of palace revolution had passed behind the scenes unknown to anybody except the actors in it, Mr. Lincoln keeping the secret from motives of generosity and patriotic considerations, and Mr. Seward naturally concealing a defeat which would have become fatal to his standing and his ambitions had it become public.

Thus it was left to posterity to wonder at the strange confusion of so able a mind as Seward's, which not only glaringly misjudged the mental and moral caliber of such a man as Lincoln, but conceived a scheme of policy which, if adopted, would inevitably have resulted in the ruin of the Republic. Seward's conduct on this occasion is, indeed, one of the psychological puzzles of history. On the other hand, the late revelation of this amazing incident has served only to heighten the admiration in which posterity holds the President who, in the face of so galling a provocation, was great enough to forgive the insult as a temporary aberration of the offender, and to consider only what mischief a Cabinet-crisis for such reasons might have wrought at the time, and what service such a man as Seward might still render to the Republic if wisely controlled. And thus the secret was religiously kept until the historian disclosed it.

But there was many an uneasy feeling floating about in the atmosphere of Washington in those days. According to the reports coming from the Southern States, the rebellion was rapidly organizing and strengthening itself, State after State joining the Confederacy, and the Southern people rush-

ing to arms with an enthusiasm very much like that which fired the hearts of the people of the North—a startling spectacle: two peoples taking up arms against each other—one to maintain the integrity and lift up the character of the great Republic; the other to destroy that Republic for the purpose of preserving their home institution of slavery in an independent empire, both animated with the same consciousness of right, each inspired by the same devotion to what each considered its holy cause, and willing to fight and suffer and die for that cause, each convinced that the cause of the other was the acme of human wickedness and praying to the same God for his aid against its enemy!

As the South gathered strength, the North became impatient for action, and the administration was blamed for its slowness in getting ready for the decisive blow. Washington fairly buzzed with criticism, for the most part unjust because it did not take into account that the government did not find ready to its hand, but had to create, the means by which "action" could have been made effective. But the question was frequently asked in that atmosphere of discontentment, whether Abraham Lincoln was really the man to cope with a situation bristling with problems so perplexing. This question nobody seemed at that time ready to answer. Those who visited the White House—and the White House appeared to be open to whosoever wished to enter—saw there a man of unconventional manners, who, without the slightest effort to put on dignity, treated all men alike, much like old neighbors; whose speech had not seldom a rustic flavor about it; who always seemed to have time for a homely talk and never to be in a hurry to press business, and who occasionally spoke about important affairs of State with the same nonchalance—I might almost say, irreverence—with which he might have discussed

an every-day law case in his office at Springfield, Illinois. People were puzzled. Some interesting stories circulated about Lincoln's wit, his quaint sayings, and also about his kindness of heart and the sympathetic loveliness of his character; but, as to his qualities as a statesman, serious people who did not intimately know him were inclined to reserve their judgment.

I had the good fortune of coming nearer to Charles Sumner in these days. Since the members from the seceding States had left the United States Senate, the Republicans commanded a majority in that body, and Sumner was by common consent made chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a position for which he was unquestionably by far the fittest man among his colleagues. He knew Europe, and followed with intelligent understanding the political developments of the Old World. He showed a kind interest in my own experiences and observations and we had frequent conversations about kindred subjects. He found that he could speak to me on such things with a feeling that, having had some European experience myself, I would more easily understand him than most of those with whom he had intercourse; and thus a certain confidentiality grew up between us, which, in the course of time, was to ripen into genuine friendship.

Sumner had never seen Lincoln before he arrived in Washington. The conditions under which Lincoln had risen into prominence in the West were foreign to Sumner's acquaintance—perhaps even to his imagination. When he met Lincoln for the first time he was greatly amazed and puzzled by what he saw and heard. He confessed as much as this to me. Lincoln was utterly unlike to Sumner's ideal of a statesman. The refined New Englander, who, after having enjoyed a thorough classical education, had seen much of the great world at home and abroad, and conceived an exalted idea of the dig-

nity of an American Senator and of a President of the great American Republic, could hardly understand this Western product of American democracy in the original shape. In the conversations he had with the President he, indeed, noticed, now and then, flashes of thought and bursts of illuminating expression which struck him as extraordinary, although, being absolutely without any sense of humor, he often lost Lincoln's keenest points. But on the whole he could not get rid of his misgivings as to how this seemingly untutored child of nature would master the tremendous task before him. He had, indeed, by Mr. Lincoln's occasional utterances, been confirmed in his belief that the President was a deeply convinced and faithful anti-slavery man; and since the destruction of slavery was uppermost in Sumner's mind as the greatest object to be accomplished, he found comfort in that assurance.

But he was much troubled by what he called the slow working of Mr. Lincoln's mind and his deplorable hesitancy in attacking the vital question. He profoundly distrusted Seward on account of his compromising attitude at the critical period between the election and Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and also on account of the mysterious, delphic utterances Mr. Seward now occasionally gave forth. But he had great faith in Chase, whose anti-slavery principles he regarded as above all temptation, and whose influence with the President, he hoped, would neutralize Seward's.

But Chase, as I concluded from conversations I had with him, was not in a state of mind that would make the establishment of confidential relations between him and Lincoln easy. He did not give his disappointment as a defeated aspirant to the presidency so vehement an expression as Seward did, but he felt it no less keenly. Neither did he venture upon so drastic a demonstration of his underestimate of Lincoln's character

and ability as Seward had done by his memorandum of April 1st; but I doubt whether his opinion of the President was much higher than Seward's had been before Lincoln's gentle but decisive victory over him. I concluded this, not from what Chase said, but rather from what he did not say when the conversation turned upon the President. This feeling only intensified Chase's natural reserve of manner, and, as became evident in the course of time, the relations between Chase and Lincoln always remained such as will exist between two men who, in their official intercourse, do not personally come near to each other and are not warmed into confidential heartiness.

When I called upon Mr. Lincoln to take leave, he received me with the old cordiality and expressed his sincere regret that, after all, I had to go away before this cruel war was over; but as Seward wanted it, I must go, of course, and he hoped it would all be for the best. We had some conversation about the state of affairs as it had developed itself since I had seen him last. He expressed the intensest gratification at the enthusiastic popular response to his call for volunteers, and at the patriotic attitude taken by so many leading Democrats. He warmly praised the patriotic action of the Germans of St. Louis in the taking of Camp Jackson. The criticism to which the administration was being subjected affected him keenly, but did not irritate him against those who exercised it. He always allowed that those who differed from us might be as honest as we were. He thought if the administration had so far "stumbled along," as was said, it had, on the whole, "stumbled along in the right direction." But he expressed great anxiety as to the attitude of foreign countries, especially England and France, with regard to our troubles, and this anxiety was much increased by the British Queen's proclamation of neutrality, the news of which had recently arrived. He gave me to understand that he de-

plored having given so little attention to foreign affairs and being so dependent upon other people's judgment, and that he felt the necessity of "studying up" on the subject as much his opportunities permitted him. I did not know then that only a short time before he had found himself obliged very seriously to modify one of Mr. Seward's despatches to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our Minister in England, in order to avoid complications that might have become very grave. Neither did Mr. Lincoln drop any hint of this to me, but he said that he wanted me, when in Europe, to watch public sentiment there as closely as possible, and he added: "Remember now when you are abroad, that, whenever anything occurs to you that you want to tell me personally, or that you think I ought to know, you shall write me directly." I did not anticipate then how soon I would have to do this.

Before parting I told Mr. Lincoln that I had a German brother-in-law with me in Washington, Mr. Henry Meyer, a young merchant from Hamburg, and an ardent friend of this country, who would be proud to pay his respects to the President. Could I bring him for a moment? "Certainly," said Mr. Lincoln, "bring him to-morrow about lunch time and lunch with me. I guess Mary (Mrs. Lincoln) will have something for us to eat." Accordingly the next day I brought my brother-in-law, who was greatly astonished at this unexpected invitation to lunch with the President, and much troubled about the etiquette to be observed. I found it difficult to quiet him with the assurance that in this case there was no etiquette at all. But he was still more astonished when Mr. Lincoln, instead of waiting for a ceremonious bow, shook him by the hand like an old acquaintance and said in his hearty way that he was glad to see the brother-in-law of "this young man here," and that he hoped the Americans treated him well. Mrs. Lincoln, "Mary,"

as the President again called her—was absent, being otherwise engaged, and there were no other guests. So we had Mr. Lincoln at the table all to ourselves. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, asked many questions about Hamburg, which my brother-in-law, who spoke English fluently, answered in an entertaining manner, and Mr. Lincoln found several occasions for inserting funny stories, at which not only we, but he himself, too, laughed most heartily. As we left the White House, my companion could hardly find words to express his puzzled admiration for the man who, having risen from the bottom of the social ladder to one of the most exalted stations in the world, had remained so perfectly natural and so absolutely unconscious of how he appeared to others—a man to whom it did not occur for a single moment that a person in his position might put on a certain dignity to be always maintained, and who bore himself with such genial sincerity and kindliness that the dignity was not missed, and that one would have regretted to see him different.

A few days later I was afloat on my way to Spain.

CHAPTER VI

I STOPPED in London long enough to call upon the American Minister, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, for the purpose of obtaining from him the latest information about the attitude of European powers concerning the United States. I had never seen Mr. Adams before. The appearance of the little bald-headed gentleman with the clean-cut features and blue eyes, to whom I introduced myself with some diffidence as a colleague, reminded me strongly of the portraits I had seen of President John Quincy Adams, his father. What I had read of the habitual frigidity of the demeanor of the father served me to interpret rightly the manner in which the son received me. He said that he was very glad to see me, in a tone which, no doubt, was intended for kindness. It was certainly courteous. But there was a lack of warmth and a stiffness about it, which, as I afterwards told one of Mr. Adams's sons, to his great amusement, made me feel as though the temperature of the room had dropped several degrees. Of course, Mr. Adams could have no reason for desiring to chill me, and I concluded that this prim frigidity was purely temperamental and normal. When we began to talk about public business, he did, indeed, not exactly "warm up," but he spoke to me with a communicaptiveness which touched me as confidential and therefore complimentary. He told me very minutely the story of the "precipitate" proclamation of neutrality by the British Government and of the "unofficial" reception of the "Confederate Commissioners," and described to me in a manner which betrayed grave apprehensions on his part, the unfriendly, if

not positively hostile, influences he had to contend with—influences the strength of which depended in a great measure upon the strength of the wide-spread belief that the existence of slavery was not involved in our home struggle.

I left Mr. Adams with the highest impression of his patriotism, of the clearness and exactness of his mind, of the breadth of his knowledge, and his efficiency as a diplomat, History has since pronounced its judgment on his services. He was, in the best sense of the term, a serious and sober man. Indeed, he lacked some of the social qualities which it may be desirable that a diplomat should possess. While he kept up in London an establishment fitting the dignity of his position as the representative of a great republic, and performed his social duties with punctilious care, he was not a pleasing after-dinner speaker, nor a shining figure on festive occasions. He lacked the gifts of personal magnetism or sympathetic charm that would draw men to him. Neither had he that vivacity of mind and that racy combativeness which made his father, John Quincy Adams, so formidable a fighter. But his whole mental and moral being commanded so high a respect that every word he uttered had extraordinary weight, and in his diplomatic encounters his antagonists not only feared the reach and exactness of his knowledge and the solidity of his reasoning, but they were also anxious to keep his good opinion of them. He would not trifle with anything, and nobody could trifle with him. His watchfulness was incessant and penetrating without becoming offensive through demonstrative suspiciousness, and his remonstrances commanded the most serious attention without being couched in language of boast or menace. The dignity of his country was well embodied in his own. It is doubtful whether a fitter man could have been found to represent this Republic during the great crisis in its his-

tory near a government the attitude of which was to us of such vital importance.

In Paris I saw our Minister, Mr. Dayton, whose account of the uncertainty of the French Emperor's policy with regard to the United States was decidedly disquieting. My wife wished to pay a visit to our relatives at Hamburg, and it was thought best that she should remain there with our children until the autumn, when the summer heat at Madrid would be over. I therefore set out for Spain alone. The railroad system of Spain being at that period still very incomplete, I was advised to travel by rail to Marseilles and from there by steamboat to Alicante, where I would find direct railway communication with Madrid. This I did. At Madrid I was received by Mr. Perry, the Secretary of Legation, a gentleman five years older than I, of very prepossessing appearance and pleasant address. My arrival relieved him of considerable anxiety. He informed me that Queen Isabella was on the point of leaving Madrid for Santander, a seaside place, and that if I had not arrived before her departure, my official reception would have had to be delayed for several weeks. He had conferred upon this matter with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Saturnino Calderon Collantes, and the Queen had consented to receive me at the royal palace that very evening at half-past nine o'clock. Mr. Perry impressed upon me that this arrangement was to be accepted by me as a great favor. He had secured quarters for me at the hotel " de los Embajadores." After my installment there we went together to the office of the American Legation, which was situated at some distance in the Calle de Alcalá. I sat down to compose the little speech with which I was to present my letter of credence, addressed by the President to the Queen of Spain. This done, I put some official papers which I had brought with me into the desk

assigned to me. Mr. Perry then took me to the foreign office for my first official call, and then to the hotel where I was to rest while he showed the draught of my speech to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. On the way to the hotel Mr. Perry remarked something about the official dress in which we were to appear that evening. It being at that time still the rule that the Ministers of the United States should wear a certain uniform at foreign courts—a richly embroidered dress-coat with correspondingly ornamented trousers, a cocked hat, and a court-sword—I had ordered those articles at the establishment of a tailor at Paris who seemed to have the custom of American diplomats, but they were not ready when I left Paris for Madrid. They were to be sent after me in a few days. I could, therefore, appear before the Queen only in an ordinary gentleman's evening attire.

Mr. Perry seemed to be much disturbed by this revelation. He did not know how the "Introductor de los Embajadores," a high court-official who had to supervise the ceremonial of such state functions, would take it. He feared that there would be difficulty. However, he would lay the state of things before that dignitary and do his best to arrange matters. An hour or two later Mr. Perry returned with the report that the Introductor de los Embajadores, a very solemn and punctilious grandee, had at first grown pale at the idea of a foreign minister being received by her Majesty in plain evening clothes. He doubted whether such a thing had ever happened in the history of the Spanish monarchy, and whether it was compatible with the dignity of the Spanish throne. Mr. Perry then hurried to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who succeeded in persuading the Introductor de los Embajadores that the exigencies of the situation would justify a departure from ever so solemn a rule, but as that official still insisted that he could not

permit such a departure without special permission from her Majesty, the matter was hurriedly submitted by the Minister to the Queen, who graciously consented. This crisis being happily passed, I was to rest in peace until nine in the evening, when Mr. Perry was to call for me with a carriage to take me to the palace.

At the appointed hour Mr. Perry arrived and found me in faultless evening attire, ready for action. I had only to put the "letter of credence" to be presented to the Queen, in my pocket. But—good heavens!—where was that letter of credence? Not to be found! Could it have been among the papers which I had locked up in my desk at the office of the Legation? It must have been so. But what was now to be done? To drive to the Legation and from there to the palace was impossible. We could not have arrived at the palace until half an hour after the time appointed by the Queen. That the Queen should be made to wait for a foreign gentleman in plain evening clothes could not be thought of. Only a bold stroke could save the situation; and such a stroke I resolved upon. I took a newspaper and put it carefully folded into a large envelope of the official size which I inscribed to "Doña Isabella, Queen of Spain." This envelope I would hand to her Majesty at the ceremonial, and I asked Mr. Perry to have a short aside with the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the purpose of informing him of what had happened, of excusing me as best he could, and of requesting him not to open the envelope in her Majesty's presence, after she had handed it to him. The real letter of credence would surely be presented to him the next morning. Fortunately Mr. Perry, who had a Spanish wife and spoke the language perfectly, was well acquainted with Don Saturnino, and so we hoped that this new crisis would be safely passed, too.

Thus armed and equipped we drove to the palace. At the foot of the great staircase stood two halberdiers in gorgeous mediæval costume to guard the passage to the rooms of state. When they saw me in plain evening dress, the dignity of the Spanish throne must have occurred to them, too, for they crossed their halberds and refused to let us ascend. Mr. Perry wore the uniform of a Secretary of Legation, but this did not satisfy the halberdiers, who looked at me with evident disapproval and suspicion. Mr. Perry, putting on a proud and indignant mien, and assuming a tone of command, called upon one of the flunkeys who stood on the stairs, instantly to run up and report to the Introductor de los Embajadores the outrage that had been inflicted on the Minister of the United States. The Introductor came rushing down with an expression of consternation on his face, threw apart the crossed halberds with his own hands, poured forth a torrent of Spanish words which obviously were meant for apologies, and we ascended the great staircase in triumph.

In the hall of state we found Sir John Crampton, the new British minister, with his staff, who was also to present his credentials. As he had called at the foreign office a little earlier than I, he was entitled to precedence. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was also on hand; and, as we were waiting for the Queen, Mr. Perry had time to communicate to him in a few hurried words our embarrassment concerning the letter of credence and the expedient I had resorted to. The Minister looked grave, but nodded. A door was flung open, a gorgeously attired official shouted something into the hall, and the Queen appeared, a portly dame with a fat and unhandsome but good-natured looking face. Sir John Crampton went through the ceremony, and as I looked on I could study his performance as a model for what I had to do. When my turn

came, I made as good a bow as Sir John had made, delivered my little speech in English, of which the Queen did not understand a word, and presented the envelope containing a newspaper to the Queen, who held the precious object in her hand while she delivered a little speech in Spanish to me, of which I did not understand a word, whereupon she, with a grand swing, turned the envelope unopened over to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He took it, bowing profoundly. While he did so, I caught Don Saturnino's eye and saw a knowing smile flitting across his features. Then, according to custom, the Queen spoke to me conversationally in French, expressing the hope that I was well and would be pleased with Spain, and I said something polite in response. Then another bow, and the ceremony was over.

But I was told that I was to present myself also to the King, Don Francisco de Assisi. He was, in fact, only the Prince Consort to the Queen, but had, by an arrangement of courtesy, received the title of "King" and "his Majesty" on the occasion of his marriage to the Queen. His only political function consisted in his presenting himself to the world as the official father of Isabella's children. The affair of Isabella's marriage had created great excitement in Europe, in the early forties, owing to the anxiety of some powers lest some other power gain an advantage by a family alliance with the Spanish dynasty. It was at last thought safest that Isabella marry some Spanish Bourbon, and then Don Francisco appeared to be the only available candidate, although he was a very disagreeable person to Isabella herself. Thus the ill-matched couple were united in wedlock for so-called "state reasons."

The "King" was not present in the great hall where the foreign ministers were received by the Queen, and I was con-

ducted through long corridors to his apartments. Suddenly a door was opened, and I almost stumbled over a very little man standing on the threshold of a small, dimly lighted room. I was greatly surprised to find myself the next moment presented to this little person as "his Majesty, the King." The conversation that followed, carried on in French, was simple in the extreme. The King spoke in a cracked soprano voice, somewhat like the scream of a young hen. He said that he was very glad to see me, that he hoped my long journey all the way from America to Spain had been a pleasant one, and he hoped especially that I had not been very seasick. Did I ever get very seasick? I was happy to assure his Majesty that my journey had been throughout a pleasant one, and that I had not at all been seasick, and I hoped his Majesty was in good health. His Majesty replied that he was entirely well, but he thought never to get seasick was a rare thing. It was a great gift of nature—a very valuable gift indeed. After this utterance, our theme seemed to be exhausted, and I was permitted to withdraw. When thinking over the events of the day before falling asleep, my introduction into diplomatic life in Madrid appeared to me very much like an act in an opera bouffe—a comical prelude to serious business.

The following day I delivered the genuine letter of credence to Don Saturnino Calderon Collantes, and had a long conversation with him. He was a little gentleman, with large features, somewhat stern when in repose, and looked rather like a high-grade schoolmaster than a political leader, or a Castilian Caballero. He spoke French with the accent peculiar to the Spaniards, but fluently enough to make conversation easy. Although somewhat inclined to be solemn in his attitude, he had sense of humor enough to appreciate the ludicrousness of yesterday's proceedings with the pretended letter of cre-

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

dence, and referred to it with a twinkle in his eye. It was rather an advantage to me to have that funny reminiscence in common with him, for to have been engaged together in a secret adventure of that sort is apt to put men upon a footing a little more confidential than it would have been without such an occurrence.

It was my business to place the situation of my country in the most favorable light in the eyes of the government to which I was accredited. In Spain I could not, of course, appeal to any anti-slavery feeling, because at that time slavery still existed in the Spanish colonies. But as the friendship and good will of the United States was a matter of great importance to Spain on account of the proximity to our shores of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, I sought to impress the Minister with the immense superiority of the resources of the North to those of the South, which made the eventual suppression of the rebellion inevitable, whereupon the Republic would be more powerful and its friendship more important to its neighbors than ever before. Nor did I forget to mention that the desire to annex Cuba existed hardly at all in the North, but almost exclusively in the South, and that if, by a wonder, the Southern Confederacy should succeed in establishing its independence, it would certainly strive to strengthen itself territorially, and turn its eyes toward Cuba at once. Don Saturnino recognized this as probable, although he was proudly confident that Spain would always be powerful enough to hold her own.

But as to the superiority of our North to the Southern insurgents, he had his doubts. The North being a manufacturing country and the South an agricultural country, the North thus depending upon the South for breadstuffs and other agricultural products, he could not see how the North

could carry on a war against the South for any length of time without exposing itself to great distress. Don Saturnino seemed greatly surprised when I explained to him that the North was by no means an exclusively manufacturing country; that, on the contrary, agriculture was the greatest source of Northern wealth; that, instead of the North depending upon the South for breadstuffs, the South depended in a large measure upon the North; and that, in fact, the North exported a considerable quantity of breadstuffs to European countries, and even to the Spanish colonies, that needed them. This seemed to be to Don Saturnino an entirely new view of the case, and he expressed his evident surprise by an occasional ejaculation, "Ah! ah!" Whether I convinced him or not, I did not know, but he assured me that it was the settled policy of his government to maintain the strictest neutrality between the two belligerent parties, and that this policy would be adhered to in absolute good faith. To impress me, I suppose, with the importance to the United States of such a resolution on the part of such power as Spain, Don Saturnino told me much of the successes recently achieved by Spain over the Moors in Africa, of the great victory at Tetuan, and of the old and new glories of Spanish arms; and he actually stated in the course of his remarks, as a universally known fact about which there could be no reasonable dispute, that Spain was not only the most civilized, but also the most powerful country in Europe. In saying this with a face that could not have been more serious, he was no doubt perfectly sincere.

A veritable treasure I found in my Secretary of Legation, Mr. Horatio I. Perry. He was a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of Harvard, and a remarkably handsome man. He had come to Spain in 1849 as Secretary of the American Legation, under the administration of President Taylor, and had

married a Spanish lady, Doña Carolina Coronado. After having ceased to be connected with the diplomatic service, he remained in Spain on account of his wife, who could not make up her mind to migrate to the far-away United States. I have reason for believing that, although his social position in Madrid was very agreeable, he never ceased to pine for his native land, and, when the news of the great conflict in America came, he eagerly longed for an opportunity to make himself useful in the service of his government. No fitter man could have been found for the position that was given him. He spoke and wrote Spanish as fluently and correctly as his native tongue. He had a large knowledge of Spanish ways of thinking and politics, and personal acquaintance with all the public men of importance, and was generally respected. There was nothing profusely demonstrative in the manner in which he received me, but a warmth of sincerity which I instantly felt. My first conversations with him satisfied me that I could have the fullest confidence in his ability as well as in the genuineness of his devotion, and that confidence was never betrayed in the slightest degree during the time we worked together. I say "we worked together," for our relations soon became those of co-operation and official comradeship. I have never known a more sincere and zealous patriot, a warmer and more trustworthy personal friend in the position of an official subordinate, and a more watchful and efficient servant of his government. It was sometimes pathetic to observe how the yearning created by his long involuntary separation from his country inflamed his desire to serve it in its hour of peril. After my return to America I was grieved to hear that he had some troublesome disagreements with one of my successors in office, Mr. John P. Hale, who, I apprehend, in some way greatly underrated Mr. Perry's true value. Not many years later it was Mr. Perry's sad fate

to die in Spain, without having seen his native country again—one of the truest and most enthusiastic of Americans sleeping in foreign soil.

The Perry family had rented a house and garden in the outskirts of Madrid, called "La Quinta," "*the* country house," because it was the only place of the kind in the immediate vicinity of the capital city. The quaint old house, which had belonged to the famous Queen Christina, and had been occasionally inhabited by her, was large beyond the needs of the Perrys, and pleased me so much that I took a suitable part of it, containing a spacious salon with ante-chamber, dining-room, library, and several bed-chambers, off their hands, there to establish my own quarters. The agreement was easily made and I was thus fittingly housed. "La Quinta," was so odd, so "Spanish" a place, that I cannot refrain from describing it. One entered through a wide wrought-iron gate into a large, square enclosure surrounded by a high brick wall, containing some eight or ten acres of ground, covered in large part by unhealthy-looking trees and shrubbery, a small area being cultivated as a vegetable garden. In one corner of the square there stood a little stone pavilion, dark and gloomy, like the corner turret of a fortified mediæval castle, with narrow slits of windows, little wider than embrasures for musketry would have been, permitting an outlook upon a lane outside the brick wall. Through these windows, so I was told, Queen Christina used to observe the wild bulls which were occasionally driven from their corral to the "Plaza de toros"—the amphitheater for the bull-fights. Queen Christina was said to have been a great connoisseur in fighting bulls, and a lover of the sport. In another corner of the enclosure stood the house, a long, two-story building with a projecting wing at one end. One entered the house by a large arched gateway, which would

admit a carriage. On the left there were stables for horses and cows. On the right, kitchens and store-rooms, and sleeping-rooms for the servants. Between these a winding flight of stone steps leading to the upper floor, ascending which one reached a square landing lighted by a lantern which was suspended from the ceiling. Tall, whitish plaster figures of saints standing in the corners gave this room a spectral effect. From there one entered a vestibule opening into various corridors to the right and left, and immediately in front was a reception-room called the "sala de las cabezas"—salon of the heads—so called because each of the four corners was ornamented with a huge plaster-head representing some mythological figure. There was something uncanny about these large, empty suites of rooms, in each of which it was said that a duel, or a murder, or something else terrible, had taken place. The windows were all guarded with heavy iron bars to protect the house against robbers. The gate was carefully locked and fastened with a cross-beam every night for the same purpose. When I asked whether such precautions were needed, the answer was that indeed they were; and when one warm evening I wished to take a walk on the grounds, the Perrys begged me to desist, because it would not be safe, for suspicious human shapes had been repeatedly seen stealthily moving in the shrubbery after nightfall. I obeyed, although those gruesome stories seemed to me slightly imaginative. But some time later, after I had left Spain, I learned that an attaché of the Legation, Mr. Irving van Wart, who then lived with the Perrys, was actually attacked and robbed by footpads at the entrance of the "Quinta" when he came home alone and on foot one night.

The "Quinta" was characteristic of Spain in another respect. The trees and shrubberies on the grounds could not live, nor would the kitchen garden be productive, without fre-

quent artificial irrigation. That irrigation, as well as the water supply for the house, was furnished by a well which was worked with a big scoop-wheel studded on its circumference with buckets which emptied their contents into a trough. This ancient piece of machinery was kept in motion by a mule going round and round the better part of each day. It was called the "Noria." An old gardener superintended it. His name was Don Pepe. He looked like a dull-witted rustic, and not at all like a nobleman entitled to the appellation of Don. But Doña Carolina, as Mrs. Perry was called by her friends, told me that he was one—that there were villages in Spain where every inhabitant was noble, and Don Pepe had come from such a village. But he had to work like any other poor peasant. I saw him turn the soil in the vegetable garden with a kind of plow such as might have been in use at the time of Julius Cæsar. It consisted of a wooden pole, one end of which was charred for the purpose of hardening it. About the middle of its length another pole was fastened at an acute angle so as to stick out parallel with the ground. To the outer end of this pole a mule was hitched, and with this instrument Don Pepe did his plowing. There was not an ounce of iron on the whole implement. I inquired whether it would not be more economical to provide Don Pepe with a more modern plow. But the answer was that Don Pepe understood his old ancestral plow and no other, and that it was not advisable to confuse his mind with new-fangled contrivances. I had occasion to observe, however, that Don Pepe did not stand alone in his stolid fidelity to ancient customs. From the windows of my bedroom in the "Quinta" I overlooked a wheat field belonging to a farm immediately outside of the city. When the wheat had been cut a threshing-floor was prepared in the open field by beating a little piece of ground hard. On this the wheat crop was spread

out and a number of horses were driven over it, round and round, to stamp out the grain with their hoofs. This was the threshing method of the time of Abraham, and Don Pepe would have instinctively distrusted any other.

But nobleman though he was, his title did not secure to him any privileged treatment on the part of his employers. One day, when he had done something particularly stupid, I heard Doña Carolina say to him: "Oh, Don Pepe, tu es tan bestia!" (Oh, Don Pepe, what a stupid brute you are!) She said this to him, not in an excited tone of anger, but quietly, as if to convey to him a piece of useful information, or to pass the compliments of the day. And he took it very quietly, too, as if he had been accustomed to that kind of conversation, and then went on with his work as stupidly as before. Doña Carolina shrugged her shoulders and smilingly left him.

For a little while I tried to keep house for myself in my part of the "Quinta." I had my major domo and other servants in customary style. But soon I discovered that I was being robbed most mercilessly. I had not only to pay incredible prices for everything that was bought for me, but also my small belongings, such as shirts, neckties, handkerchiefs, and similar things, disappeared with amazing rapidity. It was a great relief to me when the Perrys offered to take charge of my domestic affairs, and the arrangement worked well beyond my anticipation.

This was owing to Doña Carolina's many excellent qualities. She was the daughter of a nobleman in Estremadura, slight in stature, with somewhat masculine features, large, dark, fiery eyes, and exquisitely fine little hands and feet. Her literary talents had brought her to Madrid. She had written poems and novels which had attracted attention. On some public occasion she had, as a poetess, been crowned

with a laurel wreath, if I remember rightly, by the hands of the Queen herself, with whom she remained a great favorite. Her literary renown spread over the country, and she told me how, when she visited her native Estremadura, the peasants, having heard of her laurel crown, would gather in the village taverns in which she stopped on her journey, and insist that she should show them her "habilidades," that is, recite her poems for them or improvise new ones. Her various mental faculties were unevenly developed. She had no mathematical capacity at all, no sense of numbers. She admitted to me with a laugh that she could not count much beyond ten without getting confused. When she went out shopping, she would take a handful of beans in her pocket with her to aid her in figuring out her change. In spite of all this, she was an exact housekeeper, and always kept her accounts in perfect order. How she did it, I cannot imagine. But the household under her rule actually went like clockwork. We conversed together in French. Her French was very peculiar in its grammatical construction, but always intelligible, fluent, and not seldom elegant in expression. When she could not find the French word for what she wished to say, she promptly took the Spanish equivalent, giving it a French sound in pronunciation. This usually served her purpose, but sometimes it would produce amusing mistakes. With all this, her conversation had a singularly piquant charm. She was full of poetic fancies, which occasionally would bubble up in picturesque imagery. Of human affairs in the larger sense she knew little, and the views she expressed about them were frequently very naïve and crude. But she possessed an instinctive knowledge of men which was amazing. Now and then, when Mr. Perry and I discussed this or that person in her hearing, she would suddenly break in: "I hear you mention the name of So-and-So. Do you trust him? Do not. He is not a good

man. He does not mean what he says. He is false." "But, Carolina," Mr. Perry would say, "how can you say that? You are hardly acquainted with him." The answer was: "I have seen him. I have looked into his eyes. I have heard his voice. I have felt his atmosphere. I know him." In the same way she would sometimes express her confidence in persons whom we distrusted. I expressed to Mr. Perry my surprise at the positiveness of her utterances. He replied that he had been no less astonished when he had first heard her say such things; that her judgments had at times run directly counter to his, but that, in the end, he had always found her to be absolutely right, and that she certainly possessed a wonderful intuitive knowledge of men. My own experience, as far as it went, was the same. On two or three occasions, when she had observed some strangers who called upon me, she expressed opinions about them which at first greatly startled me, but which afterwards I found to be entirely correct.

Although she had married a Protestant, and was tolerant and liberal in her opinions and sympathies as to heretics and unbelievers, she was very devout. Whenever she met a high prelate of the church on the street, she knelt down and kissed his hand. She wore an amulet around her neck for her protection, and prayed fervently to the Holy Virgin. Although she had read much, and freely imbibed the enlightened opinions of the age, she was very superstitious. Several times she had fallen down in church in a swoon because, as she said, she had seen the ghost of her father standing at the altar. We followed the Court to one of the Queen's summer residences at San Ildefonso, in the Guadarrama Mountains, and one afternoon the Perrys and I promenaded in the palace gardens and entered a dark grotto or little cave, which was one of the ornaments of the place. Suddenly Doña Carolina uttered a scream and ran

back into the light as fast as her feet would carry her. We found her standing there, breathing hard, and in a state of bewilderment. What was the matter? Had we not seen, she asked, those two burning eyes right ahead of us in the dark of the cave, one in green, the other in red fire, eyes fierce and terrible, like those of the devil?

One night I was sitting in the dining-room of the "Quinta," reading. Mr. Perry was out. From my seat in the dining-room I looked into the "sala de las cabezas" and two further rooms behind it, which were but very dimly lighted. At the end of the suite a side door led into the apartments occupied by the Perry family. Suddenly I was startled by a piercing shriek, and saw Doña Carolina in a white night-robe, with a burning candle in her hand, her eyes wide open, her features expressing terrible fright, rushing out of that side door and running the whole length of that suite of rooms towards me. On the threshold of the dining-room, she fell headlong in a fainting fit. I rang for the servants, and we laid her upon a couch and sprinkled her face with water. When she had recovered consciousness, she looked about with a vague gaze, and then told me that, in passing from the sleeping-chamber of her children into her sitting-room, the ghost of her father had been standing in the door and held her by the sleeve of her dress. When she had become more composed she accepted my offer to conduct her back to her apartment. Leaning on my arm, she walked slowly with me through the "sala de las cabezas" and the adjoining rooms, and as we passed through her door, I saw at once what it was that "had held her sleeve." It was the large old-fashioned door-handle in which the flowing sleeve had caught as she was passing through. I gently pushed her towards it, and the sleeve caught again. She started, but as, looking up, she saw me smile, she smiled,

too, and permitted me to say, without contradiction, that there had been no ghost at all, but only a door-handle.

She greatly respected Mr. Perry's American patriotism, and like to hear and read about the United States and the American people. But Mr. Perry could never persuade her to visit his native land with him. She dreaded the long sea-voyage, and protested that she could not live in a country where it was so cold and snowed so much. It would snow in Madrid, too, sometimes, but only a little, and then the snow did not cover the ground long. When it did begin to snow, Doña Carolina would begin to weep, and she shut herself up in her room until the snow had melted away. She was a thorough Spaniard, but not blind to the faults of her people. She abhorred the bloody sport of the bull-fight as a relic of barbarism. She was eloquent in the advocacy and prediction of a higher civilization for her people. Her principles and sentiments were noble and refined, and in the light of those principles she set out to educate her two little daughters. But she was a genuine child of the South, with the fine gifts and noble inspirations, and also with many of the extravagant vivacities of temperament, the bizarre whimsicalities of mental structure, and the singular contradictions between thought and feeling which are often bred by the Southern sun.

The social intercourse which my diplomatic position opened to me was agreeable but not extraordinarily interesting. It is believed by many, and I had shared that belief, that a diplomatic corps near a government of any importance must be composed of persons of superior ability, knowledge, and culture—a high school of state-craft, in which the intimate secrets of the art might be learned. I approached the circle with a certain awe, but found myself at ease much sooner than I had anticipated. My colleagues received me very pleas-

antly, notwithstanding my revolutionary antecedents; and as I was by far the youngest member, the baby of the guild, some of the oldest veterans among them good-naturedly volunteered to take me patronizingly under their wings. The most benevolent among them was the minister of one of the smaller European States who had been in Madrid twenty-five or thirty years, and had grown gray in the service. He invited me with the warmest urgency to visit him in his bachelor quarters, where we then might have a quiet talk about things of interest to me.

I gladly responded, thinking that his long experience at the Spanish Court must have given him a deep insight into the elements at work in Spanish politics, and that I might learn from him something valuable. But after having plied him with questions to the best of my ability, I concluded that he never had bestowed any study on such things, and could not give me any information of value about them. What he did reveal to me with an air of mysterious importance was the contents of a finely-chiseled silver box, which formed the principal ornament on the table of his drawing-room. This box he unlocked carefully with a beautiful little silver key, and then took from it the decorations he had at various times received from kings and emperors. Holding them up one by one, and making them glitter in the light, he told me the story of each cross and star, how it had been bestowed upon him, and what distinction it conferred. When this subject was exhausted, he initiated me into the current gossip of the diplomatic corps, and in the "chronique scandaleuse" of the Spanish Court for thirty years back. This was my first distinctly professional lesson in practical diplomacy.

Here I struck the type of the small diplomat, whose delight is the social tittle-tattle, who, having no affairs of real

consequence to attend to, always strives to magnify his little routine business into great transactions of state, and affects mysterious wisdom by the knowing wink and the smile of the augur. Most of my colleagues were serious and well-informed men—not, indeed, statesmen of the highest order—but attentive observers and good reasoners, of whom one could learn something. The minister with whom my relations became most agreeable was Count Galen, remarkable to tell—the representative of the Prussian Government which only a few years before had prosecuted me as a revolutionary offender, a state-criminal. Count Galen, a Westphalian, was a kinsman of the Count Wolf-Metternich, whose tenant my grandfather had been, and in whose castle I was born. Count Galen had, as a young man, been a visitor in the Gracht, the "Burg" of Liblar, and he remembered my grandfather, the "Burghalfen," quite well. That I, the grandson of that "Burghalfen," should now turn up at the Spanish Court as the diplomatic colleague of Count Wolf-Metternich's kinsman, seemed to us a fantastic, but also a propitious, whim of fortune, and our common memories of the "Burg" at Liblar and its inhabitants formed the subject of many a pleasant talk. Count Galen took a lively interest in American affairs, and from his utterances I could form an intelligent conclusion as to the true nature of the attitude of the Prussian Government with regard to our internal conflict. A considerable portion of the Prussian nobility, as well as many officers of the army, hating democracy and wishing that the Republic of the United States, as the greatest and most attractive example of democracy, should fail, and also believing that our slave-holders as a class corresponded most nearly to the aristocracy in European countries, instinctively sympathized with the insurgent Southern Confederacy. But all the rest of the Prussian people, that is, an

overwhelming majority of them, comprising the most intelligent, active, and progressive elements, were decidedly and vigorously in sympathy with the North and the Union. Moreover, the traditional policy of Prussia was to cultivate the most friendly relations with the United States. The government and the people at large were thus united in this sentiment. The attitude of the Prussian Government was therefore not only one of neutrality, but one of distinctly amicable, well-wishing neutrality. And this friendly feeling Count Galen seemed heartily to share.

I had less intercourse with Spanish politicians than I desired. This was partly owing to the circumstances that only a comparatively small number of public men in Spain could converse in any but their own language, while I, of course, could not master the Spanish in the twinkling of an eye. With Calderon Collantes, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who spoke French, my relations grew more communicative and cordial the more we saw of one another. Some of the other ministers of the Crown did not leave any distinct impression upon my mind—except O'Donnell, the Prime-Minister, a military man of cold and reticent demeanor. I was visited by Rivero, a leader of the Democrats, who had, in his appearance and manners as well as in his address, much of the well-bred but easy-going man of the people. I came into contact with Olozaga, leader of the Moderate Liberals, whose thoughtful, calm, well-poised speech impressed me as that of a real statesman. I was also visited by Emilo Castelar, who, at that period, was still a modest young college professor, but had already attracted wide attention by the singular charm of his oratory. As he spoke French with difficulty, sometimes struggling with doubtful success to find proper expression for his thoughts, his conversation in that language was not fluent.

But he made me feel his poetic enthusiasm for the great American Republic, and the fervor of his wish that the champions of human liberty would triumph over the uprising of the slave-holders. There was something in his being that created a sympathetic atmosphere around him. The timbre of his voice touched the nerves with a peculiar caressing effect, and I can well imagine how the poetic flights of his eloquence, poured forth by that voice in the most gorgeously musical of all languages, could produce among his hearers a certain intoxication of feeling which, while the spell lasted, made them forget all differences of opinion. With these impressions of Castelar still vivid in my mind, I found it quite intelligible when I read, at a later period, of the commotions his eloquence achieved in the Cortes; how, after he had closed a speech, even the deputies of the opposition would jump up from their seats, rush down upon him to embrace and kiss him, and break out in thundering cheers for the "hijo de España," the son of Spain, and then, a few hours later, pronounce against him when the question was put to a vote. At the time when I knew him, a little volume of his speeches appeared in print, which he presented to me as a keepsake, with an inscription by his own hand.

According to custom, the diplomatic corps followed the Court to the Queen's summer residence, La Granja at San Idlefonso, and thence to the Escorial, where the Queen was to stop a few days for the purpose of visiting the tombs of her ancestors and doing penance. Of the "opera bouffe" part of my diplomatic life in Spain, those days formed the climax. Here was the Escorial palace, looking like a huge penitentiary in somber gray stone, surmounted by a majestic church cupola —the whole edifice breathing the atmosphere of the gloomy and terrible Philip II., the devout and bloody executioner of the Inquisition,—in it a little balcony overlooking the interior

of the church, itself like a dungeon-cell, in which Philip used to sit at mass; and deep down, surrounded by high and dark stone walls like an airshaft, a little court-yard, damp and chill, into which no sunbeam could even penetrate, but which was said to have been Philip's favorite place for taking a walk, like a bear or a tiger in a pit. And then the crypt with the tombs of Philip and the other Spanish royalties. And "doing penance" in these surroundings, there was the gay Isabella, the dissoluteness of whose life was so universally admitted that it may be said to have been accepted history. But the circumstances under which the gay Isabella was then "doing penance" were more than ordinarily peculiar. There was a story running from mouth to mouth, which nobody contradicted, and which, as far as I was aware, everybody believed. It was to the effect that, right then and there, while doing penance, Queen Isabella had experienced a change of heart—that is—not that she had turned to sackcloth and ashes in repenting of her sins, but that she had changed her heart from her old lover to a new one. Her recognized favorite for some time had been Don Juan Tenorio, her private secretary. Desiring to rid herself of Juan, Queen Isabella offered him the embassy to the Papal Court at Rome. But Don Juan, of whom it was said that he was really attached to the Queen with a sentimental affection, and that he was now consumed by jealousy, declined the offer, and simply retired to solitude in which to nurse the agonies of jilted love.

Nothing could have been more characteristic than the manner in which this story was passed on from hand to hand. The diplomats received it with that ironical smile which they always have for the weak points of the countries to which they are accredited, and regarded it as a fine bit of gossip upon which they could exercise their wit when they were among them-

selves. But the more or less loyal subjects of her most gracious majesty, so far as we could observe them, seemed to be highly amused by the humor of the situation. They discussed it in the cafés and on the promenades, with a cynical grin if not with outright laughter. Some of the generals attending the Court enjoyed it hugely. Even the cautious courtier could not altogether resist the droll effect of that singular combination of elements in the farce—the gloomy and solemn Escorial, the gay Queen doing penance at the tombs of her ancestors, and the dismissal of the sentimental favorite for a handsomer swain. By many the discarded lover, taking the matter tragically, was considered the most ludicrous figure of all. But not a word was heard of righteous wrath at the scandal which disgraced the throne of Spain, and, if unresented, also the Spanish nation. Such a feeling may have existed deep down somewhere, but, so far as could be observed, it did not rise to the surface at the time. Nor was the poor King thought of in connection with this affair, although it might be supposed that he had, in a certain sense, some interest in it.

Poor Don Francisco with the chicken voice! A little later I saw him again at the state function, the "besa manos," in the royal palace at Madrid, where the Spanish grandees kissed the unlovely hand of the Queen. She then passed along the line of the diplomats, addressing a few pleasant commonplaces to each; and then came his miserable majesty the "King," with the royal children, passing along the same line, pointing out those little "infantes" and "infantás" to the representatives of the foreign powers, as if the royal family relations had been in the best of order. And while this grotesque performance went on, the diplomats exchanged glances among themselves, which, if they had been translated into words, would have ex-

pressed a good deal of pity for the forlorn and wretched "King," not unmingled with contempt. Whether the story of the burlesque enacted at the Escorial ever got into the newspapers or otherwise became known to the great public in Spain, I cannot say. But although that Spanish public was not unaccustomed to Court scandals, Isabella managed to sink so low in the estimation of the best part of the Spanish people that when, some years later, she was swept from the throne, the absolute lack of respect for her no doubt made the work of the revolutionary movement against her very much easier than it otherwise would have been. While I am writing this, Isabella is said to enjoy in Paris the life of a Queen in exile. Poor "King" Don Francisco, who in Madrid hung about the Court somewhat like a charity boarder with a title, has recently died a quiet death without leaving a void.

It is impossible to describe the gloom cast upon our Legation by the news of the disastrous battle of Bull Run. I well remember the day when it struck us in Madrid like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. I had, indeed, not anticipated an easy and very speedy suppression of the insurrectionary movement. Although bound to present our case in the most favorable light, I had not, in my representation to the Spanish Government, indulged in any oversanguine prophesies for the near future—mindful of the rule that it is unwise to make confident predictions upon the fulfillment of which your credit depends, unless you are perfectly sure of the fulfillment. I had, therefore, confined myself to insistence upon the immense superiority of our resources, which would command ultimate success. This was tenable enough. But the disaster at Bull Run, as my despatches indicated and the newspapers elaborately described it, went far beyond what we had thought possible. It not only was a disaster, but it appeared as a disgrace. It put in doubt

the fighting capacity of the Northern soldier. Our detractors in Europe, who had always predicted that the Northerner would, after having played the braggart, turn out to be a coward in actual conflict, shouted at the top of their voices: "There, now, do you see?" And not a few of our well-wishers anxiously asked themselves: "Can it be that what has been said of the Yankees is, after all, true?" Some of the Spanish newspapers, which had so far treated us with decent respect, began to crack jokes about us. One of the quips current in the cafés was that the battle should be called the battle of "Patassas" (of the feet), instead of battle of Manassas (of the hands). The Spanish army, officers and soldiers, seemed to be especially amused by the speed of the Yankees in running. We were in evident danger of being ridiculous. I could not see a Spaniard smile without suspecting that he was laughing at our Bull Run rout. I noticed that my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, who would have talked with me more or less freely, and perhaps even sympathetically, about an ordinary national misfortune, refrained from mentioning the battle of Bull Run in my presence, as people refrain from mentioning a family disgrace in the presence of the husband or father concerned. The only one who visited me and made inquiries about the event in a tone of a frank and sympathetic friend, was the Prussian Minister, Count Galen. I could not tell him more than he already knew from the public prints, except that I was confident the American Government and people would rise with undaunted determination to the duty of the hour, and thus repair the disaster.

The distress of mind I suffered in those days I cannot describe. Not knowing at that time that, after the battle, the Southern army, too, had been in a state of confusion, rendering a vigorous pursuit impossible, I tormented myself by imag-

ining how the victors, on the heels of our routed forces, would sweep down upon Washington without finding any effective resistance. I knew that our enemies in Europe were already enjoying this spectacle in anticipation. I cursed the hour when I had accepted the honors of my diplomatic post. I envied the men at home who, although staggering under this unexpected blow, had at least an opportunity for exerting all their energies in serving the country to some purpose on the spot. Had I been there, I could have helped them to rouse up the people from their dejection, and have shared the fate of those who went forward to bear the brunt of the struggle in the field. But here I was, unable to do anything but tell the Minister of Foreign Affairs that this mishap, although temporarily awkward, would only have the effect of making the government and the loyal people of the Union put forth their whole irresistible strength—which the Minister might believe or not. I could induce some friendly journalists to address newspaper articles to the same effect to an unsympathetic public. And then, having done this, I could do nothing but pace up and down in my room like a wild animal in a cage.

One afternoon soon after the arrival of the Bull Run tidings, I took an aimless walk outside of the "Quinta" grounds, and passed by a circus tent within which a performance was going on. Suddenly I heard the band strike up the tune of "Yankee Doodle." I rushed in and saw one of the "artists" on a wildly running horse waving an American flag. I applauded with a passionate vigor that may have astonished the natives. I shouted for a "da capo," and my shout was taken up by a sufficient number to bring on a repetition of the feat. I could have embraced the "artist" and kissed his rouged cheeks. Whether the tune or the flag meant anything to the audience, I do not know. To me it was like an inspiration of

new courage and hope. I do not think I have ever greeted the Stars and Stripes with greater enthusiasm.

My longing to go back to the United States grew stronger every day. The elegant ease of my life in Spain chafed me like a reproach. It became more and more intolerable to me to think of leading a lounging existence at this post with an activity more apparent than real, while those with whom I had worked for the anti-slavery cause were painfully struggling against adverse fate, many at the hourly peril of their lives. All my time not demanded by my official duties—which left me much leisure—was devoted to the study of military works. The campaigns of Frederick the Great, of the Archduke Charles, and of Napoleon, and the works of Jomini and Clausewitz, together with minor books on tactics, I had studied before. I now took the last French campaign in Italy that ended with the battle of Solferino, and some writings of Marshal Bugeaud. I even translated a new work on tactics from French into English, with the intention of publishing it, which, however, I never did. At the same time I made every possible effort to inform myself about the effect which the Bull Run disaster might have produced on public opinion in Europe, especially in those states from which interference with our struggle in the way of a recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy might have been apprehended. The advocates of such a policy were, indeed, disappointed at the news from the United States following that of the battle of Bull Run. The victorious rebel army had not taken Washington. The government of the Union had not gone to pieces. The people of the North had not given up their cause in despair. Government and people were simply recognizing the fact that this would be a long and arduous war, and were, with dogged resolution, going to work to prepare themselves for that sort

of conflict. While these things were giving great encouragement to our friends the world over, our enemies were taking comfort in the belief that the Confederates, too, would not be remiss in calling all their resources into play, and that their superiority in generalship and fighting spirit, as demonstrated at Bull Run, would amply make up for their inferiority in men and means. The agitation for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy proceeded, therefore, rather more vigorously than before; and it was not unreasonable to predict that such a recognition would soon be followed by a concerted effort of foreign powers to break up our blockade of the Southern ports and by other acts of interference highly dangerous to the Union cause.

There was, indeed, no reason to fear that Spain would, of her own initiative, launch out in such a policy. She was restrained, not, perhaps, by any love for the United States, but by her weakness in point of military and naval resources, and by the exposed situation of her colonial possessions in the West Indies. She would, at that period, have had more to fear from the aggressiveness and land-greed of an independent slaveholding Confederacy than from a Union in which the slaveholding element was held in check by more potent influences. It was, therefore, the manifest interest of Spain to remain on good terms with the Union; and when the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs assured me of the friendly sentiments of his government, he was, no doubt, sincere. It would have required a very strong impulse from France and England to push Spain into a change of her attitude. The important question, therefore, was, what France and England would do. If France and England abstained from recognizing the Southern Confederacy and from unfriendly interference, Spain certainly would. Spain had, indeed, taken advantage of a success-

ful revolutionary movement in Santo Domingo—perhaps she had to some extent instigated, or at least fostered, that movement—to re-establish her rule over that island. But she had emphatically disclaimed any intent hostile to the United States in connection with it, and Mr. Seward, after having first indulged in some strong language concerning it, finally contented himself with a mere formal protest. This fancy—it was nothing more than that—to recover some of her ancient prestige, in fact cost Spain dearly in blood and money, and then, in a few years, resulted in utter failure. Thus Spain's ambitious dream of renewed strength ended with a painful demonstration of her real weakness.

Neither was there any intent hostile to the United States in the agreement she entered into with England and France to enforce by a naval and military demonstration, the long-deferred payment by the Republic of Mexico of certain claims. Here again the fond delusion that this enterprise might possibly lead to some restoration of Spanish prestige may have lurked in the background. But there was no scheme prejudicial to the fairness of her attitude with regard to our internal struggle. Of this matter I shall have something more to say in another part of this narrative. Here I merely wish to emphasize that the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as an independent power was to be decided in France and in England, and not in Spain.

As I could gather from the newspapers, as well as from my correspondence, there were several influences in France and England pressing for action unfavorable to our cause: the anti-democratic element, naturally sympathizing with anything that promised to demonstrate the failure of the great democratic experiment in the new world; business interests both in France and England depending upon the regular

supply of raw cotton which was interrupted by our blockade of the Southern ports; the displeasure created by our new tariff on imports—the so-called Morrill tariff—which disturbed the commerce between European countries and the United States, while the Confederate Government was profuse in its free-trade professions; and finally the widespread belief that the breaking up of the Union was an established and irreversible fact; that the task the Government of the United States had assumed, to subjugate so large an extent of country, defended by a united and warlike population, was a hopeless undertaking, involving absolutely useless shedding of blood and destruction of property; and that it would be rendering a service to humanity to stop such a war which was denounced as almost criminal because of its evident futility. Views not unlike these were entertained and expressed even by such a Liberal as Gladstone.

This formidable combination of influences found vigorous and persuasive support in the press. The *London Times,* in its magisterial, heavy-artillery style, preached the cause of the Southern Confederacy day after day, and a host of journals, both in England and France, followed suit. The current talk in clubs and cafés gradually took the same direction. The emissaries of the Southern Confederacy in London and Paris spared no effort to feed the fire. The plausibility of the argument was immensely strengthened by the demonstration of our military weakness which the Bull Run rout seemed to betray. Thus a strong appeal was made not only to political jealousy and commercial interest, but also to humanitarian feeling. It looked as if it were only a question of time when such an appeal, pressed upon the governments of France and England, might be successful. In France the decision as to the action of the government would depend, in a great

measure, on the view the Emperor Louis Napoleon took of his personal or dynastic advantage. His sympathies were instinctively with the Southern Confederacy. He harbored in his mind vague schemes of aggrandizement, the execution of which would have been much facilitated by the dismemberment of the United States. He would, therefore, have been glad to break our blockade of the Southern ports, and even to interfere directly in our struggle in favor of the Southern Confederacy, could he have done so without running counter to a strong public opinion in his own country, and also without the risk of entangling himself, single-handed, in a conflict of such magnitude that it might compromise the position of France among the powers of Europe. For this reason he was anxious to obtain the co-operation of Great Britain in the enterprise. He sought that co-operation with great solicitude. With England, therefore, the final decision rested.

In England the government depended upon public opinion to a far greater extent than in France. If public opinion in England distinctly demanded the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and active interference in its behalf, those things would certainly come. If public opinion distinctly forbade them, they would certainly not come. The question now was,—what arguments could be brought forth in our favor to overcome those that were so assiduously and so effectively marshaled against us? The answer to that question, as I conceived it, was simply that we should tell the world the plain truth about the real nature of our struggle, and, upon that statement, appeal to the moral sense and the enlightened judgment of civilized mankind.

The truth to be brought home to the European mind so that it could not be obscured or lost sight of was simply this: that the election which made Mr. Lincoln President of the

United States turned upon the question of human slavery; that the Southern States seceded from the Union, not on account of any metaphysical point of States' rights, but simply because the election had gone against the slave-holding interest, it having demonstrated that the slave-holding interest would no longer be permitted to rule the Union; that the secessionists had set up an independent confederacy, not to vindicate the constitutional liberty of the citizen and the right of man to govern himself, but to vindicate the right of one man to enslave another man, and, as they themselves boastingly confessed, to "found an empire upon the cornerstone of slavery"; and that our civil war, although conducted on our side, primarily and in conformity with our legal position, for the purpose of maintaining or restoring the Union, would, if decided in favor of the secessionists, result in the real establishment of that empire founded on the "cornerstone of slavery," while, if it were decided in favor of the Union, human slavery would inevitably perish as a result of our victory. If, therefore, this having been made clear, any European power chose to countenance the Southern Confederacy, it could do so only with the distinct understanding that it was taking sides with the cause of human slavery in its struggle for further existence and dominion. What European government depending to any extent on the approval of public opinion would—cotton or no cotton, commerce or no commerce, war, long or short, victory, certain or uncertain—range itself on the side of human slavery in the face of the moral sense of civilized mankind?

In this respect the attitude of our government appeared unhappily ambiguous. The home situation was prolific of complicated embarrassments, while every clear-minded person recognized that the war was bound to result ultimately in the total destruction of slavery, and the spirit of "abundant caution" in

the administration insisted upon keeping the anti-slavery tendency of the conflict in the background in order to spare the sensitiveness of the Union men in the border States and of the war Democrats, who would assuredly protest against the "war for the Union" being turned into "an abolition war." But whether that caution was demanded, or even justified by the home situation, certain it is that it grievously impaired the moral strength which our cause would otherwise naturally have had in the world abroad.

Hardly anything could, in this respect, have been more important than the official interpretation of the national aspirations given by our Secretary of State, who was charged with the duty of speaking for us to the outside world. In fact, the operations of Seward's mind at this period may be ranked among the most curious puzzles of history. Having been regarded as one of the most radical anti-slavery men before Lincoln's election, he became, after that event, apparently, at least, one of the most timid. As appears from his private correspondence, since published, he regarded himself as appointed by Providence as well as by the tacit consent of both political parties to "compose" the trouble created by the secession movement. He seemed to believe that this composition might be effected by mutual concessions, by compromise with regard to slavery. But when the question arose what concession he would offer, it turned out that he could offer only the advice to let the slavery question alone and to think and talk of something else. He incurred the displeasure of the anti-slavery men by assuming the attitude of a compromiser, and the displeasure of the real compromisers by having no substantial compromise to offer. What he had in his mind, as subsequently revealed by Nicolay and Hay's account of his memorandum of April 1st, was a plan of pulling the seceders

back into the Union, a plan so amazing in its fatuity that nobody would believe its conception possible, were it not on undeniable record.

I have already mentioned that paper addressed by Seward to President Lincoln in which he proposed that the slavery question be put out of sight, and that categorical inquiries be thrust at France, Great Britain, Russia, and Spain, such as ordinarily are followed by a declaration of war,—his idea being that conflicts with foreign powers would serve to excite in the seceded States an enthusiastic national outburst, an America-against-the-world-furor in the South as well as the North, sufficiently strong to make the Southern people forget their quarrel with the North and to range them and the Northern brethren side by side in a common fight against the foreigner. And this at the moment when nothing would have delighted the Southern secessionists more than to see the Union entangled in a conflict with a strong foreign power, which foreign power would then have been the natural ally of the Confederacy! How anyone could hope that, under such circumstances, an actual conflict between those powers and the United States, the very thing our secessionists ardently desired in the interest of Southern independence, would re-unite the South and the North in a common national enthusiasm, passes understanding.

When Lincoln had buried in discreet and generous silence Seward's policy of war against the world, Seward contented himself with making foreign governments understand that they could not recognize the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation without incurring the active resentment of the United States. He did this in language which was always earnest and eloquent, and sometimes even rose to oratorical fervor. This was well as far as it went, and no doubt had the

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD AND HIS DAUGHTER FANNY

From a photograph made about 1861

effect of convincing the French Emperor and the leading statesmen of Great Britain that they could not defy the United States without running the risk of complications which might become very serious to them, for the time being, however disastrous they would be, in the end, to us. He probably deterred the French Emperor from taking any offensive steps without the consent and co-operation of Great Britain. But the greatness of the risk involved to them in such complications would depend upon the ability of the United States to hold the field against European enemies and against the Southern Confederacy at the same time, and this ability would in its turn depend upon the fortunes of war in our civil conflict. Unless we gained advantages in that conflict great enough to give us a decided superiority in our own country, Seward's bold words, sometimes bordering upon actual menace, would lose their impressive force and finally sound only like hollow thunder. And therein was danger—a danger which was visibly increasing after our defeat at Bull Run and several other mishaps on the field of military operations soon following it. It may have been ever so true that, as Seward said, the people of the North would not have given up their cause even if foreign powers had intervened in favor of the Southern Confederacy. But it must have been clear to every sober mind that against the combination of European powers and the Southern Confederacy the chances of the Union would have been desperate, almost to hopelessness.

All the more desirable did it appear that the moral power of the Union cause should be brought into action—and here Mr. Seward not only failed to do that which would have strengthened us abroad, but he actually did things which greatly weakened us. It could not, indeed, be expected of him that in addressing foreign powers he should have positively

proclaimed our war for the maintenance of the Union to be a war for the abolition of slavery as a primary object, for our government did not take that position at home. But in the instructions given to our ministers, and especially those representing the United States in England and France, he not only forbade them "to draw into debate any opposing moral principles which may be supposed to lie at the foundation of the controversy between those—(the seceding)—States and the Federal Union"—that is, ever to mention the subject of slavery, but he actually asserted that "the Territories will remain in all respects the same, whether the revolution shall succeed or fail; the condition of slavery in the several States will remain just the same, whether it succeed or fail." He thus positively stripped our cause of its peculiar moral force, and he did this by going so far as to say a thing which not only a cautious politician would have found it unnecessary to say, but which, as his own philosophical sense must have told him, could not be true.

The fact is that Mr. Seward's mind was befogged by a most curious misapprehension. He thought that cotton ruled the world, to the exclusion of moral principle and human sympathy. He actually believed that the dependence of their cotton industries upon the supply of the raw material to be furnished by our Southern States would be the decisive element to determine the policy of England and France. Incredible as it now would seem in the retrospect, were it not verified by documentary evidence, even as late as July, 1862, when Lincoln first revealed to the Cabinet his intention to issue a proclamation of emancipation, Seward feared that, if we attempted to free the slaves, Europe would interpose for the purpose of keeping them in bondage. There is a written memorandum by Secretary Stanton referring to the debates in the Cabinet on

the emancipation policy, of July 22d, 1862, which reads: "Seward argues, that foreign nations will intervene to prevent the abolition of slavery for the sake of cotton. We break up our relations with foreign nations and the production of cotton for sixty years." This view appears so egregiously preposterous that one might think Stanton must have misunderstood Seward —as I thought, when I first saw Stanton's memorandum—had not a "private" despatch addressed by Seward to Motley, on July 24, come to light, in which he asked this question: "Are you sure that to-day, under the seductions and pressure which could be applied to some European populations, they would not rise up and resist our attempt to bestow freedom upon the laborers whose capacity to supply cotton and open a market for European fabrics depends, or is thought to depend, upon their continuance in bondage?" Whereupon Motley promptly answered, "A thousand times NO!"

In the summer of 1861 it was not known to how great an extent Mr. Seward's mind was warped by such strange conceptions—I might almost say hallucinations—but to those who, like myself, were occupying posts of observation in Europe, it became painfully evident that the manner in which the slavery question was, at that time, being treated in Washington, and especially the interpretation Mr. Seward so bluntly gave to that treatment, was gravely prejudicial to the Union cause in European opinion. Persons of importance who, on anti-slavery grounds, would have been our staunch friends, and would have made that friendship tell, were sorely puzzled as to what to say for us. They could not advance the strongest moral argument in our favor, if we did not advance that argument ourselves. Those who secretly wished to see the Union disrupted and thus to be relieved of a strong rival power, but would have hesitated to plead the cause of an "independent

empire founded upon slavery," could say, and did say, that, as we ourselves admitted, the matter of slavery had nothing to do with our struggle, and that it was merely a contest between the desire of the Southern people to be free and independent, and the Northern people who insisted upon subjugating and ruling them. Nay, the emissaries of the Southern Confederacy in London and Paris promptly availed themselves of their opportunity to take what little anti-slavery wind there was left, out of our sail. They cleverly pointed to the fact that the Republican administration at Washington did not show itself more hostile to slavery than the secessionists themselves, and this ocular demonstration gave great plausibility to their pretense that slavery really had nothing to do with the origin of the secession movement. They even went so far as to throw out a hint that, practically, they might prove even more anti-slavery than the Washington Government, if Great Britain and France would only give the Confederacy active support. In one word, a general survey of public sentiment as it manifested itself in the public press as well as in private conversation and correspondence, led to the conclusion that if any European government for any reason desired to recognize and aid the Southern Confederacy, the anti-slavery sentiment was fast losing its power to act as a restraining force.

Under these circumstances I thought it my duty to communicate to my government the result of my inquiries and my reflections thereon, and as the despatch I wrote has been noticed in historical works as "the first impressive warning of this danger," I may be pardoned for quoting here the principal part of it:—

> It is my conviction, and I consider it a duty to communicate it to you, that the sympathies of the liberal masses in Europe are not as unconditionally in our favor as might be desired, and that unless the war end soon or

something be done to give our cause a stronger foothold in the popular heart, they will, in the end, not be decided and powerful enough to control the actions of those governments whose good will or neutrality is to us of the greatest importance. When the struggle about the slavery question in the United States assumed the form of an armed conflict, it was generally supposed in Europe that the destruction of slavery was to be the avowed object of the policy of the government, and that the war would, in fact, be nothing less than a grand uprising of the popular conscience in favor of a great humanitarian principle. If this opinion had been confirmed by the evidence of facts, the attitude of Europe, as determined by popular sentiment, could not have been doubtful a single moment. But it was remarked, not without a feeling of surprise and disappointment, that the Federal Government, in its public declaration, cautiously avoided the mentioning of the slavery question as the cause and origin of the conflict; that its acts, at the beginning of the war, at least, were marked by a strikingly scrupulous respect for the sanctity of slave property; and that the ultimate extinction of an institution so hateful to European minds was most emphatically denied to be one of the objects of the war. I do not mean to question the wisdom of the government under circumstances so difficult and perplexing, but I am bearing witness to the effect its attitude produced upon public opinion in Europe. It is exceedingly difficult to make Europeans understand, not only why the free and prosperous North should fight for the privilege of being re-associated with the imperious and troublesome Slave States, but also, why the principle, by virtue of which a population, sufficiently strong for establishing and maintaining an independent national existence, possesses the right to have a government and institutions of its own choice, should be repudiated in America while it is almost universally recognized in monarchical Europe. I have had to discuss this point with men whose sympathies were most sincerely on our side, and all my constitutional arguments failed to convince them that such a right can be consistently denied, unless our cause were based upon principles of a higher nature. I know that journalists who, in their papers, work for us to the best of their ability, are secretly troubled with serious scruples on that point. The agents of the South, whose footprints are frequently visible in the public press, are availing themselves of this state of things with great adroitness. While they carefully abstain from alluding to the rights of slavery, they speak of free trade and cotton to the merchant and the manufacturer, and of the right of self-government to the liberal. They keep it well before the people that the same means of repression which are of so baneful a memory to most European nations—the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, arbitrary

imprisonment, the confiscation of newspapers, the use of armed force—are found necessary to prop the Federal Government; and that the latter, in its effort to crush the independent spirit of eight millions of people, is with rapid strides approaching the line which separates democratic government from the attributes of an arbitrary despotism. The incidents of the war, so unfavorable to our arms, could not fail to give weight and color to these representations. . . . And if opinions like these could gain ground among our natural friends, what have we to expect of those who secretly desire a permanent disruption of the Union? . . . And what will the Federal Government have to oppose to this plausible reasoning? A rupture of relations, which would undoubtedly be more disagreeable to us than to them? Fleets and armies, which so far have been hardly able to close some Southern ports and to protect the President from capture in his capital? The resentment of the American people, which has ceased to be formidable? There are, in my opinion, but two ways in which the overwhelming perplexities can be averted which a rupture with foreign powers, added to our troubles at home, would inevitably bring upon us. The one consists in great and decisive military success speedily accomplished, and the other in such measures and manifestations on the part of the government as will place the war against the rebellious Slave States upon a higher moral basis, and therefore give us the control of public opinion in Europe. . . . It is my profound conviction that as soon as the war becomes distinctly one for and against slavery, public opinion will be so strongly, so overwhelmingly in our favor, that, in spite of commercial interests or secret spites, no European government will dare to place itself, by declaration or act, upon the side of a universally condemned institution. Our enemies know that well, and we may learn from them. While their agents carefully conceal from the eyes of Europeans their only weak point, their attachment to slavery, ought we to aid them in hiding with equal care our only strong point, our opposition to slavery? While they, well knowing how repugnant slavery is to the European way of feeling, do all to make Europeans forget that they fight for it, ought we, who are equally well acquainted with European sentiment, to abstain from making Europeans remember that we fight against it? In not availing ourselves of our advantages, we relieve the enemy of the odium attached to his cause. It is, therefore, my opinion that every step taken by the government towards the abolition of slavery is, as to our standing in Europe, equal to a victory in the field.

The fundamental idea of this despatch was, not that an anti-slavery demonstration in the conduct of our government

would convert our enemies in Europe, but that it would start a current of public opinion in our favor strong enough to balk their schemes, especially in England. And if it did this in England, the matter was decided, for the French Emperor would not venture upon the risky task of actively interfering with our home concerns without Great Britain's consent and support. Subsequent events have proved this expectation to have been well founded. Of this I shall have more to say hereafter.

I awaited Mr. Seward's reply to my despatch with intense anxiety. Meanwhile there were other things to keep me busy. Much of my correspondence with my government, as well as with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, referred to the treatment of ships in Cuban ports, which treatment had, owing to the newness of the situation created by our civil war, fallen into some confusion. The ensuing troubles were always easily adjusted. But I may mention a little incident which, at the time, puzzled and annoyed me very much. One day, early in October, I had a conversation with Don Calderon Collantes in which I called his attention to a report going through the American and European press that Spain was about to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy and to break up the blockade of the Southern ports. I added that, of course, I could not believe, etc., etc. The Minister replied with the strongest protestations of good faith and friendship towards the United States. Nothing could be further from the intentions of Her Majesty's government, etc., etc. "But," he added, "there are things"—and, interrupting himself, he asked me, whether I had not, within the last two days, received despatches from my government? I answered that I had not; whereupon he went to his desk and took out a paper which he presented to me as a copy of a despatch addressed to me by

Mr. Seward. This despatch had been communicated by Mr. Seward to Mr. Tassara, the Spanish Minister in Washington, and transmitted by Mr. Tassara to Don Calderon. Being a young diplomat, and without much experience in the accidents of diplomatic life, I was very disagreeably surprised, and asked myself whether it could be that I had been deliberately trifled with by the Secretary of State at home. But from some of my colleagues in Madrid, whom I plied with hypothetical questions so as not to divulge what I regarded as my own ridiculous situation, I learned that such things might happen in the best regulated chancelleries, owing to some mistake or neglect of some clerk or copyist. In fact, a fortnight later, my despatch arrived at last, having meanwhile had a quiet rest on some desk in the State Department at Washington. Happily the delay did not this time cause any mischief.

The really important affair which demanded our attention at that period was the joint expedition of naval and military forces by Spain, England, and France against the Republic of Mexico. For many years that republic had been the prey of revolutionary disturbances, led by the chiefs either of the Liberal or of the Clerical faction. Commerce and industry languished within her borders, there being little, if any, security for life or property. Guerrilla bands infested the highways. Murder and robbery were of daily occurrence, there being no vigorous authority for the enforcement of order and justice. The public finances were in a state of utter confusion. The government suspended all payment of the public debt for two years, and that debt was held in greatest part abroad. Foreigners doing business in Mexico were subjected to ruthless extortion and pillage. The official representatives of foreign powers had to suffer insulting demonstrations. Foreign claims had accumulated to enormous magnitude. Those of

Spain, England, France, and the United States amounted to more than eighty millions. President Buchanan had thought of resorting to drastic means to obtain satisfaction, but the Civil War had intervened. The other aggrieved powers now thought their time had come for taking vigorous action.

While the Spanish Court and the diplomatic corps were at San Ildefonso, in September, 1861, the Madrid newspapers suddenly informed the public that France and England were about to send a naval expedition to Mexico, and indicated that an understanding concerning this matter had been arrived at between those two governments and Spain. Without delay I called upon Don Calderon Collantes to tell him that the United States, being the next-door neighbor to the Republic of Mexico, had great concern in her welfare, and that I had no doubt "Her Majesty's government, would, with its usual frankness, communicate its intentions to a power as interested and at the same time as friendly as the United States." Don Calderon professed not to know what England and France intended to do. But Mexico had certainly behaved outrageously, and given Her Catholic Majesty's government and many Spanish subjects great cause for complaint. Spain was, therefore, amply justified in resorting to warlike measures to enforce proper redress of her grievances. Would Spain, in doing so, interfere with the internal affairs of Mexico? Oh, no; it had always been a ruling principle of Her Majesty's government not to interfere with the internal affairs of any State or nation. It was, however, a most desirable thing that the institutions of Mexico should be placed upon a solid and permanent basis, and that a government be established which might be relied upon to fulfill its treaty obligations and to do justice to foreign powers. As to France and England, he was inclined to think that they would act promptly and vigorously; and in that case Spain,

of course, would not remain idle. From all of which I concluded that between Spain, England, and France, active negotiations with a view to joint action were in progress, and that Spain would watch her chance to use her power to the end of erecting a monarchy in Mexico with a Spanish prince on the throne, or at least to lift the clerical party into the saddle.

This conclusion I did not, of course, communicate to Don Calderon, but I confined myself to the suggestion that such enterprises, if undertaken without an understanding among all parties interested, were apt to lead to serious misapprehensions and difficulties; whereupon he replied that, if Spain, in conjunction with France and England, should, at any time, conceive the project of interfering with the internal affairs and governmental institutions of the Mexican Republic, she would endeavor to come to an understanding with the United States, and we might rely on her frankness and loyalty. But at present she entertained no such project.

The newspapers of the capital were enthusiastic in their advocacy of the enterprise. There was "glory" in it. The tone of the ministerial press left no doubt that the Spanish government entertained designs reaching beyond the mere collection of debts and redress of grievances; and when, after a little while, it became bruited about that England firmly insisted upon limiting the object of the joint action of the three powers to the simple enforcement of satisfaction for actual injuries, the Spanish papers furiously denounced perfidious Albion. It looked for a moment as if the alliance would fail. Then Spain would proceed alone. But England prevailed in securing the insertion in the tripartite agreement of a clause to the effect that "the high contracting parties engage not to seek for themselves, in the employment of the coercive measures contemplated by the present convention, any acquisition

of territory, or any special advantage, and not to exercise in the internal affairs of Mexico any influences of a nature to prejudice the right of the Mexican nation to choose and to constitute freely the form of its government." Louis Napoleon and Her Catholic Majesty no doubt accepted this clause with a mental reservation of far more than ordinary comprehensiveness.

The attitude taken by the Government of the United States was eminently prudent. Mr. Seward instructed me to say to Don Calderon Collantes that "the United States, by reason of their position as a neighbor of Mexico, and the republican form of their constitution, similar to that of Mexico, deemed it important to their own safety and welfare that no European or other foreign power should subjugate that country and hold it as a conquest, establishing there a government of whatever form, independent of the voluntary choice of its people. The United States, however, did not question the right of Spain, or of France, or of Great Britain, to levy war against Mexico for the redress of injuries sustained by the invading state, and of the justice of the war such state might rightfully judge for itself." And finally, "the United States did not question the right of the invading states to combine as allies." I was also instructed to say that, "having had some reason to suppose that the ground of the hostilities which Great Britain and France were preparing to institute against Mexico was the sequestration of the revenues of that country, which had been pledged to the payment of the interest due upon bonds of the Mexican Government held by subjects of Great Britain and France, the United States had made overtures to those two powers and to Mexico, to relieve the controversy by assuring the payment of the interest of those bonds for a term of years, but had, so far, received no answer from either party

to that proposition." As to Spain, her government might be assured of our "desire, with the consent of the parties concerned, to intervene with the tender of our good offices, and of our willingness to assume some responsibility and incur some sacrifice to avert the necessity of a war between two nations (Spain and Mexico) both of which, we trusted, in common with the United States, would desire to remain at peace if they could do so consistently with their own convictions of honor and justice."

Don Calderon expressed himself as much gratified by the friendly tone of the despatch. But the convention between the three powers having in the meantime been signed, Spain was no longer at liberty to entertain any offer of mediation between herself and Mexico. (He had already before informed me that England had made a proposition to invite the United States to take part in the enterprise, and that Spain had seconded that proposition, while France did not favor it.) The financial question pending between Spain and Mexico might, indeed, have been arranged by mediation, but the question of honor, and especially that of the guarantees to be given by Mexico for the rights and security of Spanish subjects residing in that republic, could not be settled so easily. It was now the duty of Spain to see to it that a state of things be established in Mexico which would afford sufficient protection and security to Spanish subjects. I plied him with questions as to how this might be accomplished, but all I could elicit was, that the powers did not intend to have a constituent convention called in Mexico to determine the form of the government, but that the appearance of the combined expedition in Mexican waters and the occupation of Vera Cruz and Tampico would probably produce moral effects sufficiently great to induce the Mexican people to rally around some men of power

and authority capable of placing the institutions of the country upon a solid basis. It might, for instance, give new strength and a new impulse to the conservative party in Mexico, and enable it to establish a strong government.

At the same period General Miramon, the leader of the Clerical (or conservative) party in Mexico, having been exiled from his country, was in Madrid. He had interviews with the Prime Minister, General O'Donnell, with Calderon Collantes, with General Narvaez, and other prominent statesmen, and was treated with great distinction. He expressed himself frankly about the impossibility of maintaining a republic in Mexico, and advocated the convention of a constituent Congress in Mexico for the purpose of establishing a constitutional monarchy, and electing a king.

Meanwhile the Madrid newspapers declaimed eloquently about the new "mission of Spain" in the New World, and assiduously stirred the popular imagination with glowing predictions of the restoration of ancient glories. The man to do it was also found in the person of General Don Juan Prim, Count of Reus and Marquis de los Castillejos. He was one of the most picturesque characters of his time. At the outbreak of the Carlist War, in 1833, he entered the army of Queen Christina, and so distinguished himself by his skill and bravery that in a few years he rose to the rank of general. In 1843, his vigorous action contributed greatly to the suppression of an insurrection in Catalonia, and he was rewarded with the title of Count of Reus. In politics he had been a Progresista, but his enmity to Espartero led him into the ranks of the Moderados. When these, in the possession of power, adopted vindictive measures against the Progresistas, he became a Progresista again, and in 1844 he was accused of having participated in a plot to assassinate General Narvaez,

General Concha, and other chiefs of the Moderado party, and was sentenced to six years' imprisonment in a colonial fortress. But early in 1845 the Queen pardoned him and made him Governor General of Porto Rico. In 1849 he returned to Spain, and finding no active employment in the army, he secured a seat in the Cortes, where he joined the opposition to the Moderado ministry. His opposition becoming troublesome, he was, in 1853, sent on a diplomatic mission to Paris. This displeased him, and he went instead to Constantinople, joined the staff of Omar Pasha, and was present at several engagements with the Russians. But political conditions in Spain having changed, he was called back in the autumn of 1854, and, a year later, appointed Captain General of Granada. Again he became involved in political plots, and was once more sentenced to five years' confinement in a fortress. Again the Queen pardoned him, and made him, in 1860, Inspector General of the engineer department of the army. In the war against Morocco, he greatly distinguished himself by his skill and bravery, and was rewarded with the title of Marquis de los Castillejos and the dignity of a grandee of Spain.

Such a career, with its heroism and political plots, its good services and insubordinations, its honors and disgraces, its sudden changes from palace to prison and prison to palace, would not have been possible in any European country but Spain, where the monarchy was degraded successively by two dissolute women on the throne; where, since the breaking out of the Carlist War in 1833, the people were in a constant state of ferment; where army commands were changed with the change of party in power; where military officers were active partisans, inured to political intrigue and demagogy; where revolution had become a popular habit, and where hardly a year elapsed without some more or less formidable insurrec-

tionary movement. It was by no means Prim alone whose course of life presented so checkered a spectacle. Many of his contemporaries who had achieved prominence in the state, Espartero, Narvaez, Serrano, Ros de Olano, O'Donnell, Manuel and José Concha, Olozaga, and others, had passed through similar vicissitudes. There was hardly a public man of note who had not at some time been a conspirator or a revolutionist.

When I met Prim he was about forty-seven years old, an elegant figure of middle height; a rather handsome, black-bearded, soldierly face, with flashing eyes; quick and elastic in his movements; frank and jovial in his address and manners. I saw him at a military review, mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, at the head of his staff, the very picture of a splendid chieftain to be admired by the multitude and idolized by his men. The liberal political ideas he professed, identified him with the Progresista party, and gave him a wide popularity with the masses. Some persons suspected that his elevation to the dignity of a grandee of Spain had somewhat gone to his head; but this was a mere surmise. It certainly did not change his utterances on political subjects. But he lived in princely style. His expenditures were magnificent, and the management of his private affairs careless in the extreme. He married a Mexican heiress of great wealth, dissipated her available means in an amazingly short time, and then ran recklessly into debt. He was known to be overburdened with financial liabilities, and sorely in want of money for current requirements. The financial element was considered an important one in the situation of a Spanish statesman who at the same time was a popular general.

When the plan of an expedition against Mexico first appeared before the public, it was reported that General Serrano,

then Captain General of Cuba, would be its military and political head. The announcement of General Prim's name for that important position excited general comment. There was much curiosity about the real reasons for the change. I sought enlightenment from Olozaga. He thought that England had probably asked for Prim's appointment on the ground that Prim had, two years before, made a strong speech in the Spanish Senate against the schemes and doings of the Clericals in Mexico, and that he would now be likely to oppose the intrigues of the party he had then so emphatically denounced. But this theory was denied by Sir John Crampton, the British Minister, who told me that he was entirely ignorant of any such arrangement, and that he thought Lord John Russell knew very little of General Prim and his political opinions. If foreign influence had anything to do with the appointment, it was more probably that of Louis Napoleon, with whom Prim was a great favorite, besides being on very intimate terms with the French ambassador in Madrid.

I then discussed the matter with one of the chiefs of the Moderado party, who suggested an explanation thoroughly characteristic of Spanish political conditions. Prim, he said, was so incessantly worried by his financial embarrassments that something had to be done for him, or he might be tempted to do something for himself. He might, some day, appear at the head of regiments devoted to him, issue a pronunciamento calling the people to arms for some reason or other, and upset the Cabinet, and, perhaps, even the dynasty, to make room for himself. Prim, he said, was not only capable of venturing upon such things, but his great popularity with the army and the people would also make such an attempt on his part very formidable. It was not at all unlikely that the government, in order to get rid of so dangerous a man, had given

him the command of an expedition which would remove him from the country, and might at the same time give him an opportunity for filling his empty pockets, whereupon he would cease to be dangerous for a time.

This somewhat cynical and uncharitable explanation may have been colored by party feeling, but it agreed strikingly with the fact frankly admitted to me by politicians of all parties, that popular generals, when out of funds and becoming restless, had, in many instances, been appointed to colonial governments for the purpose of giving them an opportunity to get rich again, and thus to keep them quiet. This was commonly spoken of as one of the accepted canons of political management, which accounted for much of the notorious malfeasance of the Spanish colonial government.

At last I had a conversation with General Prim himself. He received me with the cordiality of a good comrade, and evidently wished me to feel that the American Minister was just the man to whom he wanted to unbosom himself. He assured me effusively that he would use all his power to secure to the Mexican people full freedom in arranging their internal affairs. He considered it absurd to think of establishing a monarchy in Mexico; all the traditions of the people were republican, and he was sure there were but few Mexicans who seriously thought of introducing monarchical institutions. He knew well that the misfortunes and the demoralization of the Mexican people were largely owing to the clergy, and that conviction, he hinted, would not be without influence upon his action. He would endeavor to secure to the Mexican people a fair opportunity to express their will at the ballot-box, and would with his whole power, sustain the government of their choice, whatever party might carry the day. As between Miramon, the leader of the Clericals, and Juarez, the Presi-

dent of the Republic and chief of the Liberals, he was for Juarez, and he had no doubt that at a fair election Juarez would have a majority of the people on his side.

My remark that, according to what Calderon Collantes had told me, the three powers were not in favor of calling a constituent Congress or taking a vote of the people, seemed to surprise and even to amuse him. He gave me to understand that he did not care very much what his government might think of it, and that, as he was the political as well as the military head of the expedition, he would act as he thought best. He had been a Liberal all his life, and he would be as true to his principles in Mexico as he had been in Spain. He would not have accepted the command of the expedition if he were not permitted to play a generous and disinterested part in the business. I informed the General of the offer of mediation made by the United States through me to the Spanish Government, which might prevent great difficulties and complications, but had not been accepted by Calderon Collantes because Spain was bound by the tripartite agreement. Prim received the idea with effusive warmth. Nothing could please him more than to operate in good understanding with the United States. The great American Republic had his hearty sympathy. He loved her institutions and her people; and if her government could and would do anything to bring about a satisfactory solution of the Mexican troubles, he would meet it in a corresponding spirit. It was his object to do what might be best for the liberty and independence of the Mexican people, and he would be obliged to me for informing my government of what he had said. This I did with appropriate comments, and the suggestion that, if the Government of the United States despatched a naval vessel to the Mexican waters for the purpose of protecting American interests, a diplomatic agent

might be sent with it—a person of ability, good social qualities, and conversational powers, speaking Spanish or French—who might attach himself to General Prim and possibly exercise a wholesome influence upon the course of events. I had the satisfaction of being told by Mr. Seward that the prudence and diligence which I had exercised in keeping him well informed in regard to the policy of Spain towards Mexico were highly appreciated. My despatch about General Prim and the various ambitions of the Court seemed to have especially pleased Mr. Lincoln, for Mr. Seward wrote me: "I am charged by the President to express his decided approbation of the paper." I was greatly rejoiced to know that both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were so well satisfied with my services, remembering, as I did, that Mr. Lincoln had appointed me against Mr. Seward's judgment.

A few days after my first conversation with General Prim I met him again, this time at a dinner given by the Nuncio of the Pope. We were neighbors at the table, and the General seemed to be in the highest spirits. The conversation naturally turned again upon his mission to Mexico, and I mentioned the current report that the Court wished the Infante Don Sebastiano to be put on the Mexican throne, or, if that could not be, some other prince who would marry a Spanish princess, the Queen having one on hand, her daughter, the Infanta Isabella, whom she wished to sit upon some throne or other. Prim burst out laughing. "Ah, bah!" said he. "The Court wants this, the Court wants that. Who cares what the Court wants? Why, if there were to be a throne established in Mexico under Spanish auspices, why should not the commanding General sit on it?" He seemed heartily to enjoy his own sly jest, which might have been taken seriously, had he not at once gone on repeating in a serious tone what he had said to me before about the absurdity

of turning Mexico into a monarchy, and about his own determination to secure to the Mexican people perfect freedom in shaping their institutions. We continued in exceedingly animated and jovial conversation as long as the dinner lasted. He seemed to take particular delight in talking to me in a chummy way about the follies and meannesses and contemptible schemes of the Court, very much as one republican would confidentially talk to another. I was never to see him again.

General Prim started on his Mexican expedition, I have no doubt, with the honest intention of doing what he had told me he would do, and with the expectation of being able to do it. But he was destined to return as a grievously disappointed man. Spain, indeed, appeared first on the field of action with a strong force of ships and soldiers, and Prim succeeded in making an agreement of his own with the Mexican Government which was rather favorable to Mexico. But France objected, Louis Napoleon's own scheme to erect a throne for the Archduke Maximilian came to the fore, and Spain and England withdrew from the enterprise. Prim sailed home, not richer in honors, and, I apprehend, not richer in cash. His further career and end were characteristic. Returned to Spain, he headed the anti-dynastic opposition, failed in an insurrectionary attempt in 1866, fled to Portugal, and thence to London and Brussels, was active in helping to organize a new uprising, which took place in 1868, and resulted in the downfall and exile of Queen Isabella. Under the ensuing regency of Serrano, Prim became Minister of War, and then President of the Council, and Marshal. He favored the election of the Italian, Prince Amadeo, as King of Spain, hoping to be the power behind the throne. But two days after Amadeo's election Prim was assassinated by unknown persons. The Cortes adopted his children as wards of the nation.

The manner in which Mr. Seward guided the conduct of our government with regard to the Mexican business was in the highest degree creditable to him as a diplomat. When the three allied powers asked the United States to join them in their enterprise, Mr. Seward politely refused—not as if the United States were not greatly interested in the fate of Mexico, but because it was the traditional policy of the United States to avoid entangling alliances. When the allied powers declined the offer of mediation made by the United States, he courteously recognized their right to decline. When Louis Napoleon advanced his scheme to erect a throne in Mexico and to put Archduke Maximilian upon it, Mr. Seward, mindful of our Civil War, which at that time engaged all our strength at home, put the protest of the United States in such a form that its nature as a protest could not be misunderstood, while it did not provoke resentment by offensive expression. When our Civil War was over, he made the French Emperor understand that his army had to leave Mexico, but he avoided saying anything that might have sounded like a threat, and would thus have made the withdrawal of the French forces more difficult by making it more humiliating. At the same time he managed to satisfy public opinion in the United States by his assurance that the French would certainly leave the American continent soon, and he thus neutralized the military influences which urged the formation of a new army of Union and Confederate veterans with which tc invade Mexico for the purpose of driving out the French intruders by force. If I remember rightly, he never spoke of the Monroe doctrine by name, but the policy he followed was a true construction and vindication of it. He prudently abstained from blustering about it, and from repelling the infringement of it with an armed hand, so long as the United States could not do so without imperiling

their own safety. But when our freedom of action was restored by the close of our own Civil War, he contrived to enforce it without firing a gun, and none the less effectively because it was done peaceably. Mr. Seward's management of this Mexican business has always impressed me as his finest achievement in diplomacy—indeed, as a masterpiece and model of consistent and pacific statesmanship.

While engaged in discussing the Mexican business with the authorities concerned, I received the anxiously awaited answer of Mr. Seward to my despatch in which I had expressed the opinion that a manifestation of the anti-slavery tendency of our Civil War would be most apt to remove the danger of foreign recognition of the Southern Confederacy and of foreign interference in its favor. That answer was so characteristic an exhibition of Seward's command of vague and sonorous language when he wished to talk around the subject instead of directly at and upon it, that I cannot refrain from quoting the best part of it verbatim. He wrote:

No. 35.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
October, 10, 1861.

CARL SCHURZ, ESQ., . . . Madrid.

Sir:—Your dispatch of September 18th, No. 18, has been received. I have read carefully the views concerning our domestic policy which you have submitted. Of the propriety of your submitting them, there can be no question, especially when they are presented with reference to the public sentiment in Europe and the possible actions of the governments of that continent.

It would, however, be altogether inconvenient, and it might be in some degree hazardous for me to engage in explanations of domestic policy in a correspondence which, for all practical purposes, is to be regarded as involving only the foreign relations of the country. Moreover, the policy with which an administration charged with the duty of maintaining itself and preserving the Union shall conduct a civil war, must be confined always to

the existing condition of political forces, and to the public sentiment of the whole country.

I am not surprised when you inform me that sympathies with the United States, regarded as a nation struggling to maintain its integrity against the assaults of faction, are less active in Europe than they might or ought to be in view of the benefits which the Republic has already conferred, and the still greater benefits which it promises to confer, on mankind.

Nations, like individuals, are too much wrapped up in their own interests and ambitions to be deeply concerned by accidents or reverses which befall other nations.

I can well enough conceive also that the United States in the first emergency might excite more fervent sympathies abroad by avowing a purpose not merely or even chiefly to maintain and preserve their existing constitutional organization, but to modify and change it so as to extirpate at once an institution which is obnoxious to the enlightened censure of mankind.

But, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that although sympathy of other nations is eminently desirable, yet foreign sympathy, or even foreign favor, never did and never can create or maintain any state, while in every state that has the capacity to live, the love of national life is and always must be the most energetic principle which can be worked to preserve it from suicidal indulgence of fear of faction as well as from destruction by foreign violence.

For my own part, it seems to me very clear that there is no nation on earth whose fortunes, immediate and remote, would not be worse for the dissolution of the American Union. If that consideration shall not be sufficient to save us from unjust intervention by any foreign state or states in our domestic troubles, then that intervention must come as a natural incident in our domestic strife, and I entertain no fears that we shall not be able to maintain ourselves against all who shall combine against us.

In a closing paragraph he referred to the failures of the Union armies, which he "had no time" for discussing, but added:

While you, who have gone abroad, are hearing of the failures of the government on all sides, there is not one citizen who has remained at home who is not more confident in the stability of the Union now than he was on the day of your departure upon your mission. This confidence is not built on enthusiasm, but on knowledge of the true state of the conflict, and the exercise of calm and dispassionate reflection.

This language, which was to serve as an answer to my suggestion that the surest way to avert the threatened intervention of foreign powers in our domestic conflict was to give its true weight to the part that slavery played in our struggle, seriously alarmed me. The assertion that now, after the Bull Run disaster, there was "not one man" in the United States who did not count upon our success more confidently than ever before, stood in strange contrast to the greatly increased anxiety expressed by the private letters I received from men of ardent patriotism and mature judgment in America. The sentiment that if foreign intervention could be prevented only by a recognition of the anti-slavery character of our Civil War, then intervention must come—for this was the obvious meaning of Mr. Seward's phraseology—seemed to me reckless in the extreme, if not positively flippant, considering that, if England and France, with their large naval and military resources, actively aided the Confederacy, our chance of conquering the South would be very dangerously lessened. I thought I detected in Mr. Seward's letter a symptom of that sort of petulance which is apt to warp a man's judgment. I apprehended that if Mr. Seward had shown that letter to Mr. Lincoln before sending it off, Mr. Lincoln would not have permitted the expressions mentioned to pass in the form in which they stood. It occurred to me that Mr. Seward might even have failed to submit to Mr. Lincoln my despatch of September 14th, which went so straight against his policy. I consulted Mr. Perry upon that point, and he was troubled by the same question. Harassed by this doubt, I concluded that it was my duty to lay the contents of that despatch, with such enlargements as the progress of events might suggest, before Mr. Lincoln personally. My first impulse was to resign my position to that end; but Mr. Perry persuaded me that a change

in the headship of the Legation at that time might prejudice our standing with the Spanish Government, and that I might attain my object by asking for permission to return home on temporary leave of absence from my post. To guard against a refusal of that leave of absence, or against delay in granting it, I thought it best to offer my resignation as an alternative, for I was determined to see Mr. Lincoln as soon as possible. I therefore addressed to him a letter in which I said, that the main object for which I had been sent to Madrid, namely, to secure the friendliest possible relations between Spain and the United States, had been accomplished; that, so far as I could see, no question was likely to arise that might make the uninterrupted presence of a plenipotentiary of the first rank indispensable; that my future activity at Madrid, for a time, at least would be limited to quiet observation with the "enjoyment and distinguished position and elegant leisure," which in view of the condition of our country was to me more oppressive than agreeable; that I was troubled by grave doubts as to the general drift of our affairs; that, to have these doubts solved, I urgently wished to return to the United States, and that to this end I asked him for a leave of absence from my post, or if this could for any reason not be granted, for the acceptance of my resignation.

As a matter of loyality to my immediate chief I sent this letter to Mr. Seward with the request that he present it to the President.

While I was waiting for an answer from President Lincoln, we were suddenly startled by the news that a United States man-of-war, the "San Jacinto," Captain Wilkes, had stopped the British mail-steamer "Trent" in the Bahama channel, and had forcibly taken from her two Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidell; that the people of the United

States were in ecstasy over this daring act; that the government and people of England were boiling with rage at this breach of international law, and that they demanded instant satisfaction. The next days brought the further report that the British Government was actually despatching troops to Canada and making other preparations for an armed conflict with the United States. Evidently the "Trent" case had brought forth a state of public feeling in England which immensely strengthened the hands of those who urged the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and even active intervention by Great Britain and France in its favor.

I could not repress a shout of joy when at last an answer came from the President and the State Department granting me my leave of absence. My preparations for departure were soon made. My family being at Hamburg, I wished to join them there and to take them with me on a Hamburg steamer to America. To this end I had to cross Prussian territory. I called upon Count Galen, the Prussian Minister, to acquaint him with my desire to join my family at Hamburg, and to ask him whether he thought I could pass through Prussian territory without being noticed. He had no doubt of it, but to satisfy me, he would inquire of his government. The answer came promptly that instructions would at once be given to the officers concerned to extend to me every accommodation I might desire on my way. I so arranged my journey as to cross the Prussian frontier after dark, to pass over the Rhine at Cologne during the night, and to reach Hamburg the next forenoon. When I touched the Prussian frontier, a customs officer above the lower grade presented himself to me, ordered my luggage to pass unexamined, and asked for my wishes. My fellow-travelers seemed surprised at the official attention I received, and were evidently anxious to know what

distinguished person it was they had the honor to travel with. I did not gratify their curiosity. Thus my reappearance in the Fatherland was exceedingly modest and untriumphant. But I was wide awake when my railroad train stopped in the station at Cologne, and I listened to the sound, so familiar from my boyhood days, of the church-clocks striking the hour, and when crossing the dear old Rhine I heard the rushing of its waters in the darkness.

Early in January I embarked with my family on the Hamburg steamship "Bavaria," a vessel of some 2500 or 3000 tons, which would be considered nowadays quite small for an ocean liner, but which was then of the usual size. We had a terrible voyage. From the start, fierce head-winds were blowing and heavy seas rolling against us, under lowering skies. Some distance east of the Newfoundland banks, a hurricane struck us which lasted six days and nights, blowing now from one quarter and then from another, and sometimes seemingly from all points of the compass at the same time. The waves thundered against the sides of the ship with frightful force. They swept away all the bulwarks, all the boats, all the deck-houses, and having torn off the skylights, flooded the cabin with water. They knocked down the heavy lower spars from the masts, together with part of the rigging, so that the deck was covered with tangled wreckage. One night so large a quantity of water came down the smoke-stacks that there was danger of the fires being extinguished, and, we were afterwards told, as the room was filled with steam, the chief engineer had to keep the firemen at their task with an axe in one hand and a revolver in the other. The first night of the hurricane I had an experience which I cannot refrain from describing. Everyone who has gone through heavy gales at sea will remember that sometimes the storm-tossed ship will seem to rest for an instant on

the crest of one of the giant waves before taking the fearful plunge into the yawning trough before it. There is then a moment—but just a moment—of quivering, sinister stillness, strangely contrasting with the tremendous uproar which immediately preceded, and which is sure to follow it. On that first fearful night—we had just heard that a sea had washed four sailors overboard—there was such a moment of stillness unusually long—perhaps two or three seconds—during which I distinctly heard someone, probably one of the cabin boys, quietly brushing boots just outside of the cabin door—someone quietly doing a regular, simple little duty, amid the terrific turmoil of the elements threatening to engulf all of us the next moment. It was like a charm. I then felt that nothing would happen to us. I should have been profoundly ashamed of any fear.

But there were impressions of a different kind which only heightened the effect of the one just told. Among the few cabin passengers was a dentist from Brooklyn. During the same first night he appeared in the cabin with rubber shoes on his feet, a waterproof coat on his body, his hat on his head, and an umbrella in his hand, shouting that he wanted to be put ashore. So he raved for a considerable while, being thrown from one side of the cabin to the other by the rolls and jumps of the ship. At last his shrieks became so frantic and his umbrella-thrusts at the other passengers so violent that the chief-steward thought it necessary to have him locked in a state-room. He had evidently gone crazy from fright. We did not see him again for the rest of the voyage.

When the storm had subsided the weather grew very cold, and the whole ship was thickly coated with ice. It presented an almost spectral appearance as it sailed into New York Harbor. We had been, if I remember rightly, twenty-three days from

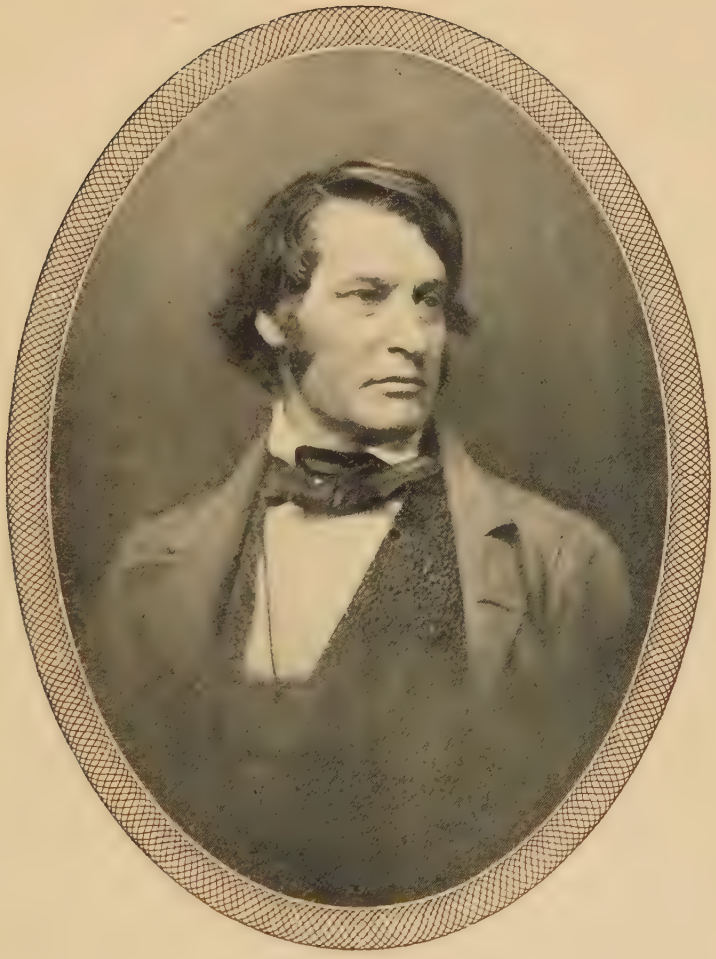
Southampton. During the hurricane our progress had been extremely slow, one day, I think, not more than twenty miles. In later years, I have now and then met on steamships of the Hamburg line officers who had been on the "Bavaria" at the time of that terrible voyage, and they always agreed that it was about the worst experience a seaman could have and live to tell the tale.

From New York I hurried at once to Washington, where I first reported to Mr. Seward at the State Department. Owing to the presence of some foreign diplomats waiting upon the Secretary, we cut our conversation short with the understanding that we would discuss matters more fully at some more convenient time. I then went to call upon Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He received me with the old cordiality.

After the first words of welcome the conversation turned upon the real reasons for my return to the United States. I repeated to Mr. Lincoln substantially the contents of my despatch of September 18th. I did not deem it proper to ask him whether he had ever seen that despatch, and he did not tell me that he had. But he listened to me very attentively, even eagerly, as I thought, without interrupting me. I was still speaking when the door of the room was opened and the head of Mr. Seward appeared. "Excuse me, Seward," said Mr. Lincoln, "excuse me for a moment. I have something to talk over with this gentleman." Seward withdrew without saying a word. I remember the scene distinctly. After the short interruption I continued my talk for a while, and when I stopped Mr. Lincoln sat for a minute silently musing. At last he said: "You may be right. Probably you are. I have been thinking so myself. I cannot imagine that any European power would dare to recognize and aid the Southern Confederacy if it becomes clear that the Confederacy stands for slavery and the

Union for freedom." Then he explained to me that, while a distinct anti-slavery policy would remove the foreign danger, and would thus work for the preservation of the Union—while, indeed, it might, in this respect, be necessary for the preservation of the Union, and while he thought that it would soon appear and be recognized to be in every respect necessary, he was in doubt as to whether public opinion at home was yet sufficiently prepared for it. He was anxious to unite, and keep united, all the forces of Northern society and of the Union element in the South, especially the Border States, in the war for the Union. Would not the cry of "abolition war," such as might be occasioned by a distinct anti-slavery policy, tend to disunite those forces and thus weaken the Union cause? This was the doubt that troubled him, and it troubled him very much. He wished me to look around a little, and in a few days to come back to him and tell him of the impressions I might have gathered. Then he told me how he had enjoyed some of my despatches about Spanish conditions and public men, and how glad he had been to hear from Seward that I was getting on so nicely with "the Dons." So we parted.

The general aspect of the state of the Union at the beginning of the year 1862 was by no means cheering. The storm brought forth by the "Trent" affair had, indeed, been successfully weathered. The administration had recognized the necessity of surrendering the Southern emissaries taken from the "Trent" in time to avert the threatened conflict with England. As to the grounds upon which this was done, I have always thought that Mr. Seward's reasoning in his famous despatch upon this subject, basing the surrender of the captured emissaries upon a mere technical point, was far less strong, less dignified, and less honorable to this Republic than the simple and broad ground taken by Mr. Sumner in his speech in the Senate,



CHARLES SUMNER

From a photograph made about 1860 and reproduced here through the courtesy of the owner, Mr F J Garrison

that the surrender of the captives was only a vindication of the principles of international law concerning the treatment of neutral vessels by belligerents, which this Republic had always maintained, especially against British pretensions. But although an actual conflict had been avoided, a feeling was left behind between the two nations which may well be characterized as "ugly"—a feeling of sore disappointment among many people in England that the "impudence" of an American ship in overhauling a British mail-steamer went "unpunished," and a feeling of bitter resentment among many people in this country because England had brutally "bullied" us in the hour of our distress and we were obliged to submit to her "insolence."

I had frequent conversations with Senator Sumner at that period. His personality attracted me greatly. He was strikingly unlike all the public men surrounding him—just as Lincoln was, but in the opposite sense. Lincoln, risen from the lowest social layer, the class of the Southern poor whites, and lifted from the roughest plebeian surroundings by high moral instinct and intellectual ability to a marvelous level of nobility and statesmanlike leadership, the ideal growth of the American soil, to whom the democratic principle was a simple law of nature, and Sumner, a born Puritan character, an aristocrat by instinct and culture, a democrat by study and reflection, a revolutionary power by the dogmatic intensity of his determination to impose his principles upon the world at any cost. There were many who thought that these two men, being so essentially different, could not possibly work together. But on the whole they did, and they were able to do so, because, however great the divergence of their views on some points, they believed in one another's sincerity. Sumner was a doctrinaire by character—an enlightened doctrinaire, yet an unbending and uncompro-

mising one. His notions of right and wrong were absolute. When someone asked him whether he had ever looked at the other side of the slavery question, he answered: "There is no other side." No answer could have been more characteristic. Not that he was merely *unwilling* to see the other side of a question of that nature—he was *unable* to see it. The peremptoriness of his convictions was so strong, so absolute, I might say, that it was difficult for him to understand how anyone could seriously consider "the other side" without being led astray by some moral obliquity. Of a very old and tried friend who favored a temporizing course toward the South after the election of Mr. Lincoln, he said, after a severe denunciation of that course, "However, I believe he is honest"—but said it in a way indicating that it had cost him a very great effort to reach such a conclusion. I know an instance in which his bluntly ingenuous manner of saying such things gave great offense to a family consisting of high-minded persons with whom he had been on terms of intimate friendship for many years.

Mr. Lincoln was a constant puzzle to him. He frequently told me of profound and wise things Mr. Lincoln had said, and then again of other sayings which were unintelligible to him and seemed to him inconsistent with a serious appreciation of the tasks before us. Being entirely devoid of the sense of humor himself, Mr. Sumner frequently—I might say almost always—failed to see the point of the quaint anecdotes or illustrations with which Lincoln was fond of elucidating his argument, as with a flashlight. Mr. Sumner not seldom quoted such Lincolnisms to me, and asked me with an air of innocent bewilderment, whether I could guess what the President could possibly have meant. To Sumner's mind the paramount object of the war was the abolition of slavery. He had all his life been a peace man in the widest sense. His great oration, delivered

on the Fourth of July, 1846, on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which introduced him to public life, had been a panegyric on universal peace. In it he had proclaimed as his fundamental doctrine that "in our age, there can be no peace that is not honorable, there can be no war that is not dishonorable." Thus in order to support the government in the Civil War he had to compromise with his own conscience, and he did this on the ground that it was a war for the abolition of that slavery, which, to him, was the sum of all iniquities. Only by extinguishing an evil worse than war itself could this war be justified by him. Thus he was impatient at everything that seemed to obscure that supreme object or to impede or delay its attainment. This impatience caused him to undervalue the reasons Mr. Lincoln gave him for what Sumner called the "dilatoriness" of the government in proclaiming an anti-slavery policy and in making a direct attack upon the hateful institution. He was grievously disappointed when Lincoln thought it necessary, in order to conciliate the feelings of the War Democrats and of the Border State Unionists, as well as to keep the military commanders within the bounds of discipline, to disavow the partial emancipation orders of Generals Frémont and Hunter, and he gave voice to that disappointment in unsparing criticism. But he did not lose confidence in the man who had said that "if slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong"; and with unceasing persistency he plied the President with appeals in favor of decisive measures and of speedy action. Lincoln warded off his urgency by telling him: "Mr. Sumner, you are only six weeks ahead of me." Sumner would argue that the emancipation of the slaves was a simple necessity to the end of putting down the rebellion. Lincoln would reply that he saw the necessity coming, but, in order to keep our forces united, he wanted those, whose aid he needed to see that necessity, too.

Many a time I saw Sumner restlessly pacing up and down in his room and exclaiming with uplifted hands: "I pray that the President may be right in delaying. But I am afraid, I am almost sure, he is not. I trust his fidelity, but I cannot understand him."

As to myself, I felt with Sumner, but at the same time I learned to understand Mr. Lincoln. He was perfectly sincere in saying that, as the head of the government, he regarded the saving of the Union, with or without the destruction of slavery, as the paramount object to be accomplished. He was equally sincere in believing that the destruction of slavery would turn out to be a necessary means for the salvation of the Union, aside from the desirability of that destruction on its own merits. Seeing the necessity of emancipation by the act of the government rapidly approaching, he wished, in the interest of the blacks as well as of the whites, that emancipation to be gradual, if it possibly could be made gradual under existing circumstances. Nor would he shrink from sudden emancipation if the circumstances so shaped themselves as to leave no choice. But he would delay the decisive step until he could be reasonably sure that it could be taken without danger of producing a fatal disintegration of the forces co-operating in the struggle for the Union. He reasoned that, if we failed in that struggle, a decree of emancipation would be like the Pope's bull against the comet. This reasoning was doubtless correct, but it caused hesitations and delays which were sorely trying to the composure of the more ardent among the anti-slavery men. I have to confess that I belonged to that class myself, and that I did not fully appreciate the wisdom of his cautious policy until it had borne its fruit. But being more conversant than Sumner was with the easy-going, unconventional way in which Western men, especially the self-educated among them,

were wont to express their thoughts and sentiments, I was less disturbed by what Sumner sometimes interpreted as a lack of seriousness, an inclination to make light of grave things, in Lincoln's utterances. Thus Sumner's confidence in Lincoln's character and principles found itself often more heavily taxed than mine.

Lincoln had great respect for the superior knowledge and culture of other persons. But he did not stand in awe of them. In fact, he did not stand in awe of anybody or anything in the sense of a recognition of an apparent superiority that might have made him in the slightest degree surrender the independence of his own judgment or the freedom of his will. He would have approached the greatest man in the world —the greatest in point of mental capacity, or the greatest in point of station or power—with absolute unconcern, as if he had been dealing with such persons all his life. When he formed his Cabinet he chose the foremost leaders of his party, who at that period might well have been regarded as the foremost men of the country, without the slightest apprehension that their prestige or their ability might overshadow him. He always recognized the merit of others, but without any fear of detracting from his own.

There was no man in authority in the world whose opinion or advice he would have estimated by another standard than its intrinsic value as he judged it. There was not a problem to be solved capable of confusing his mind by its magnitude or dignity, or one that would have caused him to apply to it any other rules than those of ordinary logic and common sense. He therefore met great statesmen and titled persons with the absolutely natural, instinctive, unaffected self-respect of an equal; he regarded great affairs as simple business he had to deal with in the way of his public duty, and he loved to discuss them with

his friends in simple and unceremonious language. They were not above even the play of his humor, although the principles and sympathies according to which he treated them were rooted deep and firm in his mind and heart.

It may well be said that while there was no man whose opinions were more truly his own, that is, even when suggested by others, formed by himself according to his general points of view and methods of reasoning, there was none more accessible to candid advice and more tolerant of adverse criticism. I have known public men in powerful position who would resent every disapproval of their acts or utterances as a personal affront, and treat every opponent as an enemy. Nothing would have been farther from Lincoln's impulses or habits of thought than to take offense at ever so great a difference of judgment between himself and anyone he considered sincere and well meaning. Whenever he found himself misjudged or even attacked by such a person, he would, instead of frowning upon him or excluding him from his intercourse, rather invite him to a friendly exchange of views, and reason with him and be reasoned with, by him. And if then no concord of opinion could be reached, there was at least a kindly agreement to disagree without any bitterness of feeling. Lincoln's patience in listening to adverse, not seldom very unjust criticism, became well known, and was sometimes severely, even unreasonably taxed, without ruffling the goodness of his heart or unsettling the equipoise of his mind. I have to confess that in one or two instances I was myself one of the sinners, and I shall describe the characteristic manner in which he then treated me in the order of my narrative.

At the time of which I now speak, Charles Sumner was one of the most difficult to satisfy among Mr. Lincoln's frequent visitors, because of the very sincerity with which the two

men looked at the task of the hour from different points of view. But Lincoln regarded and esteemed Sumner as the outspoken conscience of the advanced anti-slavery element, the confidence and hearty co-operation of which was to him of the highest moment in the common struggle. While it required all his fortitude to bear Sumner's intractable insistence, Lincoln did not at all deprecate Sumner's public agitation for an immediate emancipation policy, even though it did reflect upon the course of the administration. On the contrary, he rather welcomed everything that would prepare the public mind for the approaching development.

Moreover, Sumner had just then rendered the administration a great service which only he could render with the same effect. I have mentioned the jubilant excitement created among the American people by the so-called "patriotic and heroic deed" of Captain Wilkes in taking from the British mail-steamer "Trent," the Confederate emissaries Mason and Slidell. The public temper was such that it seemed nobody could advise the surrender of the captives without being buried under an avalanche of popular contempt. Men as conservative as Edward Everett, and international lawyers such as Theophilas Parsons and Richard H. Dunn joined the chorus of applause for Captain Wilkes. But Sumner remained cool. As soon as he heard of what had happened, he instantly said: "We shall have to give up the captives." He said this long before he had heard of the effect produced by the news of the affair in England. He spoke merely as an international lawyer holding fast to his principles as to the rights of neutrals. He hurried to Washington to urge his views upon the administration. He was present, by invitation, at the meeting of the Cabinet which determined upon the attitude of our government, and the letters he had received from his correspondents in England,

who were foremost among the steadfast friends of the Union, gave peculiar weight to his advice. In surrendering the captured Confederate emissaries, the administration had to face a popular clamor of unusual fierceness. Nobody did, nobody could do as much as Sumner to calm the waves of popular excitement. He had the reputation of a radical, an extremist, a man whose conscience of right and honor would stand unbending against all the powers of the world. When such a man stepped forth to proclaim that, according to his sense of right and justice, the administration had done that which it was in duty bound to do, every patriot, every friend of liberty, even the extremest, might see reason to be satisfied. This Sumner did on the floor of the Senate, so convincingly, so proudly, that the last adverse voices were silenced, and the portentous "Trent" affair passed peaceably over, not only without producing a war with England, but also without affecting the relations between the administration and the people.

But the danger of foreign interference was by no means over, for Louis Napoleon, having embarked in his hazardous Mexican enterprise, left no means untried to inveigle England into a policy helpful to the rebellion. Nor was our home situation at all reassuring. We had indeed won considerable advantages on the Western field of military operations. The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson by General Grant had opened to our forces the waterways into the heart of Tennessee, and created much exultation among our people. The political huckstering and administrative incapacity of Simon Cameron in the War Department had been succeeded by the fiery energy of Stanton. But the Army of the Potomac lay inactive in front of Washington, like an inert mass, under command of General McClellan, the luster of whose early laurels won by his successes in West Virginia was sadly waning in the

estimation of the people. And Congress was painfully struggling with the problem of providing money for the current expenses of the war, which were rising to an appalling figure. It was under the pressure of this necessity that the ill-fated legal-tender law was enacted, destined to play so mischievous a part in the developments of later years. But these were not the only difficulties that troubled the minds of thoughtful men. The government was, under the stress of circumstances, doing things highly obnoxious to the fundamental principles of constitutional liberty. It incarcerated, without warrant or due process of law, men suspected of aiding the rebellion. It suspended the writ of habeas corpus. It interfered with the regular courts of justice. On the plea of urgent necessity, for the salvation of the Republic, it adopted methods of repression or prevention familiar to despotic rule, and having a strange sound in a democracy. To be sure, the number of cases in which such arbitrary stretches of power were adopted was not large. But it sufficed to make many loyal and earnest Union men shake their heads in alarm, and to intensify the wish that a condition of things furnishing occasion for such transgressions and making them appear excusable and even praiseworthy in the eyes of the common run of people should soon come to an end.

Among the members of Congress with whom I had an opportunity of conversing, I found the Republicans mostly in favor of the adoption by the government of a stronger and more openly pronounced anti-slavery policy. There were exceptions, however—men who thought their constituents were not quite ready yet to make the "war for the Union" an "abolition war." In some cases these cautious politicians, as happens frequently, were more timid than the state of public sentiment among their people warranted. I went to New York for the purpose of examining the field outside of the reach of

the official atmosphere. The impression I received was that party spirit had not remained as silent as it was during the days of the great uprising before my departure for Spain. Some of the Democratic leaders had resumed their old vocabulary in criticising the abolitionists in power. But many of the Democrats who had risen up for the defense of the Union in obedience to their patriotic impulses had gradually freed themselves from the ties of their old party allegiance, and heartily agreed that slavery, being the guilty cause of the whole mischief, must pay the due penalty and perish in the collision. This sentiment had become quite general outside of the circles of hide-bound Democratic partisanship, and among the friends whose advice I sought, it was agreed that the time had come for an open movement in outspoken advocacy of emancipation. To start this movement we organized an "Emancipation Society," and arranged to hold a public meeting on the 6th of March, in the great hall of the Cooper Institute.

I returned to Washington, and at once called upon Mr. Lincoln to report to him what I had seen and heard and what our friends proposed to do. "Good!" said he. "And at that meeting you are going to make a speech?"

"Yes."

"Well, now go home and sketch that speech. Do it as quickly as you can. Then come and show me your arguments and we will talk it over."

Without delay I went to work. To advocate emancipation on the ground that it would give us the support of the moral sentiment in all civilized countries, and thus deter governments, depending upon public opinion, from giving countenance and aid to those fighting for slavery, as I had done in my despatches to the government, would not have been fitting in a public appeal to the American people. I adopted a line

of reasoning equally truthful, but starting from a different point of view. I deprecated the oversanguine anticipation of an early collapse of the military power of the Confederacy, and predicted an arduous and protracted struggle, which would indeed finally, but not quietly, lay the rebellion defeated and helpless, at our feet. But the defeat of the rebellion by means of force was not the only object. Beyond that we wanted to restore the Union of the States, the National Republic, based upon local self-government. This required not only the military reconquest of the States that had attempted to secede from the Union—not merely the holding together of those States by means of force such as is used by despotic governments, but it required a revival of that feeling of loyalty to the Union without which the Union could not endure under democratic institutions. There could be no doubt that the disunion sentiment in the South, and its offspring, the secession movement, were owing to the existence of slavery, an institution at war with our democratic principles, an institution which could not live unless it ruled, and would therefore always remain rebellious unless permitted to rule. If, therefore, we aimed at the restoration and maintenance of the Union under democratic government, the Southern people must be brought under the influence of conditions which made loyalty to the Union and to democratic principles their natural sentiment. In other words, the cause of the mischief, slavery, must cease to control their sympathies and aspirations. Slavery would exercise that control so long as it existed. It must, therefore, cease to exist. As initiatory measures to this end I proposed, first, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and wherever the National Government had immediate authority. Secondly, the confiscation, and, *ipso facto,* the emancipation of slaves belonging to persons engaged in the rebellion. And thirdly, the offer of a

fair compensation to loyal Slave States and loyal masters who would agree to some system of emancipation—this to be followed by such measures as might appear necessary to render the restoration of slavery impossible, and to take away from the Southern people all hope of such a restoration. I then reviewed the objections currently made to such a plan, and showed their futility, and closed with an appeal to the good sense, the patriotism, and the instinct of justice and honor of the American people.

This draft of my speech, which in the published edition has the title, "Reconciliation by Emancipation," I took to Mr. Lincoln, and he asked me to read it to him. When I had finished he said: "Now, you go and deliver that speech at your meeting on the 6th of March. And maybe you will hear something from me on the same day."

Our meeting at the Cooper Institute was an imposing demonstration. The great hall was crowded to overflowing with an audience representative of all social classes. Many of the most prominent citizens of New York sat on the platform. Every allusion to the abolition of slavery as a necessity for the preservation of the Union, and as a moral deliverance and a consummation devoutly to be wished and sure to come, called forth outbursts of genuine enthusiasm. There was something like religious fervor in the proceeding—something of that spirit which impelled the singing of "Old Hundred" before the meeting dissolved. While the meeting was going on, the arrival of a despatch from Washington was announced—if I remember rightly, by Horace Greeley—with the remark that it "would greatly interest this audience." The despatch informed us that President Lincoln had on that day, the 6th of March, sent a special message to Congress, asking for the adoption of a joint resolution substantially to this effect: "That the United States

ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to each State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State, in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

The announcement was received by the whole assemblage with transports of joy. Everybody felt that, although the resolution proposed was in a high degree cautious and conservative, yet it indicated the true relation between the Civil War and slavery. Here the abolishment of slavery with compensation was distinctly pointed out as a measure of peace and reunion. If the Slave States rejected it, they would have to bear the consequences. In the argument accompanying the draft of the resolution the President said: "In my judgment, gradual, not sudden emancipation, is better for all. Such a proposition on the part of the government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested. In the annual message last December, I thought fit to say: 'The Union must be preserved; and hence, all indispensable means must be employed.' I said this, not hastily, but deliberately. War has been made, and continues to be, an indispensable means to this end. A practical reacknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue; and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come."

The possibilities, or rather the probabilities, of the future

were thus distinctly foreshadowed. Mr. Lincoln, naturally of a conservative cast of mind, was much in earnest when he spoke of gradual as preferable to sudden emancipation, and when, as he did on several occasions, he revived the old scheme of colonizing the emancipated negroes somewhere outside of the United States as a very desirable measure. Having been born in a slave-holding State, and grown up in a negro-hating community, he foresaw more distinctly than other anti-slavery men did the race-troubles that would follow emancipation, and he was anxious to prevent, or at least to mitigate them. But events overruled his cautious and conservative policy, and urged him on to more radical measures. Congress adopted the resolution proposed by the President in his message of the 6th of March, but not one of the slave-holding States responded. Thus their last opportunity for securing a gradual abolishment of slavery with compensation to the owners was lost. Before the end of April, Congress enacted a law prohibiting slavery in the District of Columbia. The practice of surrendering to their owners slaves who had come into the lines of our armies—a practice which had long been kept up by some military commanders —ceased altogether. And the time was rapidly approaching when Abraham Lincoln, recognizing the necessities of the war, obeying the generous impulses of his heart, and feeling himself supported by the enlightened opinion of his fellow-citizens, issued that decree of practically general emancipation which has become his principal title to immortality in the history of the world.

The prediction that the adoption of a policy stamping the war for the Union distinctly as a war against slavery, would remove all danger of foreign interference in favor of those fighting for slavery, was amply fulfilled. It did not, indeed, convert those who, for commercial or political reasons, desired

the disruption of the American Union; but it stripped their schemes and efforts of their chance of success, in spite of the repeated and discouraging reverses still suffered by the arms of the Union—reverses which at times made the Union cause look almost hopeless. In vain did a large part of the aristocracy and of the rich middle class in England continue to vent their dislike and jealousy of the great American Republic in sneers and jibes; in vain did statesmen—even Mr. Gladstone—proclaim their belief that the Union would never overcome the rebellion, and that the war was only useless and wanton bloodshed; in vain did the *London Times* and a host of other newspapers in its wake deride the logic of President Lincoln's emancipation decree, and denounce it as a devilish provocation of servile war. The great masses of the English people, moved by their instinctive love of liberty, woke up to the true nature of our struggle, and they had spokesmen of profound moral enthusiasm. "Exeter Hall" thundered forth mighty appeals for the American North fighting against slavery. Scores and hundreds of public meetings were held all over Great Britain, giving emphasis to the great upheaval of conscience for human freedom. As if to shame Mr. Seward's prophecy that emancipation would bring on European intervention against us on account of the prolongation of the cotton famine, thousands of the suffering workingmen of Lancashire met and adopted an address to President Lincoln, expressing profound sympathy with the Union cause, and thanking the President for what he had done and was doing for the cause of human freedom. From that time on, the anti-slavery spirit of the British people was never silent, and it expressed itself on every occasion with such moral power as not only to exasperate, but to overawe the most zealous friends of the Southern Confederacy. Indeed, it became a force which no British Government, whatever its

sympathies might have been, would have lightly undertaken to defy.

I will not say that, had not the Republican administration given a distinct anti-slavery aspect to the war, England and France would certainly have interfered in favor of the Southern Confederacy, although during the dark periods of the war this would have been by no means improbable. But it may well be said that when, in the eyes of all the world, the war for the Union had become a war against slavery, foreign intervention against the Union became well-nigh impossible.

CHAPTER VII

THREE days after the emancipation meeting of the 6th of March, I returned to Washington and made my report to Mr. Lincoln. He was in high spirits over the event which, on the preceding day, had taken place in Hampton Roads. It was the epoch-making naval battle between the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor"—the introduction of the ironclad war-vessel to the history of the world. There was, indeed, ample reason for congratulating ourselves upon a narrow escape from incalculable disaster. On March 8th, the famous "Merrimac," an old vessel which had been sunk in Norfolk Harbor and then raised by the rebels, and which had been covered with a thick coat of metal plates and armed with an iron ram and a formidable battery, steamed out of the mouth of Elizabeth River, sunk or destroyed a number of United States men-of-war assembled in Hampton Roads, without being harmed in the least by their artillery, and thus demonstrated her ability to overpower any war-ship in our navy then afloat. When the news reached Washington, the members of the Cabinet rushed to the White House in a state of utter consternation. Some of them already saw that dreadful monster, carrying an apparently invulnerable armament, easily break up our blockade of Southern ports, or lay our seaport cities under contribution, or ascend the Potomac, and, with its shells, drive the government out of the National Capital. The next morning the terrible dragon came forth from Norfolk Harbor again to continue the work of unimpeded ruin. Then, all of a sudden, an insignificant-looking thing, resembling a small "raft with a large iron cheese-box"

upon it, appeared on the scene and bade defiance to the rebel demon. It was the celebrated "Monitor," which, under the orders of the government, had been built by the famous engineer, Ericsson, and which had been quietly towed from New York to Hampton Roads. The savior arrived in good time. The "Monitor" proved as invulnerable as the "Merrimac," and even more effective. After a duel between the two champions, lasting several hours, the "Merrimac" retreated into Elizabeth River, and the "Monitor" remained in undisturbed possession of the field.

When I saw Mr. Lincoln the next day, his mind was still so full of the great event that it gave him evident delight to tell me the whole story. He described so vividly the arrival of the first tidings of disaster, and his own and the several Cabinet members' dismay at the awful prospect thus opened, and their sighs of relief when the telegraph announced the appearance of "the little cheese-box" which drove the rebel Goliath off the field, that I have been for years under the impression of having been personally in the President's room when it all happened, and when the despatches successively arrived. A careful scrutiny of circumstances convinced me at last—to my regret, I must confess—that I was not at the White House that day, but the day following. This is one of the cases which have made me very anxious to verify my memory by all attainable outside evidence in writing this story.

Before leaving Mr. Lincoln, I gave him as good a report as I could of our emancipation meeting on the 6th of March, and of the general situation in New York. Mr. Lincoln expressed his satisfaction with what had been done, and trusted that the public discussion of the subject would go on so as to familiarize the public mind with what would inevitably come if the war continued. He was not altogether without hope that

the proposition he had presented to the Southern States in his message of March 6th would find favorable consideration, at least in some of the Border States. He had made the proposition in perfect good faith; it was, perhaps, the last of the kind; and if they repelled it, theirs was the responsibility. I remember how grave he looked when he said this. The merry twinkle, which had glimmered in his deep-set eyes when he told the story of the little cheese-box, had altogether given way to an expression of deep melancholy, as he added: "An awful responsibility either way."

The conversation then turned upon my own personal situation. I repeated to Mr. Lincoln that I wished to resign my position as Minister to Spain; that it was an intolerable thought to me to lead a life of ease and luxury and comparative idleness while the Republic was fighting for its life, and most of the men of my age were in the field at the post of danger; and that now, our relations with Spain being in a satisfactory condition, and my business of reporting to him on the public sentiment in Europe, and of lending a helping hand in quickening the anti-slavery current being substantially accomplished, I was anxious to enter the army. Mr. Lincoln said that, remembering how reluctantly I had gone abroad last June, he had thought about this himself, and had talked with Mr. Seward about it. Seward had told him that he was very well satisfied with my services; that I had won for myself a good position with the Spanish Government, and that he wanted me to go back to Madrid. Would I not consider the matter further for a week or two, or as long as I liked, and see Mr. Seward myself? This, of course, I could not decline to do. Mr. Seward, when I called upon him, was very kind, even complimentary; invited me and Mrs. Schurz to dinner, and urged me strongly not to give up the mission—which was very gratifying to me, inasmuch as

originally he had, for very good reasons, opposed my appointment. But in all our conversations he did not with a single word mention the subject of slavery, an omission which I could not but think significant and disquieting.

The more maturely I debated with myself the question of returning to Spain, the more firmly I became convinced that, in such times, the true place for a young and able-bodied man was in the field, and not in an easy chair. I waited a reasonable time, so as to avoid the appearance of treating Mr. Lincoln's kindly admonition lightly, and then I told him that my mind was made up. "Well," said he, "I hope you have not forgotten that you are giving up a large salary and a distinguished and comfortable place to take one that pays little and will bring you plenty of work and discomfort and danger. Have you talked the matter over with that handsome, dear wife of yours?" Mr. Lincoln had seen Mrs. Schurz several times, and had apparently been much pleased with her appearance and conversation. "Yes," I said, "she thought it was pretty hard, but she is a good patriot." "If she agrees," said Mr. Lincoln, "then I do. I expected you to come to this decision, and I shall send your name to the Senate with the next batch of brigadiers, and I trust we can find you a suitable command." I was delighted, and thanked him most sincerely.

To take a young man like myself from civil life and make him a brigadier general for immediate service would have been regarded as a very strange, if not foolish, thing under ordinary circumstances. It did not appear so under those then existing. The government had to create an army of several hundred thousand men to be put into the field without delay. The youth of the country responded with enthusiastic alacrity to the President's call. In an incredibly short time the ranks were filled with young men from every conceivable station

in life and every grade of intelligence. What was the government to do to provide the military organizations so formed, with the necessary officers? Our regular army was very small, its officers few. A comparatively large number of these few, who had been educated at the West Point Academy, had gone over to the service of the Southern Confederacy. Of those who remained, some had to stay with their regiments, while others were given commands with the volunteer troops. A few graduates of West Point, who had left the service, re-entered it, and were put at the head of regiments, brigades, divisions, corps, or armies. There were also a few men who had served as officers in State militia organizations, and had thus acquired a smattering of infantry or cavalry tactics in most cases not going beyond the drill of a platoon or a company. But the vast majority of the officers' positions, from lieutenancies up to generalships, had to be filled with persons taken from civil life who had no schooling in military service at all, but were selected on account of their general intelligence and their position among their fellow-citizens, which seemed to fit them for leadership on a smaller or larger scale. They would be obliged to learn the military business as they went on, and it was expected that soon the real military capacity and fitness for command would show itself. This is the way the great volunteer army was created, and the only way it could have been created. On the side of the Southern Confederacy the method of organization was substantially the same.

There was, therefore, nothing out of the common, nothing of unusual favoritism, in my appointment as a brigadier general of volunteers. I had, perhaps, even a little advantage over many of my colleagues who had been appointed to the same grade on the same principle, in the military studies I had constantly and arduously pursued ever since my short service in

the revolutionary army of the Palatinate and Baden in 1849. All the great campaigns of modern times had become quite familiar to me from a tactical as well as a strategical point of view, and as, in addition, I knew from experience how I would feel "under fire," I entered upon my new duties with the hope, and certainly with the desire, of rendering some service.

The military situation in the spring of 1862 was one of great uncertainty. The Union arms had achieved some important successes in the West and on the Atlantic coast. General George H. Thomas, a Virginian by birth, but a faithful Union man, had defeated a superior force of Confederates at Mill Spring, Kentucky. General Grant had taken Forts Henry and Donelson. Our victory at Shiloh spread consternation throughout the South, and so encouraged the most sanguine optimists at the North that they confidently predicted the speedy end of the war. An expedition under General Burnside occupied Roanoke Island, and thereby opened a large part of the North Carolina coast. Our victory at Pea Ridge, under Curtis and Sigel, drove the forces of the Confederacy from Missouri. The capture of New Orleans followed in April.

But while the arms of the Union thus advanced in the West and the South, the Army of the Potomac, organized by General McClellan, lay idle in front of Washington. General McClellan was then 36 years old. He had passed through West Point, had served with credit in the Mexican War, had in time of peace been distinguished by various extraordinary public employments, had witnessed part of the Crimean War as a representative of the American army, and left the service with the rank of captain to take private employment as an engineer, and was president of a railroad when the President called for volunteers. Living at Cincinnati, he was regarded by prom-

inent citizens of Ohio as the proper man to lead the State troops, and the National Government, advised by General Scott, who knew McClellan and esteemed him highly, promptly made him a major general, and entrusted him with a comprehensive command. He conducted some successful operations in West Virginia against rebel forces consisting of a few regiments, and was called to Washington, after our defeat at Bull Run, to be put in charge of the Army of the Potomac, and, eventually, of all the armies of the United States. The people fairly yearned for a hero, and were ready to ascribe to the one who appeared now on the scene, all possible attributes of genius and character. McClellan was a man of handsome appearance, winning manners, and fine, soldierly bearing. The government gave him its full confidence, and freedom of action. The railroads poured an abundance of volunteer regiments into Washington, and swelled the army forming there into a mighty host. In organizing that host and putting it into the best attainable state of discipline, the young general was in his element. Neither did he neglect the spectacular part of the business. People came from afar to see him at the head of a brilliant staff, to which princes and counts from abroad were attached, galloping from camp to camp, and holding reviews and inspections. He was the "young Napoleon," the pet of the nation. The soldiers adored him, and the commanding officers were attached to him with warm personal devotion. The army under McClellan's command was by far the strongest and finest that had ever been assembled on this continent.

When the work of preparation had been going on for two or three months, and the Army of the Potomac continued to lay idle within the forts and entrenched camps surrounding Washington, in the face of the fortified batteries which the Confederates had defiantly placed within sight of it, a murmur

of impatience arose in the country. The newspapers, still unused to warlike conditions, went on, for a while, discussing military affairs as something governed by a mysterious science. Every little movement was treated as the offspring of a profound strategical combination, and McClellan's persistent inactivity was spoken of as a masterly Fabian policy which would soon be followed by a sudden, magnificent, and decisive blow. But when day after day, without variation, and seemingly without end, the news was issued: "All quiet on the Potomac," a suspicion spread that it was not "all right on the Potomac." In the light of subsequent events and historical disclosures, it has become evident what the mystery of that inactivity consisted in. McClellan was a splendid organizer and administrator. He knew perfectly how to construct the engine of war. But when that engine was constructed, he hesitated to set it in motion. He was a learned soldier, and knew what a perfectly appointed army was; but he shrank from taking any risk with an army that, in his opinion, was not quite perfectly appointed. He forgot that many a time great successes had been achieved by armies that were very imperfectly appointed; that great marches had been executed without an abundant supply of shoes; that magnificent operations had been carried through and decisive victories won with means of army transportation that left something to be desired; that our Western troops, which had accomplished such important results, were not nearly as well provided as the Army of the Potomac was, and especially that, if the Army of the Potomac still wanted this and that desirable thing, the Confederate army in front of it must, in the very nature of the case, be far more in want of the same things.

As to the condition and strength of the Confederate forces opposing him, General McClellan labored under fairly incred-

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

"He was the 'young Napoleon,' the pet of the nation"

ible hallucinations. He actually believed that they greatly outnumbered him. Indeed, if his information service had been ever so inefficient,—the simplest reflection should have convinced him that the Confederacy, owing to its great inferiority in population and material resources, could not possibly have concentrated at any one point an army as large as his, and that their army could not possibly be as well equipped with the necessaries of warfare. But his mind was morbidly set upon the theory that the enemy was far superior in strength; that an attack from the rebels, which it would be difficult to withstand, might be expected at any time, and that, if he, General McClellan, were to save the Republic, as he felt himself ordained by Providence to do, he must have large reinforcements in men and materials. In fact, while reinforcements in every shape were flowing into Washington in an almost uninterrupted stream, and the government lavished upon the Army of the Potomac everything it could command, McClellan, with petulant persistency, asked for more, and more, and more, and, as subsequently turned out, denounced in his correspondence the President and his Cabinet as "imbeciles" because they would not give him the means and the authority he asked for to execute his "plans."

The situation at last became actually inexplicable. The summer and autumn months, the season of healthful air and good roads, came and passed, but McClellan did not stir. The winter came, and in spite of snow and ice and bad roads, the Western armies marched and fought, but "all quiet on the Potomac." The impatience of public opinion rose to something akin to exasperation. Mr. Lincoln, whom I visited from time to time, did not speak to me of the vain efforts he had made to urge General McClellan into action, but, when military affairs were mentioned, I could clearly perceive that he was very much

troubled. It was like an outburst of desperation when he issued his "General War Order No. 1," that "the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent land and naval forces." There was an abundance of "movement," and of successful movement, too, in other parts of the country, even before the 22d day of February, but McClellan's splendid army continued to stand still for some time after that day, as if rooted to the ground. McClellan persistently asserted that his force was lamentably inadequate to an attack on the enemy in his front, and pressed upon the President the transfer of his army to the lower Chesapeake, and an operation thence upon Richmond, a plan which Mr. Lincoln finally accepted. That he did not during that long period of hesitancy on the part of McClellan, which was full of contrarieties and disappointments, remove that General from command, is one of the most debatable points in Mr. Lincoln's conduct of the war. Perhaps he had no more promising officer to put in McClellan's place. Perhaps he felt himself restrained by important political considerations. McClellan was a Democrat. The Democratic party had taken up his defense, and it was thought desirable to avoid occasions for political jealousies and splits.

Suddenly, on the 9th of March, the startling news arrived that the Confederates, under command of General Johnston, had evacuated the position in front of the Army of the Potomac, and retired behind the Rappahannock. McClellan started his whole army in pursuit, but did not reach the rearguard of the Confederates, who had been preparing their retreat for some time and were well ahead. McClellan subsequently asserted that the Confederates had left their position for the reason that they had been informed of his design to attack Richmond by the "Peninsula" between the James and the

York Rivers, and that Johnston had hastily removed his forces for the defense of the Capital of the Confederacy. But this fiction has been thoroughly exposed by the documents contained in the Confederate archives, which show conclusively that the rebel force in front of McClellan, instead of outnumbering the Union army opposed to it, was not even half as strong, was ill disciplined, and poorly provided; that it stood in constant dread of an attack by the overwhelmingly superior force of the Army of the Potomac, while McClellan apprehended the coming of an overwhelming attack from the Confederate army; and that, as, in spite of McClellan's hesitancy, he was bound to attack in the spring, it was deemed wise to evacuate a position considered untenable against McClellan's great host. There was a burst of grim laughter all over the country when it was reported that, in the fortifications abandoned by the Confederates, so-called "quaker-guns" were found—logs of wood that had been painted so as to resemble heavy cannon—and that our army had stood still, awed by that formidable artillery frowning down upon it from the hostile breastworks!

General McClellan had hardly started on his Peninsular campaign when he stopped again for weeks before a long line of rebel entrenchments defended by a small force which might have been easily broken through by a resolute attack. And then his morbid delusion began again that the enemy greatly outnumbered him on the field of operations, and he vociferously complained that he had not men enough; that the naval forces did not co-operate with him, and that the government withheld from him the necessary support—while in fact his forces were vastly superior in strength to those of the enemy in his front, and he might have triumphantly executed his plan, which originally was in itself not a bad one, had he made prompt, resolute, and vigorous use of his time and his means.

And finally, after much heroic fighting on both sides, McClellan, at one time within sight of the steeples of Richmond, retreated before what he called the "superior forces" of the rebels, and congratulated himself upon "saving his army."

On the 11th of March, President Lincoln had issued an order creating three military departments, that of the Potomac, under the command of General McClellan; the Mountain Department, embracing the country west of the Department of the Potomac, and east of a north-and-south line drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, to be commanded by General Frémont, and the Department of the Mississippi, west of the Mountain Department, under General Halleck. Soon after my nomination for a brigadier generalship had been confirmed by the Senate, I was ordered by the War Department to report to General Frémont for duty.

While I was waiting in Washington for my confirmation and assignment, I had again to undergo the tribulations of persons who are supposed to be men of "influence." The news had gone abroad that in America there was a great demand for officers of military training and experience. This demand could not fail to attract from all parts of the globe adventurous characters who had, or pretended to have, seen military service in one country or another, and who believed that there was a chance for prompt employment and rapid promotion. Washington at that period fairly swarmed with them. Some were very respectable persons, who came here well recommended, and subsequently made a praiseworthy record. Others belonged to the class of adventurers who traded on their good looks or on the fine stories they had concocted of their own virtues and achievements. Being myself of foreign birth, I was approached by many of those who came from Germany, or Austria, or France, with the expectation that I would naturally be disposed to

make especial exertions in their behalf. In some cases, having satisfied myself as to their antecedents and qualifications, I willingly did so, and two of them, Major Hoffman, who had been an engineer officer in the Prussian army, which he had left for honorable cause, and who had then served with Garibaldi in his remarkable campaign for the liberation of Italy, and Captain Spraul, a former Bavarian officer, who had also joined Garibaldi, I caused to be appointed "additional aides-de-camp," a military grade especially created for such appointments, and took them upon my own staff, where they did excellent service. Hoffman remained in government employment as an engineer long after the close of the war. One of the best men that came here at that time was Captain Hubert Dilger, who had served in the artillery of the Grand Duchy of Baden. He greatly distinguished himself as one of the most brilliant artillery officers in our army, and I had the good fortune of having him in my command for a considerable time.

In other instances my experience was different. A young man, calling himself Count von Schweinitz, presented himself to me neatly attired in the uniform of an Austrian officer of Uhlans. He was very glib of tongue, and exhibited papers which had an authentic look, and seemed to sustain his pretensions. But there were occasional smartnesses in his conversation which made me suspicious. He may have noticed that I hesitated to trust him, for suddenly he ceased to press me with his suit. I learned afterwards that he had succeeded in obtaining some appointment, and also in borrowing considerable sums of money from two foreign Ministers. Finally it turned out that his mother was a washerwoman, that he had served an Austrian officer of Uhlans as a valet, and that as such he had possessed himself of his uniform and his master's papers.

Another foreign nobleman sought my intercession, of

whose genuineness I soon became fully convinced. He was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian Legation. Moreover, there were no smartnesses at all in his talk. He had a long row of ancestors, whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact, and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an "audience" with the President, and lay his case before him, he believed the result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so arduously with the request for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln, that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him, if the President permitted. The President did permit. The count spoke English moderately well, and in his ingenuous way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was, and that they had been counts so-and-so many centuries. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, "that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way, if you behave yourself as a soldier." The poor count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over, he asked me what in the world the President could have meant by so strange a remark.

Another saying of Mr. Lincoln, of a similar kind, made the rounds at the time, and was very much enjoyed. I cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, but it is so strikingly Lincolnesque that there is a strong probability in its favor. I have never seen it mentioned anywhere, and so I may be pardoned for inserting it here. It was to this effect: An Englishman, who had traveled far and wide over the United States, called upon Mr. Lincoln, and told him of the impressions he had received of various parts of the country. Speaking of social conditions and habits, he said, among other things, that to his astonishment he had heard that many gentlemen in America

were in the habit of blacking their own boots. "That is true," said Mr. Lincoln, "but would gentlemen in your country not do that?" "No; certainly not," the Englishman replied with emphasis. "Well!" said Mr. Lincoln, quietly, "whose boots do they black?"

It is not my purpose to give in what now follows anything pretending to be a valuable contribution to the military history of the Civil War. I shall rather confine myself to the description of some personal experiences, with occasional glimpses of important historical events.

As soon as I had received my order to report for duty to General Frémont in the Shenandoah Valley, I called upon Mr. Lincoln to take leave. He was most kind, wished me "good luck," and said at parting—as he had done when I started for Spain—that he wished me to write to him freely whenever anything occurred to me that I thought he ought to know. This I had soon occasion to do.

After a somewhat adventurous journey, I joined General Frémont's army at Harrisonburg, Virginia, on June 10th, 1862, and reported myself for duty. When Frémont was a candidate for the presidency in 1856, his personality had appeared surrounded by a romantic halo as the great "Pathfinder" who had opened a large and mysterious part of the continent to the knowledge of his countrymen, and who was thought to possess abilities of an extraordinary order. At the beginning of the Civil War, I heard him spoken of in Washington as one of the coming heroes of the conflict, in almost extravagant terms. I remember especially Mr. Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General in Mr. Lincoln's administration, insisting that Mr. Frémont must at once be given large and important military command, and predicting that the genius and energy of this remarkable man would soon astonish

the country, Frémont was, indeed, promptly made a major general in the regular army, and entrusted with the command of the Department of the West, including the State of Illinois and all the country from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, with headquarters at St. Louis. But he sorely disappointed the sanguine expectations of his friends. He displayed no genius for organization. There was much sluggishness and confusion in the assembling of troops, most of whom were wretchedly equipped for active duty. There was no unity of command. The administrative branches of the service were in a most unsatisfactory condition. Frémont's headquarters seemed to have a marked attraction for rascally speculators of all sorts, and there was much scandal caused by the awarding of profitable contracts to persons of bad repute. But Frémont won the favor of advanced and impatient anti-slavery men by the issue of an order looking to the emancipation of slaves within his department, which Mr. Lincoln found himself obliged to countermand, seeing in it an act of military usurpation, and a step especially inopportune at a time when the attitude of some of the Border States was still undetermined. But it gave Frémont a distinct political position which, when in consequence of the disorder in the Department of the West, his removal from that command had become necessary, may have induced the administration not to drop him altogether, for, under the circumstances then existing, this might have looked like a political punishment, and disaffected many good people. Thus he was given another chance of service at the head of the Mountain Department.

But in that sphere of action he was no more fortunate. He was operating in West Virginia, protecting railroads and putting down guerrillas, when the renowned rebel general, Stonewall Jackson, made his celebrated raid into the Shenan-

doah Valley, driving Banks before him to the Potomac, and apparently threatening to cross that river, and to make an attack upon Washington. This, however, Jackson did not attempt, but having succeeded in gathering up stores and in disturbing the plans of the Washington government, he turned back and rapidly retreated up the Shenandoah Valley. Frémont was ordered to intercept, and, with the co-operation of Banks' and McDowell's troops, to "bag" him. This required some forced marches, which Frémont failed to execute with the expected promptness, a failure which excited the dissatisfaction of the administration in a marked degree. Frémont, having failed to "bag" Jackson, followed him up the Shenandoah. He had a sharp but indecisive engagement with the enemy at Cross Keys, near Harrisonburg, whereupon Jackson went on to rejoin the main rebel army near Richmond, and Frémont fell back to Harrisonburg with the intention of retiring further down the Shenandoah Valley to Mount Jackson.

I arrived at Harrisonburg late in the evening of June 9th, a day after the action at Cross Keys. There were confused reports about the result of the fight, some telling of a glorious victory, others of a bloody disaster. On the morning of the 10th, I started to join the army, but I soon met officers bringing the news that General Frémont had ordered a retrograde movement and would arrive in town in a few hours. Presently troops began to come in, marching in rather loose order. The men looked ragged, tired, and dejected. I heard a good deal of hard swearing in the ranks in various tongues, English, German, and Hungarian—signs of a sorry state of mind. A troop of neat-looking horsemen appeared, patiently making their way through the throng, and stopped at a house which, as I was informed, had been taken for General Frémont's headquarters. It was the General himself with his staff.

As soon as they had dismounted, I presented myself with my order of assignment. To be admitted to General Frémont's presence was a matter attended with some ceremony. There had already been complaints at St. Louis, as I learned, that General Frémont was "difficult to be seen." He was surrounded by a body guard consisting mostly of Hungarians, brave soldiers who on occasion did excellent service, but who also contributed much to the somewhat unusual "style" which was kept up at Frémont's headquarters. As I afterwards observed, Frémont himself had a taste for that sort of thing. When I was finally introduced by Colonel Zagonyi, one of the Hungarian aides-de-camp, the General received me kindly, and at once promised to have a suitable command arranged for me without delay. It was my first meeting with Frémont. I saw before me a man of middle stature, elegant build, muscular and elastic, dark hair and beard slightly streaked with gray, a broad forehead, a keen eye, fine, regular features. It has been said that there was much of the charlatan in him, but his appearance at that time certainly betrayed nothing of the kind. There was an air of refinement in his bearing. His manners seemed perfectly natural, easy, and unaffected, without any attempt at posing. His conversation, carried on in a low, gentle tone of voice, had a suggestion of reticence and reserve in it, but not enough to cause a suspicion of insincerity. The whole personality appeared rather attractive—and yet, one did not feel quite sure.

Our first conversation was rather short and formal, but about an hour later he sent for me to give me an elaborate exposé of his recent operations and his present circumstances. He had received from Washington a telegraphic order to stay at Harrisonburg, while he thought it best to take his command further down the Shenandoah Valley into a more secure

position. He considered himself still threatened by Stonewall Jackson, who was reported to have received heavy reinforcements, giving him a decided superiority in numbers. This report was incorrect, but it was credited by other Union commanders in that region. Frémont, therefore, thought it necessary to put his command in a position more easily defensible. Whether he knew or guessed that Mr. Lincoln wanted me to write to him, I do not know. At any rate I gave him no reason for thinking so. But he evidently wished me to form the most favorable judgment of his past action and of his purposes. What he told me of the miserable condition of his troops, I found to be but too true when I reviewed the regiments that were to constitute the two little brigades of my division—two regiments of New York Volunteers, the Fifty-fourth and the Fifty-eighth, two from Pennsylvania, the Seventy-fourth and the Seventy-fifth, one from Ohio, the Sixty-first, and one from West Virginia, the Eighth, besides two batteries of artillery, and a company of cavalry. Most of the infantry had belonged to Blenker's division, which, on the 1st of April, had been detached from the Army of the Potomac and ordered to join Frémont in the Mountain Department. For weeks it had wandered westward, most of the time over wretched roads, sometimes, it seems, without clearly defined direction, in districts of country where "you could not find forage enough for a mule," ill equipped and ill provisioned. In substantially the same condition they took part in Frémont's ineffective attempt to intercept Stonewall Jackson, and in the battle of Cross Keys, where they fought bravely. And in that condition some of them passed under my command. As soon as we were settled at Mount Jackson, and I had, as well as I could in a few days, satisfied myself by personal observation as to the actual state of things, I availed myself of the privilege given

me by Mr. Lincoln to report to him what I had seen and what I thought of it. While I could not justify the lack of celerity in Frémont's movements, I could conscientiously say that, if Frémont had marched more rapidly and succeeded in placing his forces athwart Stonewall Jackson's line of retreat, he would probably not have been able to stop the enemy, very much superior numerically, commanded by the fiercest fighter of the South, but would have exposed himself to a disastrous defeat. To be sure, a very self-reliant and resolute commander would eagerly have taken the risk and strained every nerve to be on the decisive spot on time. Frémont evidently was not of that class. To him, the difficulties in the way were a matter of first interest. It must be owned that they might well have discouraged a man of no more than ordinary inspiration. I thought it my duty to give them due weight in my letter to Mr. Lincoln. I described the reduction of the regiments from the strength of 1000 men each to an average of not more than 400; their destitution in tents, knapsacks, clothing, and shoes, many of the men "marching barefooted through mud and over rocky ground"; the miserable condition of the horses, having fed for a considerable time on nothing but the grass around their camps; the artillery horses hardly able to drag their pieces; only one company of cavalry in the whole army tolerably mounted; the temper of discontent among officers and soldiers, who thought themselves neglected; the lack of properly organized and equipped pioneer companies. I actually observed that, when the march of the army was impeded by the breaking down of a little bridge, an axe had to be borrowed from a farmer to repair the damage, thus stopping the army for an hour, when the bridge might have been made serviceable in five minutes by a properly appointed pioneer company. I also ventured upon some general suggestions as to the necessity of more unity of

command in this field of action to secure concert of purpose and movement, the "see-saw business," as it had for some time been going on there, wearing out the strength of the army for no useful end. Mr. Lincoln, in a telegraphic despatch, acknowledged the value of the information I had given him, but could not see why Frémont should not have been strong enough successfully to intercept Jackson in the Valley, when he was strong enough to fight Jackson creditably at Cross Keys. There was, however, this essential difference between the two occasions: that, being intercepted on his line of retreat in the Valley, Jackson would have fought him with might and main to break his way through Frémont's inferior force, while at Cross Keys, having actually effected the freedom of his retreat toward the main Confederate army, he fought merely to repel an attack upon his rear guard.

Two weeks later, unity of command on that field of operations was really effected. On June 26th, President Lincoln issued an order providing that "the forces under Generals Frémont, Banks, and McDowell, including the troops now under Brigadier General Sturgis at Washington, shall be consolidated and form one army, to be called the Army of Virginia," and to be under command of Major General Pope. Of this army the troops of the Mountain Department were to constitute the First Army Corps, to be commanded by Major General Frémont. Upon receipt of this order, General Frémont promptly asked the President to relieve him of his command, for the reason that the position assigned to him was "subordinate and inferior to those hitherto conceded" to him, and because the subordinate command to which he was now assigned would "virtually and largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service of the country." Secretary Stanton replied that the other Major Generals Banks and Mc-

Dowell, had cheerfully consented to serve under the orders of a junior in rank, but Frémont's request was at once complied with, and, as no other command was conferred upon him, he disappeared from the scene of military action. Two years later he emerged again from retirement for a little while as a candidate for the presidency, nominated by a small conventicle of radicals dissatisfied with Mr. Lincoln's administration. And later, he was heard of only as a business speculator, leading a precarious existence, vibrating between that of a multi-millionaire and a pauper. Finally he died in obscurity, leaving behind him a dim, shadowy myth of quondam glory as the great "Pathfinder" and the first Republican color-bearer.

In the place of Frémont, the President appointed General Franz Sigel as the commander of the First Army Corps of the Army of Virginia. The German-American troops welcomed Sigel with great enthusiasm, which the rank and file of the native American regiments at least seemed to share. He brought a splendid military reputation with him. He had bravely fought for liberty in Germany, and conducted there the last operations of the revolutionary army in 1849. He had been one of the foremost to organize and lead that force of armed men, mostly Germans, that seemed suddenly to spring out of the pavements of St. Louis, and whose prompt action saved that city and the State of Missouri to the Union. On various fields, especially at Pea Ridge, he had distinguished himself by personal gallantry as well as by skillful leadership. The popular war-cry, "fighting mit Sigel," had given his name an extraordinary vogue.

Thus General Sigel seemed to enter upon his field of activity in the East under the most propitious circumstances. But in the course of events I have become convinced that, as regards his personal interests as well as his usefulness, he made a great

GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL

CARL SCHURZ

mistake in leaving the West. The very prestige he had won in the West exposed him to peculiar troubles and dangers in the East. There is no less professional jealousy among military men than there is among musicians or actors. This is human nature. That the officers of the regular army, the West-Pointers, when they saw so many civilian volunteers appointed to high grades and commands, should have been stirred to a grudging discontent, and that they should have clubbed together for the protection or advancement of the pretentions or claims of their class, may sometimes have been deplorably injurious to the public interest, but it was not surprising. On the whole, it must be admitted that, while the war developed not a few volunteer officers of great merit, the class of professional soldiers who had graduated at our great military school furnished by far the largest number and the most efficient of the superior commanders in the field. It was the same in the Confederate army. At the West there were comparatively few West-Pointers to take the larger commands. The volunteer element was overwhelmingly predominant, and the relations between the two classes of officers naturally assumed a more democratic character. At the East the number of West-Pointers in our army was much larger and their "esprit de corps" more pronounced and exclusive. They would tolerate with good grace the appointment to high grades or the promotion of civilian volunteers who were men of local importance or who had distinguished themselves. But when a volunteer general, and a "foreigner," too, was transferred from the West to the East as a man of superior qualities and military competency, who might perhaps teach them something, it went much against their grain, and that man was often looked upon as a pretentious intruder and obliged to encounter very watchful and sometimes even rancorous criticism.

Moreover, General Sigel was not well fitted to meet the difficulties of such a situation. He possessed in a small degree that amiability of humor which will disarm ill-will and make for friendly comradeship. His conversation lacked the sympathetic element. There was something reserved, even morose, in his mien, which, if it did not discourage cheerful approach, certainly did not invite it. That sort of temperament is rather a misfortune than a fault, but in Sigel's case it served to render the difficulties of his situation more difficult at critical periods. However, his prospects seemed to be bright enough when he began his career in the East.

As to myself, after I obtained my command, I was busy studying and performing my various duties and endeavoring to win the respect and confidence of my officers and men. Some of the colonels in the army corps, especially those who had, in one country or another, received some sort of regular military training, were little edified when they saw me put over their heads, and I had reason for believing that in private they occasionally gave vent to their feelings. Among the minor officers and the rank and file, I enjoyed a certain popularity, but it was not of the military kind. These things, however, did not trouble me seriously. First, I earnestly endeavored to provide for the wants of my troops, and as we had the good fortune of several weeks' rest, during which government supplies arrived, good cheer and contentment gradually returned to our camps. For this my men gave their new commander more credit than he deserved. At the same time I had occasion to let my officers know that I knew something of our business. I inspected our picket lines by day and by night, and corrected several mistakes in the placing of our outposts, which my colonels promptly recognized to be necessary. On the 9th of July, we marched from Mount Jackson across Thornton's

Gap to Sperryville, and it was noticed by officers and men that the march of my command was conducted with more order and comfort than they had been accustomed to. At Sperryville, as soon as the troops were sufficiently rested, I began a series of division drills under my personal command, including the formation of my two brigades in column, deployment for action, formation for attack, changes of front, and similar evolutions. One of these drills was watched by General Sigel, who accidentally came by. He was unusually profuse in commendation, and remarked that he wished such things were more frequently done in the army. I was even more pleased by a visit from Colonel Alexander von Schimmelfennig, commanding the Seventy-fourth regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in my first brigade—the same Prussian officer Schimmelfennig who, thirteen years before, had served in the revolutionary army of the Palatinate, and who, in the winter of 1849-50, at Zurich, in Switzerland, had given me military instruction. Now he was my subordinate. "Your division drill was very good," said he; "very good; where did you learn these things?" "First from you," I replied, "and then from the books you recommended to me to study, at Zurich, you remember." "Very good," he repeated, evidently pleased. "You have studied well; now let us do as well when the bullets whistle."

I felt with great satisfaction that I had much advanced in the respect and confidence of my officers and men. But the severest and most essential trial was still to come; and it came before many days. On the 8th of August we received marching orders. Although the subordinate commanders knew little of the ulterior purposes of our movements, the general situation of affairs was understood to have become critical. McClellan's great Peninsular campaign dragged discouragingly on. The Army of the Potomac no longer threatened

Richmond, and General Lee, who in the meantime had been advanced to the head of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, felt himself free to enter with his main forces upon offensive operations menacing Washington, and to invade the North. General Halleck was put in the place of McClellan as General in Chief of the armies of the United States—an appointment which inspired the people and the troops with little confidence and no enthusiasm. The administration had selected for the command of the Army of Virginia General Pope, who, indeed, on some occasions had rendered fine service in the West, but whose elevation to so important a post caused much head-shaking among military men. Halleck resolved to withdraw the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, and to bring it to Pope's aid. At the very start General Pope managed to make an unfavorable impression by one of those indiscretions which an untried leader should be most careful to avoid. He issued a proclamation "to the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia," in which he said such things as these: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack and not defense. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find so in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of 'taking strong positions and holding them,' of 'lines of retreat,' and of 'bases of supplies.' Let us discard such ideas," and so on. There was in this a good deal of boasting not altogether well founded, and some almost contemptuous criticism of Eastern officers and soldiers not altogether merited, and likely to stir up among these a feeling of resentment. In less

than two months the boaster was to repent of every word of it. In July, Pope, having three army corps, Sigel's, McDowell's, and Banks's, at his disposal, was aiming at Gordonsville and Stanton, and thus at the railroad forming the important artery of communication between Richmond, the Confederate Capital, and the West, and pushed some of his forces, under Banks, forward to Culpepper. But Stonewall Jackson, with 25,000 men, advanced against Banks, who had only a greatly inferior force on the ground, and met him near Cedar Mountain. Sigel was ordered to hurry to the support of Banks. We broke camp at Sperryville on the afternoon of August 8th, and marched all night. The night was hot, but the next day much hotter. After having rested a little while at Hazel River, we continued, in the morning, our march to Culpepper, where we arrived at 2 p. m. It was my first experience of a march with the thermometer up high in the nineties. It must have been well above eighty at the moment when the sun rose—like a huge, angry, red-hot ball. By nine o'clock his rays blazed down with inexorable fierceness. There was not a cloud in the sky, and no breath of air stirring. The dust raised up by the marching column hardly rose above the heads of the men, and enveloped them like a dense, dark, immovable fog bank, within which a black, almost indistinguishable mass struggled onward. As we expected to meet the enemy, I had instructed the commanding officers of brigades and of regiments to keep the marching column well closed up, and to prevent straggling as much as possible. No doubt, they did their best. But as the sun rose higher and the heat grew fiercer, discipline gave way. The men, burdened with their knapsacks and blankets, their guns, and their cartridge belts heavy with ammunition, their faces fairly streaming with sweat, their mouths and nostrils filled with an earthy slime, their breasts panting with almost convul-

sive gasps for breath, their eyes wide open with a sort of insane stare, dragged themselves along with painful effort. Each man feeling the heat increased by the nearness of his neighbor, and seeking to have the comfort of as much elbow room as possible, the army lost its orderly compactness and spread over the fields to an irregular breadth. Wherever there was a run of water, or a well, or a pool, hundreds would rush to it and tumble over one another to slake their ferocious thirst. Hundreds threw away their knapsacks, and even their blankets. Scores dropped by the wayside, utterly exhausted. Many of them lay there in fits of vomiting. I rode along the column to cheer up the marching men and to encourage those prostrate on the ground. Some of my German regiments had, early in the morning, been singing their native songs. I asked them to try again, and the attempt was actually made, but it failed dismally. Their throats were too much parched to have any music left in them. Among those who were lying down some had spirit enough to struggle up to their feet and salute and say: "Never mind, General, we shall get there somehow." Others were, as they said, about ready to give up and die, it might be here just as well as anywhere else; but march on, they could not. When about 2 o'clock p. m. we entered Culpepper, some of the regiments looked but little larger than mere color-guards. But during the short rest allowed us, those who had promised to "get there somehow" came bravely in, and even most of those who had been ready to give up and die rejoined their companies, so that when we resumed our march a short time later, we had almost fully regained the strength with which we had started from Sperryville the day before. The knapsacks and blankets that had been thrown away were picked up and brought on by the regimental train wagons following the column.

Between four and five o'clock we heard the booming of artillery in the direction of Cedar Mountain. It was the expected battle between Banks on our, and Stonewall Jackson on the Confederate side, and we were to hasten to the support of Banks. We had hardly marched two miles from our resting place when we met a number of straggling fugitives from the battlefield, who told us gruesome stories about "terrible slaughter," about "Banks's army having been all cut to pieces," and about the rebels being "close on their heels in hot pursuit." We tried to stop and rally the runaways, but with small success. A regiment with its colors and a number of officers came on in an evidently demoralized condition, but still maintaining something like order. There were, however, only some two or three hundred men in its ranks. The officer commanding it said that the battle was lost, that they had been overwhelmed and driven from the field by vastly superior numbers, and that he was without orders. Seeing our troops marching on in good shape, he seemed to take heart and stopped his hasty retreat. We learned that General Sigel, who was ahead of us with the advanced guard, General Milroy's brigade, had also succeeded in gathering up some of the dispersed troops and especially two batteries of artillery in full retreat, the commanders of which willingly placed themselves under General Sigel's orders. When we had caught up with General Sigel, the cannonading still going on, he put General Schenck's and my division in position, but the rebels ceased their attacks, and the fight stopped without our becoming actively engaged.

General Banks had indeed been badly beaten after a gallant struggle against a hostile army outnumbering him four to one, but the victorious Jackson, becoming aware of the strong reinforcements massing against him, withdrew across the Rapidan. On the 11th we had a day's truce between the

two armies for the purpose of caring for the wounded and burying the dead. Confederate and Union officers met on the battlefield of Cedar Mountain and exchanged polite compliments. The famous cavalry general, "Jeb" Stuart, a figure of martial elegance, was one of the Confederate generals. I am sorry I did not have any conversation with him, for I could not help feeling myself attracted by that handsome young enemy, looking so gay and so brave.

Stonewall Jackson having withdrawn his forces across the Rapidan, our army took position along the course of that river, Sigel's corps forming the right wing. Meanwhile General Lee brought up the bulk of the Confederate forces from Richmond to unite them with Jackson's and then to overwhelm Pope in his exposed position. It became known that he planned a grand attack on Pope's right, whereupon Pope ordered a general retreat to the line of the Rappahannock. This movement was begun on the 18th. Our corps marched northward and reached Sulphur Springs on the 20th, where we crossed the Rappahannock and marched southward on its eastern bank, reaching, about noon of the 21st, the neighborhood of Rappahannock Station, where McDowell's corps was camped. At the same time the Confederate forces under Jackson, and behind him Longstreet's, were marching up the river on its western bank. It was our business to observe them closely and to keep them from crossing. McDowell had a fight on the 21st with a part of Longstreet's corps which lasted several hours and kept the enemy on the western side of the river. On the 22d, our corps was at Freeman's Ford, and in order to inform himself about the enemy's strength and the movements on the other side of the river, and to disturb those movements if possible, Sigel ordered me to send a regiment of infantry across the river to reconnoiter. I selected Colonel Schimmelfennig's Seventy-

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fourth Pennsylvania. Schimmelfennig forthwith forded the river, the water reaching up to the belts of the men, ascended the rising open field on the other side, crossed a belt of timber, on top of it, and saw a large wagon train of the enemy moving northward with its flank apparently unguarded. He promptly captured eleven heavily laden pack-mules and several infantry soldiers, and also observed troops marching not far off. His booty he sent to me, with the request that the two other regiments of the brigade be thrown across to support him if he were to do anything further, and to secure his retreat in case the enemy should try to get between him and the river. The two regiments, the Sixty-first Ohio and the Eighth Virginia (loyalists), went over, led by General Bohlen, the brigade commander. Although, in the regular order of things, I was not required as commander of the division to accompany the brigade in person, I followed an instinctive impulse to do so, this being my first opportunity to be with troops of my command under fire. I placed a mountain howitzer battery on an eminence to sweep the open field and the roads on the other side in case of necessity, and then I crossed with some members of my staff. Colonel Schimmelfennig's foresight in asking for help proved well founded. When he proceeded to subject the rebel wagon train to further annoyance, Trimble's brigade of Stonewall Jackson's rear-guard suddenly turned about and fell upon our right flank, and the two regiments brought to Schimmelfennig's aid were at once hotly engaged. The onset was fierce, and my Eighth Virginia broke and ran. My first service on the battlefield thus consisted in stopping and rallying broken troops, which I and my staff officers did with drawn swords and lively language. But now Hood's Texas brigade of Longstreet's vanguard following closely Jackson's wagon train rushed upon our left flank and threatened our

rear. The situation became serious. I then ordered the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania and the Sixty-first Ohio, which had remained firm, to make a bayonet charge upon the enemy in front and toward the left, which was executed with drums beating and a great hurrah. The enemy recoiling a short distance, this gave us a little more freedom to extricate our regiments from the embrace of vastly superior numbers. Then we retreated. When our regiments were out of the woods they went down the field to the river at a somewhat accelerated pace. Forthwith our artillery opened to keep the enemy from venturing into the open, but they pushed a skirmish line to the edge of the woods to send their musket balls after us. General Bohlen fell dead from his horse, shot through the heart. I thought it would not do for the division commander and his staff officers to retreat in full view of his command at a gait faster than a walk. So we moved down the river in a leisurely way. I did not cross the ford until my regiments were all on the other side. When I rode up the bank the brigade drawn up there in line received me with a ringing cheer. I met General Sigel, who had watched the whole operation. His first word was: "Where is your hat?" I answered: "It must be somewhere in the woods yonder. Whether it was knocked from my head by a rebel bullet or the branch of a tree, I don't know. But let us say a rebel bullet. It sounds better." We had a merry laugh. "Well," said Sigel, "I am glad you are here again. When I saw you coming down that field at a walk under the fire from the woods, I feared to see you drop at any moment."

This occurrence itself served a good purpose as to my relations to my men. From that moment on they were fully convinced that wherever I might order them to go, I would be ready to go myself. My standing with them was now

well established. And many years later I had the satisfaction of reading in General Sigel's reminiscences the following sentence referring to this incident: "This was General Schurz's first fight in the American Civil War, and he acquitted himself very bravely." I may be forgiven if this sounds like a little bit of bragging. Every soldier is apt to indulge in that weakness after his first affair, and he will be likely to continue so if that first affair remains the only one. Further experience usually has a sobering effect.

This Freeman's Ford fight amounted to very little as it was. But it might have become of importance had it been followed up by a vigorous push of our forces assembled at and near Freeman's Ford to break into the rebel column of march just at the point where Jackson's wagon train passed along and only his rearguard and Longstreet's vanguard were within immediate supporting distance. Sigel at once reported to General Pope what had happened, but no further orders came. I will not describe in detail all the marches and counter marches which followed. Suffice it to say that the troops were moving day and night with but slight interruptions for rest, and ill provided, the regimental wagons of the different corps as well as the ammunition and provision trains having become almost inextricably mired. I remember to have been at one time continually in the saddle for more than thirty hours, only changing occasionally from a tired mount to a fresh one. It was then that I learned to sleep on horseback.

The men were hungry and terribly fatigued, as repeated night marches almost without rest will always fatigue the soldier. Moreover, they were disquieted by strange rumors flying about—rumors which proved true—that Stonewall Jackson, with a force of 26,000 men, had worked his way through Thoroughfare Gap to the north of us, had swooped all around Pope's

flank—his famous "foot-cavalry," as his infantry was called, having made a march of fifty miles in thirty-six hours—and pounced upon Manassas Junction, where Pope's supplies and ammunition were stored, helping himself to whatever he could use and carry off, and burning the rest. "Jeb" Stuart's troopers, accompanying Jackson, had even raided Pope's headquarters at Catlett's Station. It was a brilliant stroke, but at the same time most hazardous, for Pope's largely superior forces might have been rapidly concentrated against him, with Longstreet, his only support, still far away.

There was again a chance to "bag Jackson." Indeed, at nine o'clock of the evening of the 27th, Pope directed McDowell with Sigel "to march rapidly on Manassas Junction with their whole force." But that same night, Jackson left Manassas Junction and marched northward to the old battlefield of Bull Run, there to take position and to await the arrival of Longstreet, who was to join him by way of Thoroughfare Gap! After much confusion in the transmission of dispatches and orders, and a bloody collision between a part of Jackson's force and General King's division of McDowell's corps on the evening of the 28th, it was at last ascertained where Jackson was. He was far from being "bagged." With his three divisions he stood immediately west of Bull Run and north of the Gainsville-Centreville turnpike, expecting Longstreet, with a force of about equal strength coming from Thoroughfare Gap, to join his right wing within a few hours. The best we could do was to beat him before Longstreet's arrival. Immediately against him Sigel's corps drew up, about 9000 men strong, south of the Gainsville-Centreville turnpike; on its left Reynolds' division near New Market; King's division on the road from Gainsville to Manassas, near Bethlehem Church, and Rickett's division on the same road near Dawkin's Branch,

under the command of General McDowell. Meantime some parts of the Army of the Potomac having come up from the Peninsula, had joined or were joining us. Of these Fitz-John Porter's corps, about 10,000 strong, stood further south on Dawkin's Branch, forming our extreme left. Heintzelman's corps, with the divisions of Hooker and Kearney, marching on from Centreville, was within supporting distance of our right. Reno's corps was also approaching and arrived on the 29th, while the corps of Sumner and Franklin were on their march toward Centreville. The corps of Banks was detached for the protection of our wagon trains. Not counting Banks, Franklin, and Sumner, Pope had about 60,000 men with at least 120 pieces of artillery at his disposal. His cavalry force had become well-nigh unserviceable by the operations of the preceding days.

The question whether a great battle should be fought by Pope at that time and on that spot, was open to two answers. One was in favor of falling back with his whole force to Centreville, where he would have found ample supplies of provisions and every other needful thing for his troops, as well as a reinforcement of two veteran army corps of about 10,000 men each. This would have greatly increased the fighting capacity of his troops and given us an almost overwhelming numerical superiority, obliging Lee either to abandon the field or to accept battle under very unfavorable conditions. On the other hand, there was the chance of catching and beating Jackson before Longstreet would arrive to reinforce him—a thing which might have been accomplished by a prompt, vigorous, and skillful use of the means at hand. Pope, who had bragged so lustily when he took command, may have thought that he could not afford to fall back upon the Army of the Potomac for help when the time for fighting had come, and the famous second battle of Bull Run was the result.

Will the reader be interested in the description of a Division Commander's personal experience in a battle?

It is about daybreak. My two little brigades are still in bivouac, finishing their scanty breakfast, crackers and thin coffee. This is all, for the regimental wagons are still mixed up with the general train. Then the troops fall into line, silently, without bugle signals, for we are in the immediate presence of the enemy. As the sun rises in a cloudless August sky, they are ready to march. Looking round, I see to the right and the left a considerable expanse of open ground with some slight elevations and a few scattered houses surrounded by trees, houses already famous from the first battle of Bull Run; in front of me a little affluent of Bull Run, called Young's Branch; beyond this, some patches of timber, and farther on a long stretch of forest. General Sigel's corps, about 9000 men strong, forms the right wing of our army, and my division, the right wing of Sigel's corps. I receive the order to advance and attack. Not the slightest sign of the enemy is to be seen. He is supposed to be posted in the woods yonder, but just where and in what strength, nobody knows. All is perfectly still. Neither do I hear anything stirring on my left, where I am to connect with Milroy's brigade, nor beyond, where Schenck's division of Sigel's corps stands, nor beyond that, where several divisions of other corps are supposed to be. However, my orders are positive and clear: "Advance at sunrise and attack." Evidently I am to open the proceedings of the day. My command quickly fords Young's Branch, and on the other side I promptly form it in order of battle, first line deployed, second line, 150 paces behind in column, skirmish line well ahead, flanking party on the right; right wing, Col. Schimmelfennig's brigade, left wing, Col. Krzyzanowski's, my artillery so placed as to command the edge of the forest before

me. I gallop along the front to say a last word to the commanding officers. The troops begin to cheer, but are promptly stopped because we want no noise.

At a brisk pace the skirmishers pass the detached groups of timber and enter the forest. The line of battle follows at the proper distance. No sign of the enemy. A quarter of an hour elapses. Perfect stillness all around. Are the enemy there at all? But hark!—two musket shots in rapid succession, apparently near the spot where my skirmishers are to join Milroy's. I hear the clear ringing of those two shots now. Then a moment's silence, followed by a desultory rattle of musketry along the line. No more doubt; we have struck the enemy. The rattle is increasing in liveliness and volume, but the enemy's skirmishers seem to be falling back. "Seem to be"—for we can see very little. The woods are thick, permitting no outlook to the front nor to the right or left, beyond a few paces. Moreover, they are soon filled with white powder smoke. I am impatient to advance my line of battle with greater energy. But the troops, having marched forward through thick forest with tangled underbrush, the ranks are broken up into irregular little squads. The company officers, shouting and waving their swords, do their utmost to hold their men together. Still they press on. I cannot see anything except what is immediately around me. The troops are out of my hands. I am with Krzyzanowski's brigade, and conclude only from the firing I hear on my right, that Schimmelfennig's is in its place, hotly engaged. But lo! here is an aide-de-camp bringing me a message from Schimmelfennig: "All right so far, but the devil to pay ahead. Examine the two prisoners I send you." The prisoners stand before me—stalwart, wild-bearded, weather-beaten, ragged, simple-minded looking men. I examine them separately, and they tell the same story. Stonewall Jackson confronts us

with two divisions, each about 8000 strong. This agrees with the reports we have received of his strength. Jackson expects Longstreet to join him inside of a few hours.

There is indeed "the devil to pay ahead." Stonewall Jackson, the most dashing rebel general, with at least 15,000 men of the best Confederate infantry, right before me, and I have, at best, 3000 muskets. What is to be done? Notify Sigel, and hope for reinforcements. Meanwhile, keep a cool head and a bold front. Perhaps Jackson does not know how weak I am. Meanwhile, my skirmishers have advanced well-nigh half a mile under the weird clatter of rebel bullets against leaves and tree trunks and branches. The line of battle, such as it is, is after them. But now the rattling fire of skirmishers changes into crashes of musketry, regular volleys, rapidly following each other. We have evidently struck Jackson's main position. Now, "Steady, men! Steady! Aim low; aim low!" My men still advance, although slowly. Another messenger from Schimmelfennig with ominous news. He has observed heavy bodies of troops in the open at some distance from his right, coming toward him. He does not know whether they are Confederate or Union troops. I send him the only regiment still unengaged of Krzyzanowski's brigade, to face the mysterious new-comers, and to find out who they are. The roar in my immediate front continues. Brave old Milroy, who commands on my left, startled by what he subsequently calls in his report the "tremendous fire of small arms" on my line, sends me two of his regiments to help me in what he considers my stress. At the same time, General Steinwehr, commanding the second division of Sigel's corps, hurries on with one of his regiments, the Twenty-ninth New York, which I can put in reserve. A third message from Schimmelfennig. The body of troops apparently threatening his right have disappeared again—no doubt a Union force

coming from Centreville. I heave a deep sigh or relief, and call back the regiment I had sent to his aid. It comes none too soon. The rebels make a vicious dash against my center and throw it into confusion. But we succeed soon in restoring order, and with a vigorous counter-charge, we regain the ground we had won before.

It is now about ten o'clock—nearly five hours since we have gone into action. An officer announces to me that General Kearney of the Army of the Potomac has arrived in my rear and is looking for me. I find him in the open just outside of my woods—a strikingly fine, soldierly figure, one-armed, thin face, pointed beard, fiery eyes, his cap somewhat jauntily tipped on the left side of his head, looking much as we might expect a French general to look. He asks me about the state of the action and the position of my command, and requests me to shorten my front a little toward my left, so as to make room for his division on my right. I gladly promise this, and despatch orders to Schimmelfennig accordingly. Poor Kearney—he had not three days more to live.

Kearney has hardly left me when I hear a tremendous turmoil in the direction of my center—the rebel yell in its most savage form, and one crash of musketry after another. I conclude that the rebels are making another and more furious charge. I order the commander of the artillery to load his pieces with grape-shot, and the Twenty-ninth New York, held in reserve, to be ready for action. Not many minutes later, three of my regiments, completely broken, come tumbling out of the woods in utter confusion. A rebel force in hot pursuit, wildly yelling, gains the edge of the forest and is about to invade the open, when the artillery pours into them one discharge after another of grape, and the Twenty-ninth New York, volley after volley of musketry. The rebels are stopped,

but still hold the edge of the woods. The Twenty-ninth advances, firing, and behind it, sword in hand, we rally the broken regiments. The routed men present a curious spectacle: some fierce and indignant at the conduct of their comrades; some ashamed of themselves, their faces distorted by a sort of idiotic grin; some staring at their officers with a look of helpless bewilderment, as if they did not understand what had happened, and the officers hauling them together with bursts of lively language, and an incidental slap with the flat of their blades. But the men are quickly rallied and reformed under their colors. A few encouraging words revive their spirits. "Never mind, boys! Such things may happen to the best of soldiers. Now, forward with a hurrah!" The hurrah is given, we rush upon the enemy, and the line we had occupied is promptly regained. On my right, Schimmelfennig's brigade remained perfectly firm, and Krzyzanowski's left had yielded but little.

Presently an officer of the corps staff comes at a gallop, he hands me a letter addressed by General Sigel to General Kearney, which I am to read and forward. Sigel requests Kearney to attack at once with his whole strength, as the rebel general, Longstreet, who is to join Jackson, has not yet reached the battlefield, and we have still a chance, the last, to beat Jackson alone. This is good sense. Instant action being necessary, I prepare at once for another charge, and hearken eagerly to hear Kearney's guns on my right. But I hear nothing. Probably Sigel's request conflicts with orders Kearney has received from his own immediate superiors. But construing Sigel's request as implying an instruction for myself, I order a general advance of my whole line, and put in every man I have. It is gallantly executed with a hurrah. The enemy yields everywhere. The brave Col. Soest of the Twenty-ninth New York falls at the head of his men, seriously wounded. On my left

the fight comes to a stand at an old railroad embankment, nearly parallel with my front, which the enemy use as a breastwork, and from behind which they pour a galling fire. On my right, Schimmelfennig's brigade, by a splendid charge, gains possession of this embankment, and goes even beyond it, but is received there with so murderous a cross-fire of artillery and infantry that it has to fall back; but it holds the embankment firmly in its grip. General Sigel sends me two small mountain howitzers, which I put at once into the fire-line of my left brigade. With the aid of their effective short-range fire, that brigade, too, reaches the embankment and holds it. The enemy repeatedly dashes against it, but is hurled back each time with a bloody head.

But my hope that on my right the troops come from the Army of the Potomac under Kearney and Hooker, would attack at the same time, is sorely disappointed. Had their whole force been flung upon Jackson's left in conjunction with my attack in front, we might have seriously crippled Jackson before Longstreet's arrival. Now, if I have gained any advantage, I am far too weak to pursue it. The old story of the war —to be repeated again and again—time and strength and blood uselessly frittered away by separate and disconnected efforts of this and that body of troops, when well-concerted action of all of them together might have achieved great and perhaps decisive results.

While on my right all is quiet, I hear on my left, where Milroy, and, beyond him, Schenck's division stands, from time to time heavy firing, which sways forward and backward, from which I can only conclude that the fight is carried on with varying success.

It is about two o'clock of the afternoon, and the fight about my railroad embankment has dwindled into a mere exchange of

shots between skirmishers, when I am advised by General Sigel that my division is to be relieved by the troops of Generals Kearney and Hooker, and that we are to be put into a reserve position. I cannot say that this news is entirely unwelcome on account of the condition of my regiments. They have been under fire for eight hours, almost without intermission. They have suffered the loss of a large number of officers and soldiers in killed and wounded. The men still in the ranks have well-nigh reached the point of utter exhaustion. Their stomachs are as empty as their cartridge boxes. The water in their tin flasks has long given out, and for hours they have been tortured by that agonizing thirst which nobody knows who has not, on a hot summer day, stood in the flaming fire-line of a battle without a drop of water to moisten his tongue.

Pursuant to General Sigel's order, I withdraw my regiments, one by one, as their places are filled by the men of the Army of the Potomac. I can truthfully say in my official report to my superiors: "Thus the possession of that part of the woods which my division had taken and held, was in good order delivered to the troops that relieved me." I had every reason to be proudly satisfied with the conduct of my officers and men.

My division being rallied in the open, a comfortable distance behind the line of battle, my first duty is to look after the wounded, of whom there are a great many. I have to confess that now, for the first time that day, I become conscious of a strong sympathetic emotion. While in action and absorbed by the duties of the moment, I had hardly noticed the falling of men near me, and their moans and exclamations. But now! The stretchers coming in dreadful procession from the bloody field, their blood-stained burdens to be unloaded at the places where the surgeons stand with their medicine chests and band-

ages, and their knives and uprolled sleeves and blood-smeared aprons, and by their sides ghastly heaps of cut-off legs and arms—and, oh! the shrieks and wailings of the wounded men as they are handled by the attendants, and the beseeching eyes of the dying boy who, recognizing me, says with his broken voice: "Oh, General! can you not do something for me?"—and I can do nothing but stroke his hands and utter some words of courage and hope, which I do not believe myself, and commend him to the special care of the surgeon and his men—and such scenes one after another—I feel a lump in my throat which almost chokes me.

Having seen my wounded cared for as well as I can, I visit my regiments bivouacking near by. The roar of the battle is still thundering hardly a mile away, but some of our supply wagons have found their way to our position and added, not much, indeed, but something in the way of more crackers and coffee and a little bacon to the bill of fare. And they have had a drink at the creek, and some had enjoyed the luxury of a dash of water in their faces. And now they are as gay as if the whole war were over and they might go home to-morrow. And their jokes about the gorgeousness of their meal, and the banterings about the "skedaddling" of some before the rebel yell, and their cheers when I praise their good conduct, which I most heartily do!

At last myself and my staff may sit down on the ground to a royal feast. And a royal feast it is. To-day's battle had its humorous incident. About noon, when the bullets were flying thick, I suddenly heard somebody shouting behind me with a stentorian voice: "Oh, General! Oh, General!" Looking round, I saw Schiele, my tent orderly, or body servant, brandishing a bulky object over his head. "What is it, Schiele?" I asked. "A ham, General! a ham! a ham!" cried Schiele jubi-

lantly. "Where did you get it?" I asked. "I have found it, General!" he answered with a broad grin. I told him to go to the rear, and try not to get killed, and to hold on to the ham like grim death until we should have time to eat it. Schiele scampered off amid the laughter of the soldiers happening to be around. Schiele was "a character," and a great favorite with the whole division. When I first took command, I asked the Colonel of the Seventy-fifth Pennsylvania whether he had not a man in his regiment who was not good for much in the ranks, but might make a suitable attendant at headquarters. He furnished me Schiele, a Suabian, who was a little too old and too fat for field service, but might be good enough for blacking boots and brushing clothes and keeping my tent or hut in order, and waiting upon the mess-table. Schiele turned out to be not an ideal servant, not over-tidy, nor very clever at the duties he had to perform. Among other things, he used to darn my stockings with a thick, hard twine he had found somewhere, which he considered very strong, but which caused very unpleasant sensations to my feet. In spite of his defects, I could not think of exchanging him for a more suitable person, for he had become so warmly attached to me that it would have broken his heart. This, of course, I could not do. He was "an original," and gave us no end of amusement. His puffy face and corpulent figure might have served as an admirable model for a picture of Sancho Panza. To perfect the likeness, he rode in my headquarters train on a big donkey which he had "found" somewhere. He assumed great authority over the rest of the headquarters attendants. They would often gather around him, and it was "as good as a play" to hear him expound to them in his Suabian dialect the higher strategy of the war, or the strict measures he had to take to keep me in good health. On the present occasion he had certainly deserved

well of myself and my staff, for we, too, had lived uncomfortably long on a diet of hardtack and coffee, and the ham was uncommonly welcome. In gratitude we abstained from pressing Schiele too closely as to the manner in which he had "found" the ham, and permitted him to tell us of the desperate fights he had had with stragglers who had tried to rob him of the precious object.

While we were thus feasting—ready, of course, at any moment to move wherever our help might be wanted—the battle was going on. The line taken by my small division of six regiments and those regiments sent to reinforce them, and held successfully during the day, was now occupied by two divisions of the Army of the Potomac, counting in all twenty-nine regiments, and commanded by two of the most renowned fighters of the army, Kearney and Hooker. They delivered during the afternoon various attacks upon the enemy, some of which were very brilliant, and actually succeeded in "doubling up" Stonewall Jackson's extreme left, without, however, producing decisive results. Toward evening they fell back into what had been substantially my position during the day. As to other parts of the field, the expected attack upon the enemy's right by Fitz John Porter, which subsequently caused so much bitter controversy, had not come off at all, and Longstreet's junction with Jackson, increasing more than two-fold the strength of the enemy in our front, had not been prevented.

We slept on the battlefield among dead bodies of men and horses and the tattered fragments of vehicles and clothes and accouterments.

On the next morning, April 30th, General Sigel did me the honor of adding to my command another brigade under Col. Koltes, with a battery commanded by Captain Hubert Dilger, one of the most brilliant artillery officers of the army.

I was proud of this mark of confidence. About 9 o'clock I was ordered to put my three brigades in the rear of Schenck's division, front toward Groveton, in a sort of reserve position, from which we could overlook a large part of the battlefield—an undulating plain with some low hilltops and patches of timber; upon our right the stretch of forest in which my division had fought the previous day, now occupied by Hooker, Reno, Stevens, Ricketts, and Kearney; before us, Fitz John Porter's command, which had been brought up early in the morning, facing a belt of woods; upon our left, Reynold's division and part of McDowell's corps. Of the enemy we saw, from our position, nothing except thick clouds of dust, which indicated a movement of large masses of troops toward our left.

As we were told, it was believed at General Pope's headquarters that the enemy had been "badly cut up" the previous day and had begun his retreat during the night, and that to demoralize him still further, we had only to pursue him with vigor. At about two o'clock, Porter moved forward to attack. But he had hardly passed the belt of timber immediately before him when we heard a fearful roar of artillery and infantry, indicating that he had struck, not a mere rear guard, but the enemy in full force and in position to receive him. For half an hour we watched in anxious expectancy. Then we observed the signs of a disastrous repulse of the attack—disordered swarms of men coming out of the woods, first thin and scattered, then larger disbanded squads, some at a full run, others at a hurried walk; then shattered companies, or battalions, or skeleton regiments crowding around their colors and maintaining something like organization; and, finally, still larger bodies retreating in better order, and higher officers surrounded by their staffs, struggling to steady the retreat and to rally the straggling men. A sad spectacle, but not without some of those humorous

incidents which, even amid the tragedies of battle, the hardened soldier is apt to enjoy. Among the retreating mass there was most conspicuous a regiment of Zouaves, wearing light-blue jackets and red, baggy trousers. As they were well dispersed, the whole field seemed to shine for a while with red trousers and light-blue jackets. Conspicuous among them were two men carrying a blanket between them which apparently contained a wounded comrade. When they were just passing by my column, a rebel shell happened to burst close over their heads. The two men promptly dropped their blanket and ran at the top of their speed, but the "wounded comrade" they had been carrying, jumped up with the greatest alacrity, and ran so much faster than his two friends that he soon overtook them. Whereupon the troops standing near broke out in a roar of laughter.

But the situation was serious indeed. As we afterward learned, that part of Porter's command which was repulsed by the Confederates had made its attack with great spirit and gallantry, but had been met by the cross-fire of a numerous and skillfully posted artillery, and a hail-storm of musketry from advantageous positions so murderous, that their charge was hopeless. Moreover, this was another of those efforts the chances of whose success were reduced to nothing by the lack of support and co-operation by other bodies of troops.

Having repulsed this charge, the enemy was expected to take the offensive. Sigel moved forward Schenck's division to a stronger position near Dugan's Farm, and ordered me to close up behind it. By four o'clock Porter's retreating troops had well uncovered our front, when McLean's and Stahel's brigades of Schenck's division, followed by my command, pushed bravely on under a heavy artillery fire of the enemy, which cost us many men. But, by five o'clock, the enemy dis-

closed his main attack on the left wing of our army, which could not hold its ground against the superior forces the enemy had massed at that point. I had to put in Koltes' and Krzyzanowski's brigades to protect Schenck's left. The contest grew extremely sharp. Koltes fell dead at the head of his regiments, Krzyzanowski's horse was shot under him, and Schenck had to be carried wounded from the field. The ground was thickly strewn with our dead. When Sigel observed that the left wing of the army was being constantly pressed back, and the left of his corps was uncovered and furiously assailed by the enemy's infantry in front, and enfiladed by his artillery so that, in our position, we were substantially fighting alone against overwhelming odds, he ordered me to withdraw my division to the next range of low hills near the "stone house." I had left Schimmelfennig's brigade with Dilger's battery on my right in reserve, and they now covered the retrograde movement, which was executed in perfect order. Especially Captain Dilger distinguished himself by receiving the pursuing enemy in several positions with grape shot at short range, obliging him twice to turn back, and then following his brigade unmolested. My command come out of the trial sadly thinned, but in a state of firm organization. I could say in my official report: "My men stood like trees until the instruction to retire reached them, and then they fell back slowly and in perfect order."

When I reached the rising ground indicated to me, a singular spectacle presented itself. I found General McDowell with his staff on horseback, standing still, and around them a confused mass of men, partly in an organized, partly in a disbanded state, and among them army wagons, ambulances, and pieces of artillery, streaming to the rear. Nobody seemed to make any effort to stem the current or to restore order. I

noticed a fully equipped battery of six guns moving with the crowd, and succeeded in inducing the commanding officer, who told me that he had somehow become separated from his brigade and was without orders, to disentangle his pieces from the confusion and place them on a nearby knoll. He did this willingly, and opened upon the enemy's guns immediately opposite. On the left of the army the fighting was still going on, the enemy steadily gaining ground. Sigel ordered me to send a brigade to the aid of Milroy, who was still engaged there, hard pressed. I brought forward Schimmelfennig's brigade, which plunged resolutely into the ragged fire-line, and not finding Milroy, whose forces had become much scattered, did good service on the right of Sykes and Reno.

The enemy's artillery seemed to sweep the whole battlefield. For two hours we had been under a continuous shower of shot and shell, with only an irregular response from our side. As the dusk of evening came on, the enemy's fire, artillery as well as musketry, rapidly slackened, and soon ceased altogether. On the left of the army the fight came to a complete standstill. The enemy, although successful, had no doubt suffered not much less than we had, and got into that state of disorder resulting from the mixing up of different divisions, brigades, and regiments, which is almost always caused by the action of great masses on the battlefield. In a talk about the situation which, at that moment, I had with General Sigel, we agreed that the enemy, upon arriving at the foot of the rising ground which we were then occupying, were probably too exhausted to continue the assault, and would perhaps also be exhausted enough to yield to a vigorous offensive movement on our part. We might, indeed, have found enough bodies of troops in a good state of organization to execute such an attack. However, the arrival of General Pope's instruction ordering a

general retreat, and the fact that a large portion of the army was already on its way to Centreville, put an end to the question. But it has since been held by military critics of high authority that General Pope might have remained on the battlefield without much danger, that he might have brought on, during the night, from Centreville, the 20,000 men of Sumner's and Franklin's corps, which would have given him a superiority of numbers, and that thus the formal confession of defeat and the consequent demoralization of the army and the injury to the Union cause might have been avoided. My personal experience of the condition of the battlefield that night seems to speak for this theory.

About eight o'clock General Sigel directed me to withdraw Schimmelfennig's brigade, and to march with my whole division to the hilly ground between Young's Branch and Bull Run, where I joined the rest of our army corps. There we waited in the dark for two hours, my first brigade furnishing the guards and pickets. The enemy did not molest us in the least. After having received a report that, as far as could be ascertained, the rest of the army, with their wagons and ambulances, had crossed Bull Run, General Sigel ordered the corps to take up its march to Centreville. We passed over the Stone Bridge between eleven o'clock and midnight. On the east side of the bridge we once more took position, General Stahel on the right of the road and I on the left, front towards the creek, with Dilger's guns to command the bridge. As we were forming, we discovered a small body of troops bivouacking there, a battalion of the Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment, under Colonel Kane, who had become detached from his brigade, and had picked up and kept with him several stray pieces of artillery. He was delighted to meet us, and willingly reported to General Sigel for orders. One of General McDowell's officers coming

that way told us that we were threatened by the enemy on our left, but no enemy made his appearance. General Sigel gave the order to march on toward Centreville, my first brigade, under Colonel Schimmelfennig, to form the rear guard, and to destroy the bridge. Some little time after one o'clock we set fire to the wooden part of the bridge and marched off. We rejoined General Sigel and the bulk of the corps, on the road at three o'clock, bivouacked until five, because the road before us was obstructed, reached Centreville about seven, and went into camp among the intrenchments built by the Confederates a year before.

Thus I may claim the honor of having, with my command, covered the retreat from the Bull Run battlefield of the main part of our army, which retired by way of the Stone Bridge —that is, as much as any "covering" was necessary. I am aware that General Sykes was charged with that business, but I have the best reason for believing that General Sykes, no doubt thinking that all other troops had left the battlefield before him, crossed Bull Run a considerable time before I did. My command was the last to arrive at Centreville, which fact, as no troops could have passed by it on the road, seems to be conclusive.

The rest at Centreville was short. The enemy, instead of molesting us on the Warrenton-Centreville turnpike, moved a strong column around our flank by way of the Little River turnpike, to strike us at Fairfax Court-House, and to cut off as large a part of our army as possible from the fortifications of Washington. The outcome was the fierce fight at Chantilly, in which two of our bravest Generals, Kearney and Stevens, lost their lives, but the Confederates were stopped.

The whole army was to be put under the protection of the fortifications of Washington, there to be reorganized, and to

this end McClellan was set to work again—a kind of work for which he had proved himself well fitted. The night march of Sigel's corps from Centreville to Fairfax Court-House is like a nightmare in my recollection. By some blunder of the staff, two large bodies of troops were put on the same road at the same time, and that in the dark. In a moment they became inextricably mixed. All orderly command ceased. The road was so densely crowded with men and guns and caissons and wagons and ambulances, that those who were marching absolutely lost the freedom of their movements. One was simply pushed on from behind or stopped by some obstruction ahead. Nor was it possible to march alongside the road, for there the fields or woods were filled with all sorts of vehicles, a great many of them broken down, and by groups of soldiers, who had straggled from the edges of the column, had gathered around little fires and were frying their bacon or heating water for their coffee. I was on horseback in the midst of the column, with one of my staff-officers by my side, who, for a wonder, had succeeded in remaining with me. Our horses would walk on a few paces, half a dozen at the most, then would be forced to stand still, sometimes for minutes, by some stoppage in front. Having had my feet in the stirrups almost constantly for several days and nights, my heels began to ache almost insufferably. I tried to relieve the pain by letting my legs hang down, or by throwing one or the other across the pommel of the saddle, but it was of no avail. Neither could I dismount in order to walk, for the throng around me was too dense to permit it. Indeed, had I succeeded in getting off the horse, I could not have mounted again. So we crawled on, being alternately pushed and stopped, at the rate of a good deal less than a mile an hour, until finally we reached Fairfax Court-House long after sunrise. There we found soldiers stationed at the cross-roads and the street corners,

crying out the numbers of regiments at the top of their voices —and the men belonging to those regiments struggled out of the column with many kicks and curses, to be directed to their colors. It required many hours thus to disentangle the confused mass, and then to give the sorely jaded troops a short rest.

The next day, about the dusk of evening, my command reached the spot within the circle of entrenchments surrounding Washington, where it was to go into camp. Riding at the head of my column, I met on the road an officer in general's uniform, attended, if I remember rightly, by only one aide-de-camp and one orderly. Although I had never before seen him, I recognized General McClellan. I observed with some surprise how trim and natty he looked in his uniform. Even the yellow sash around his waist was not wanting. There was a strange contrast between him and our weather-beaten, ragged, and grimy officers and soldiers. In a pleasant voice he asked me to what corps I belonged and what troops I commanded, and then directed me to my camping place. And thus ended my part in the campaign of the "Army of Virginia."

It is hard to describe the distress of mind which oppressed me when, in the comparative quiet of camp life, I thought over the calamity that had befallen us. How long would the people of the North endure such an accumulation of disappointments without any flagging of spirits? How long would the secretly hostile powers of Europe watch our repeated disasters without concluding that they could recognize the Southern Confederacy and interfere against us with impunity? The end of the war seemed further off than ever, and the prospects of its vicissitudes darker. The only consolation I could find was in the thought that the patriotic spirit of the North would not, after all, give way, and that the longer the war lasted, the more certainly it would bring about the utter destruction of slavery.

As to my personal situation, I had every reason to be content. To be sure, I had not played a very important part. I had done nothing particularly brilliant. I had simply performed my duty in camp, on the march, and in action, in a manner approved by my superiors. On the first day of the Bull Run battle I had attacked a vastly superior enemy with my little division, and even achieved some advantage. On the second day I had handled my troops as a reserve force as I was directed, and brought them out of the losing fight in a state of perfect organization, order, and efficiency. For all this I had an ample measure of credit. My men met me with smiling faces and cheers on every occasion. Some of my officers were very demonstrative in their expressions of confidence. Outside of my command, too, I had won some renown. Passing by the front of a regiment belonging to another division of our corps, drawn up in line, at rest, I was stopped by a captain, who, stepping forward, shouted: "Hats off to General Schurz!" whereupon the officers and men took off their hats and gave me three rousing cheers. An occurrence which gratified me especially was that Colonel von Gilsa, who had been an officer in the Prussian army, and now commanded a regiment of New York volunteers belonging to another division—a man full of professional military pride—one day visited me and said: "General, I owe you an apology. When you were appointed a brigadier, I regarded you as a mere civilian, and indulged in some hard language. I want to say that in the opinion of everybody you have fully earned your rank, and I have come to pay you my profound respects." A few days after our arrival near Washington, I received notice that Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, wished to see me. He asked me for some information, which, however, I could not give him. When we parted, he reached out his hand and said:

"I have heard of your conduct in the recent battle, and I thank you for what you have done." This from the stern War Secretary, who was not at all given to soft speech, I have treasured up as something of special value.

The same day I called upon Mr. Lincoln, whom I found busily engaged with a room full of politicians; he had just time to shake hands and say: "I hear you have fought first rate. Good luck to you." And finally I had the satisfaction of finding in General Pope's official report my name among those of the division commanders whom he found himself prompted to mention "in high terms." Letters from friends, too, I received in considerable number, some praising me for astonishing feats of heroism I had performed (of which I myself, however, knew nothing). Even from far-away Madrid, my faithful Horatio Perry and his wife, Doña Carolina Coronado, congratulated me upon the honors I had won. All this made me feel very much at home in my uniform. I thought I had achieved a good name as a soldier at a small cost. But before long I was to learn something of the fickleness of fortune.

After the unfortunate issue of Pope's campaign, there was in the army, in the press, in government circles, in the clubs, in fact wherever public affairs were discussed, a restless buzzing of ugly rumors, of criminations and recriminations, charges of treachery and cowardice, and what not—in short, a general drag-net search for a scapegoat. The principal victims were Generals Fitz-John Porter and McDowell. General Porter was tried by a court martial, convicted of having willfully disobeyed General Pope's orders on August 29th, and cashiered. Under this disgrace he was to rest thirty years or more, when the proceedings were reviewed and the verdict reversed. At the time of the trial the sympathies of the Army of the Potomac were strongly in his favor, but the general drift of

public opinion was no less strong against him. There was a widespread impression in the North that the Army of the Potomac, especially the West-Pointers in it, when called back from the Peninsula, were seriously disinclined to come to Pope's aid—in fact, that they secretly wished to see him beaten and humiliated. General Pope himself gave vehement expression to this belief on his part in a letter written by him immediately after the battle to General Halleck. It must, indeed, be said that the troops belonging to the Army of the Potomac which did join Pope on the Bull Run battlefield and became actually engaged, fought with admirable courage and heroic devotion. But it is unquestionably true that the current talk among certain officers of the Army of the Potomac, at that time, might well have raised a suspicion of positive disloyalty. I had personal experience of this. On our retreat on August 31st, we found the army corps of Sumner and Franklin encamped at Centreville, where we rested during the day. There we happened to fall into the company of some brigadiers, who expressed their pleasure at Pope's discomfiture without the slightest concealment, and spoke of our government in Washington with an affectation of supercilious contempt which disgusted and would have alarmed me, had I not ascribed it to the occasional recklessness of camp-fire gasconade, rather than to any serious motive. Some friends informed me that they had gone through similar experiences. No wonder that the suspicion of a disloyal spirit spread and remained firmly rooted with many good people even to this day.

The case of General McDowell was a very curious one. He came out of the campaign, without exaggeration it may be said, as the most unpopular general in the army. Why he should have become so unpopular it is hard to say. I had made his acquaintance in Washington during the preceding winter. He

was, no doubt, a gentleman of high character, and a learned, and able, and thoroughly loyal soldier. He was a fluent conversationalist, and somewhat given to impulsive and sharp sayings, the effect of which he probably did not always foresee. His figure was of portly proportions, and his countenance not impressive—somewhat pudgy and puffy. When I saw him on the Bull Run battlefield, I heard men in the ranks making fun of his appearance and indulging in all sorts of remarks about him which were not complimentary. When the campaign was over, he became keenly, if not morbidly, sensitive to his unpopularity, and demanded a military court of inquiry to investigate his conduct. There was no definite charge against him. The reason he gave for demanding a court of inquiry was almost pathetic. He addressed a letter to the President, in which he said that, as he, McDowell, was informed, a Senator had seen a note, written in pencil, by a colonel of cavalry mortally wounded in the recent battle, stating, among other causes, that he was dying a victim to "McDowell's treachery," and that his last request was that this note might be shown to the President! Considering "that the colonel believed this charge, and felt his last act on earth was a great public service," and that "this solemn accusation from the grave of a gallant officer was entitled to great consideration," General McDowell demanded a thorough investigation of his conduct "without limitation." The court of inquiry was granted, sat over sixty days, heard a large number of witnesses, and finally come to the conclusion that General McDowell's loyalty was above question; that on the whole he had done his duty as a soldier with zeal and fidelity; but that he had once made a grievous mistake by absenting himself from his command to seek a conference with General Pope at a critical moment, when his absence caused the non-receipt and non-execution of very urgent and important orders. Gen-

eral Sigel was one of the witnesses, and his testimony showed that there was much unpleasant personal feeling between the two generals, partly caused by McDowell's sharp tongue, which done also mischief elsewhere.

With me, too, he came very near provoking a controversy. In my official report, describing a certain situation toward the end of the battle of the 30th of August, I had said: "I found Major-General McDowell with his staff, and around him troops of several different corps, and of all arms, in full retreat." General McDowell addressed a letter to me, saying that this sentence admitted of two constructions. Did I mean to say that I found General McDowell and his staff in full retreat? I promptly replied that such was not my meaning at all; that the words "in full retreat" referred to the troops, not to him and his staff; that I saw him and his staff for about half an hour near the place where I formed my division, and that if the language of my report had been misinterpreted, I was glad to avail myself of this opportunity to state its real meaning. But General McDowell was not satisfied. On came a second letter from him, in which he intimated that, by what I had not said, as well as by what I had said, I might have intended to misrepresent him; and to strengthen this intimation he quoted several circumstances which "must have been known to me." Finally he urged me to undo the "wrong" I had done him—unintentionally, as it now seemed—by a public declaration in the same newspaper in which my report had been published. I instantly replied that I did not see how my letter could leave any doubt as to my intentions; that, before giving him a more elaborate response to his demand for a fuller explanation as to the circumstances he described, I would endeavor to obtain all the information my aides and my field officers might be able to give me, and that all my statements were, and

always would be, his property to be used as he might deem best. Even this did not satisfy General McDowell. He wrote again, telling me that he did not care for any further inquiry on my part. He merely appealed to my sense of justice, asking that I should correct—in all the papers in which my report had been published—the impression to his prejudice which that report had been calculated to produce. Then, I must confess, my patience began to be shaken. I replied that I had never thought the incriminated passage in my report to be liable to the construction he had given it; that I had never heard of anybody else having construed it as he did; that I was most willing to have our whole correspondence published; that, if he would send me copies of my letters, I not having kept any myself, I would be glad to send all the documents for publication to the *New York Tribune,* the only paper which had published my report; that, if he preferred, he might, to save time, send them there himself; but that some of the things he stated as facts rested on a mistake; that my troops, whom he had seen at the meeting-place in question, had not retreated to Bull Run, immediately after our meeting, but had gone to the assistance of our forces still fighting on our left; that two of my aides whom I had sent across Young's Branch, as well as one of my colonels, had seen him, General McDowell, about dusk, crossing the Stone Bridge over Bull Run, some of his officers crying out to the retreating soldiers, "Make room for the General!" and that I, with my division, had remained several hours longer on the battlefield. This closed our correspondence. As General McDowell did not return to me the copies of my letters I asked for, I did not send that correspondence to the *New York Tribune.* Whether General McDowell did, I do not know. I was sorry this controversy occurred, for I esteemed the General highly, and wished him no ill. He was, doubtless, a patriotic

man without being a great soldier. But he deserved much sympathy, as he was made the scapegoat for two disastrous defeats on Bull Run battlefield, for neither of which was he wholly responsible. For the last defeat, the preponderance of responsibility unquestionably falls to General Pope, whose lack of judgment—it might almost be called confusion of mind—as to the movements of the enemy, and the chances they offered him at different times, have justly called forth professional criticism. But McDowell remained the more unpopular figure, partly, perhaps, because his motives were—very unjustly—called into question.

CHAPTER VIII

ON the 2d of September, General McClellan was assigned to the "command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital." Three days later General Pope was relieved of his command, and the Army of Virginia was merged in the Army of the Potomac. Of this army, General Sigel's corps became the Eleventh. Between the 4th and 7th of September, General Lee crossed the Potomac for the purpose of invading Maryland, and in Washington an army was hastily put together to march forth and beat him. General Sigel's corps, the Eleventh, was kept within the fortifications for the immediate protection of the Capital City. The corps had been greatly reduced in strength by heavy losses on the battlefield, as well as by sickness caused by the extraordinary fatigues of the recent campaign. Now it was still further weakened by the withdrawal of General Milroy's brigade, which was sent to West Virginia to protect railroads and to hunt bushwhackers. General Milroy was, if I remember rightly, an Indianian, gaunt of appearance and strikingly Western in character and manners. When he met the enemy he would gallop up and down his front, fiercely shaking his fist at the "rebel scoundrels over there," and calling them all sorts of outrageous names. His favorite word of command was: "Pitch in, boys; pitch in!" And he would "pitch in" at the head of his men, exposing himself with the utmost recklessness. He was a man of intense patriotism. He did not fight as one who merely likes fighting. The cause for which he

was fighting—his country, the integrity of the Republic, the freedom of the slave—was constantly present to his mind. It was the advantage won or the injury suffered by his cause, that made him rejoice over our victory, or mourn over our defeat. General McDowell, in his report on the battle of the 30th of August, describes him as he appeared when our left wing yielded to the enemy's assault, as "Brigadier General Milroy, a gallant officer of General Sigel's corps, who came riding up in a state of absolute frenzy, with his sword drawn, and gesticulating at some distance off, shouting to send forward reinforcements to save the day, to save the country," etc., etc. And in his own report he gave vent to his feelings about the order to retreat, in these words: "I felt that all the blood, treasure, and labor of our government and people for the last year had been thrown away by that unfortunate order, and that most probably the death-knell of our glorious government had been sounded by it." His notions of military discipline were somewhat singular. He lived on a footing of very democratic comradeship with his men. The most extraordinary stories were told of his discussing with his subordinates what was to be done, of his permitting them to take amazing liberties with the orders to be executed. At the different headquarters of divisions and brigades of the corps, "Old Milroy's" latest was always eagerly expected, and then circulated, frequently amplified and adorned with great freedom of invention. But he did good service, was respected and liked by all, and we saw him depart with great regret. The gap left by the departure of this brigade was filled by some newly levied regiments of which I may have more to say anon.

On the 17th of September, the battle of Antietam was fought, in which McClellan might have made a victory of immense consequence, had he not, with his usual indecision and

procrastination, let slip the moments when he could easily have beaten the divided enemy in detail. As it was, General Lee came near being justified in calling Antietam a " drawn battle." He withdrew almost unmolested from the presence of our army across the Potomac. But the battle of Antietam became one of the landmarks of human history by giving Abraham Lincoln the opportunity for doing the great act which crowned him with eternal fame. There is something singularly pathetic in the story—and it is a true story—that Abraham Lincoln, harassed by anxious doubts as to whether the issue of the emancipation proclamation, already once postponed, would not cause dangerous dissension among the Northern people, at last referred the portentous question to the arbitrament of heaven, and vowed in his heart to himself and " to his Maker " that the proclamation should certainly come forth, if the result of the next battle were in favor of the Union. And so, after the battle of Antietam, the great proclamation, in Lincoln's heart sanctioned by the decree of Providence, did come forth, and it made our Civil War not only a war for a political Union, but also a war against slavery before all the world.

The effect produced by the appearance of the proclamation did much to justify the previous hesitation of the President. In the first place, it did not at once bring about the confusion in the internal conditions of the Southern States that had been expected by the anti-slavery men who advised the measure. They had, indeed, not looked for nor desired a servile insurrection. But they had expected the ruling class, and with it the Confederate Government, to fear the possibility of such a calamity, and, for that reason, to withdraw a part of their forces from the fighting line to watch the negroes. They had also expected that the number of negro fugitives from the Southern country would become much larger, and that thereby

the laboring force of the South necessary for the sustenance of the army would be greatly reduced. One of the most remarkable features of the history of those times is the fact that most of the slaves stayed on the plantations or farms, and did the accustomed work with quiet, and, in the case of house servants, not seldom even with affectionate fidelity, while in their hearts they yearned for freedom, and prayed for its speedy coming. Only as our armies penetrated the South, and especially when negroes were enlisted as soldiers, did they leave their former masters in large numbers—and even then there was scarcely any instance of violent revenge on their part for any wrong or cruelty any of them may have suffered in slavery.

At the North the emancipation proclamation was used by Democratic politicians to denounce the administration for having turned the "War for the Union" into an "abolition war," and much seditious clamor was heard about the blood of white fellow-citizens being treacherously spilled for the sole purpose of robbing our Southern countrymen of their negro property, and all this in direct violation of the Federal Constitution and the laws. While this agitation, on the whole, affected only Democratic partisans, it served to consolidate their organization, to turn mere opposition to the Republican administration into opposition to the prosecution of the war. On the other hand, it greatly inspired the enthusiasm of the anti-slavery people, and gave a new impetus to their activity. Moreover, it produced a powerful impression in Europe. It did not, indeed, convert the enemies of the American Union in England and France; but it created so commanding a public sentiment in favor of our cause that our enemies there could not prevail against it.

But the political situation at the North assumed a threatening aspect. Hundreds of thousands of Republican voters

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL McCLELLAN IN McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, AFTER ANTIETAM

were in the army, away from home. Arbitrary arrests, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and similar stretches of power had disquieted and even irritated many good men. But—more than this—our frequent defeats in the field and the apparent fruitlessness of some of our victories, like that of Antietam, had a disheartening effect upon the people. Our many failures were largely ascribed to a lack of energy in the administration. The consequence was, that at the November elections in 1862, the Democrats achieved some startling successes, winning the States of New York and New Jersey, and a good many congressional districts in various other important States, and boastfully predicting that the next time they would obtain the control of the National House of Representatives. Many of the sincerest friends of the country's cause and of those in power became alarmed at the situation, and impulsively held the administration responsible for it. And not a few of them, to ease their minds, could think of nothing better to do than to "write to Mr. Lincoln." Listening to everybody that had the slightest claim to be heard, and kindly replying to what he was told through interviews or letters or other methods of public utterance, Mr. Lincoln had, so to speak, kept himself in constant correspondence with the people, and to "write to Mr. Lincoln" was therefore not considered by anybody an extraordinary undertaking. From this popular impression Mr. Lincoln had at times—at this time, for instance—seriously to suffer.

In Nicolay and Hay's biography of Lincoln (Vol. VII., p. 363), the situation is thus described: "In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Lincoln was exposed to the bitterest assaults and criticisms from every faction in the country. His conservative supporters reproached him with having yielded to the wishes of the radicals; the radicals denounced him for being hampered, if not

corrupted, by the influence of the conservatives. On one side he was assailed by a clamor for peace, on the other by vehement and injurious demands for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. To one friend who assailed him with peculiar candor, he made a reply which may answer as a sufficient defense to all the radical attacks which were so rife at the time." That " friend " was I.

I had, while in the field, carried on a more or less active correspondence with my political friends to keep myself informed of what was going on in the country. I had also while stationed near Washington, visited that city and conversed with public men, among whom were Secretary Chase and Senator Sumner. The impressions I received from my letters as well as from my conversations were very gloomy. There was a discouragement in the popular mind which urgently demanded successes in the field for its relief. Such successes were indeed achieved in the West, but not in the East, where the principal theater of the war, upon which the finally decisive blows were to be struck, was supposed to be. It was observed with disquietude that reckless operations of the enemy, such, for instance, as those of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley and the raid on Manassas Junction, which would have resulted in his destruction, if our ample means had been promptly and vigorously used, had been accomplished with astonishing success.

The apparent lack of hearty co-operation between different commands, to which Pope's disastrous discomfiture seemed in great part to have been owing, formed the subject of much anxious talk. There was a suspicion current that the enemy had spies in the Adjutant General's office in Washington who despatched intimate information about our condition and plans southward. Rumors of occasional utterances dropped

by this or that General or high staff-officer in the Army of the Potomac that some of those in command *did not wish* the Union Army to achieve decisive success, but looked for general exhaustion on both sides, which would render a compromise favorable to slavery possible, went from mouth to mouth in the camps as well as among the public. The failure of the Army of the Potomac to follow up the advantages gained in the awful slaughter of Antietam was used to serve as proof. These suspicions survived long after the war. More than thirty years later I heard a retired officer of the regular army who, in 1862, occupied a staff position in the Army of the Potomac, assert positively that he knew of a conspiracy then on foot in that army, the object of which was to resist and balk the policy of the government. The foundation of all this was probably little more than mere headquarters bluster; but at the time it caused serious concern.

It was under these circumstances that I wrote from my camp to Mr. Lincoln, giving voice to the widespread anxiety as I understood and felt it. I thought myself all the more at liberty to do so since Mr. Lincoln, when I joined the army, had asked me personally to write to him freely whenever I had anything to say that I believed he should know. I have never again seen that letter, and do not clearly remember all it contained. One of its main points probably was that, in view of the suspicions current in the army and among the people, the administration should select for the discharge of important duties only men whose hearts were in the struggle and who could, therefore, be depended upon. Perhaps I intimated also that the government had been too lax in that respect. Mr. Lincoln's prompt reply took me to task for my criticism in his peculiar clean-cut, logical style, and there was in what he said an undertone of impatience, of irritation, unusual with

him—this time, no doubt, induced by the extraordinary harassment to which he was subjected from all sides.*

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1862.

GENERAL CARL SCHURZ:

My Dear Sir—I have just received and read your letter of the 20th. The purport of it is that we lost the late elections, and the Administration is failing, because the war is unsuccessful, and that I must not flatter myself that I am not justly to blame for it. I certainly know that if the war fails, the Administration fails, and that I will be blamed for it, whether I deserve it or not. And I ought to be blamed if I could do better. You think I could do better; therefore you blame me already. I think I could not do better; therefore I blame you for blaming me. I understand you now to be willing to accept the help of men who are not Republicans, provided they have "heart in it." Agreed. I want no others. But who is to be the judge of hearts, or of "heart in it"? If I must discard my own judgment, and take yours, I must also take that of others; and by the time I should reject all I should be advised to reject, I should have none left, Republicans or others—not even yourself. For be assured, my dear sir, there are men who have "heart in it" and think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine. I certainly have been dissatisfied with the slowness of Buell and McClellan; but before I relieved them I had great fears I should not find successors to them who would do better; and I am sorry to add that I have seen little since to relieve those fears. I do not clearly see the prospect of any more rapid movements. I fear we shall at last find out that the difficulty is in our case rather than in particular generals. I wish to disparage no one—certainly not those who sympathize with me; but I must say I need success more than I need sympathy, and that I have not seen the so much greater evidence of getting success from my sympathizers than from those who are denounced as the contrary. It does seem to me that in the field the two classes have been very much alike in what they have done and what they have failed to do. In sealing their faith with their blood, Baker, and Lyon, and Bohlen, and Richardson, Republicans, did all that men could do; but did they any more than Kearney, and Stevens, and Reno, and Mansfield, none of whom were Republicans, and some at least of whom have been bitterly and repeatedly denounced to me as secession sympathizers? I will not perform the ungrateful task of com-

* The letter, while not incorporated in the Reminiscences by Mr. Schurz, is added here for the convenience of readers who have not read it elsewhere.

paring cases of failure. In answer to your question, Has it not been publicly stated in the newspapers, and apparently proved as a fact, that from the commencement of the war the enemy was continually supplied with information by some of the confidential subordinates of as important an officer as Adjutant General Thomas? I must say "No," as far as my knowledge extends. And I add that if you can give any tangible evidence upon the subject, I will thank you to come to this city and do so.

Very truly your friend,

A. LINCOLN.

This letter was selected by Hay and Nicolay for publication in their history as a specimen of Mr. Lincoln's answers to his critics at that period, and, curious to relate, more than thirty-five years later, it was used by my opponents in debate —perhaps for want of a better argument—as a weapon of attack to show that I was an utterly impracticable person who would never be satisfied with anything or anybody and who had even forced so good and amiable a man as Mr. Lincoln to break off his friendly relations with him. Nothing could have been further from the truth. In fact, I know of no instance more characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's way of treating occasional differences with his friends. Two or three days after Mr. Lincoln's letter had reached me, a special messenger from him brought me another communication from him, a short note in his own hand asking me to come to see him as soon as my duties would permit; he wished me, if possible, to call early in the morning before the usual crowd of visitors arrived. At once I obtained the necessary leave from my corps commander, and the next morning at seven I reported myself at the White House. I was promptly shown into the little room up-stairs which was at that time used for Cabinet meetings—the room with the Jackson portrait above the mantel-piece—and found Mr. Lincoln seated in an arm chair before the open-grate fire, his feet in his gigantic morocco slippers. He greeted me

cordially as of old and bade me pull up a chair and sit by his side. Then he brought his large hand with a slap down on my knee and said with a smile: "Now tell me, young man, whether you really think that I am as poor a fellow as you have made me out in your letter!" I must confess, this reception disconcerted me. I looked into his face and felt something like a big lump in my throat. After a while I gathered up my wits and after a word of sorrow, if I had written anything that could have pained him, I explained to him my impressions of the situation and my reasons for writing to him as I had done. He listened with silent attention and when I stopped, said very seriously: "Well, I know that you are a warm anti-slavery man and a good friend to me. Now let me tell you all about it." Then he unfolded in his peculiar way his view of the then existing state of affairs, his hopes and his apprehensions, his troubles and embarrassments, making many quaint remarks about men and things. I regret I cannot remember all. Then he described how the criticisms coming down upon him from all sides chafed him, and how my letter, although containing some points that were well founded and useful, had touched him as a terse summing up of all the principal criticisms and offered him a good chance at me for a reply. Then, slapping my knee again, he broke out in a loud laugh and exclaimed: "Didn't I give it to you hard in my letter? Didn't I? But it didn't hurt, did it? I did not mean to, and therefore I wanted you to come so quickly." He laughed again and seemed to enjoy the matter heartily. "Well," he added, "I guess we understand one another now, and it's all right." When after a conversation of more than an hour I left him, I asked whether he still wished that I should write to him. "Why, certainly," he answered; "write me whenever the spirit moves you." We parted as better friends than ever.

While Sigel's corps was camped within the defenses of Washington, events of great importance took place. A fortnight after the battle of Antietam, one of the bloodiest days of the war, which McClellan claimed as a great victory, the President visited the Army of the Potomac, which was still lying idle in Maryland. After his return to Washington the President ordered General McClellan to move forward, but McClellan procrastinated in his usual way three weeks longer, while the government as well as the Northern people fairly palpitated with impatience. When McClellan at last had crossed the Potomac and then again failed in preventing the Confederate army from crossing the Blue Ridge and placing itself between the Army of the Potomac and Richmond, the President removed him from his command and put General Burnside in his place.

The selection of Burnside for so great a responsibility was not a happy one. Burnside had, indeed, some operations on a comparatively small scale to his credit. At the battle of Antietam he had stormed a bridge which retained his name, perhaps even to this day; and storming and holding a bridge seems to have—ever since Horatius "held the bridge" in the old days of Rome—a peculiar charm for the popular imagination. He was also a very patriotic man whose heart was in his work, and his sincerity, frankness, and amiability of manner made everybody like him. But he was not a great general, and he felt, himself, that the task to which he had been assigned was too heavy for his shoulders. When the Army of the Potomac had crossed into Virginia, our corps was sent to Thoroughfare Gap to guard the left flank of our army, and so it happened that I was present at a little gathering of generals who met General Burnside after his promotion to congratulate him. If I remember rightly, it was at a little hamlet

called New Baltimore. Burnside in his hearty way expressed his thanks for our friendly greeting and then, with that transparent sincerity of his nature which made everyone believe what he said, he added that he knew he was not fit for so big a command; but since it was imposed upon him, he would do his best, and he confidently hoped we all would faithfully stand by him. There was something very touching in that confession of unfitness, which was evidently quite honest, and one could not help feeling a certain tenderness for the man. But when a moment later the generals talked among themselves, it was no wonder that several shook their heads and asked how we could have confidence in the fitness of our leader if he had no such confidence in himself? This reasoning was rather depressing, because so natural, and destined soon to be justified.

The complaint against McClellan having been his slowness to act, Burnside resolved to act at once. The plan of campaign he conceived was to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and thence to operate upon Richmond. His army of about 120,000 officers and men, which was then in splendid condition, he divided into three grand divisions and a reserve corps—the "Right Grand Division," under General Sumner, to consist of the Second and Ninth corps; the "Center Grand Division," under General Hooker, to consist of the Third and Fifth corps; and the "Left Grand Division," to consist of the First and Sixth corps, under General Franklin. The "Reserve Corps" was to consist of the Eleventh corps and some other troops, under the command of General Sigel. The whole campaign was a series of blunders, mishaps, ill-conceived or ill-executed plans, and finally a horrible butchery, costing thousands of lives. On the 17th of November, Sumner's corps arrived at Falmouth opposite Fredericksburg, and the rest of the army followed within two days. But the pontoon trains for

crossing the river did not appear until the 25th. Meanwhile General Lee had drawn his forces together and strongly fortified his position for defense. Only on the 11th of December, Burnside began laying his pontoon bridges and crossing his troops for the attack. Sigel's "Reserve Corps" remained on the left bank of the river, where we could overlook a large part of the battlefield—the open ground beyond the town of Fredericksburg stretching up to Marye's Heights, from which Lee's entrenched batteries and battalions looked down. In the woods on our left, where Franklin's Grand Division had crossed and from where the main attack should have been made, the battle began December 13th, soon after sunrise, under a gray wintry sky. Standing inactive in reserve, we eagerly listened to the booming of the guns, hoping that we should hear the main attack move forward. But there was evidently no main attack, the firing was desultory and seemed to be advancing and receding in turn. At eleven o'clock Burnside ordered the assault from Fredericksburg upon Marye's Heights, Lee's fortified position. Our men advanced with enthusiasm. A fearful fire of artillery and musketry greeted them. Now they would stop a moment, then plunge forward again. Through our glasses we saw them fall by hundreds, and their bodies dot the ground. As they approached Lee's entrenched position, sheet after sheet of flame shot forth from the heights, tearing fearful gaps in our lines. There was no running back of our men. They would sometimes stop or recoil only a little distance, but then doggedly resume the advance. A column rushing forward with charged bayonets almost seemed to reach the enemy's ramparts, but then to melt away. Here and there large numbers of our men, within easy range of the enemy's musketry, would suddenly drop like tall grass swept down with a scythe. They had thrown themselves upon the ground to let the leaden hail pass

over them, and under it to advance, crawling. It was all in vain. The enemy's line was so well posted and protected by a canal and a sunken road and stone walls and entrenchments skillfully thrown up, and so well defended, that it could not be carried by a front assault. The early coming of night was most welcome. A longer day would have been only a prolonged butchery. And we, of the reserve, stood there while daylight lasted, seeing it all, burning to go to the aid of our brave comrades, but knowing also that it would be useless. Hot tears of rage and of pitying sympathy ran down many a weather-beaten cheek. No more horrible and torturing spectacle could have been imagined.

Burnside, in desperation, thought of renewing the attack the next day, but his generals dissuaded him. During the following night, aided by darkness and a heavy rainstorm, the army recrossed the Rappahannock without being molested by the enemy. This was one of the instances in which even so great a general as Robert E. Lee was, failed to see his opportunity. Had he followed up his success in repelling our attack with a prompt and vigorous dash upon our shattered army immediately in front of him, right under his guns, he might have thrown our retreat into utter confusion and driven the larger part of our forces helplessly into the river. We heaved a sigh of relief at escaping such a catastrophe.

General Burnside bore himself like an honorable man. During the battle he had proposed to put himself personally at the head of his old corps, the Ninth, and to lead it in the assault. Reluctantly he desisted, yielding to the earnest protests of his generals. After the defeat he unhesitatingly shouldered the whole responsibility for the disaster. He not only did not accuse the troops of any shortcomings, but in the highest terms he praised their courage and extreme gallantry. He blamed only himself. His manly attitude found a response

of generous appreciation in public opinion, but the confidence of the army in his ability and judgment was fatally injured. The number of desertions increased alarmingly, and regimental officers in large numbers resigned their commissions. A little later 85,000 men appeared on the rolls of the army as absent without leave. Burnside, deeply mortified, at once resolved upon another forward movement to retrieve his failure. He intended to cross the river at one of the upper fords, but a severe rainstorm set in and made the roads absolutely impassable. The infantry floundered in liquid mud almost up to the belts of the men, and the artillery could hardly be moved at all. I remember one of my batteries being placed where we camped over night on ground which looked comparatively firm, but we found the guns the next morning sunk in sandy mud up to the axles, so that it required all the horses of the battery to pull out each piece. The country all around was fairly covered with mired wagons, ambulances, pontoons, and cannons. The scene was indescribable. "Burnside stuck in the mud" was the cry ringing all over the land. It was literally true. To say that the roads were impassable conveys but a very imperfect idea of the situation, for it might more truthfully be said that there were no roads left, or that the whole country was "road." In that part of Virginia north of the Rappahannock, where there had been, for so long a period, constant marching and countermarching, the fences had altogether disappeared, and the woods had, in great part, been cut down, only the stumps left standing. When the existing roads had become difficult, they were "corduroyed," that is, covered with logs laid across close together, so as to form a sort of loose wooden pavement. So long as the weather was measurably dry, such roads, although rough, were fairly passable. But when heavy rains set in, the corduroy was soon covered with a deep slush which hid the road-

bed from sight. Some of the logs of the corduroy under that slush were worn out or broken through, and thus the corduroy roads became full of invisible holes, more or less deep, real pitfalls, offering the most startling surprises. Foot soldiers floundering over such roads would, unexpectedly, drop into those pits up to their belts, and gun carriages and other vehicles become inextricably stuck. Of course, marching columns and artillery and wagon trains would, under these circumstances, try their fortunes in the open fields to the right and left of the roads, but the fields then also soon became covered with the same sort of liquid slime a foot or more deep, with innumerable invisible holes beneath. Thus the whole country gradually became "road," but road of the most bewildering and distressing kind, taxing the strength of men and horses beyond endurance. One would see large stretches of country fairly covered with guns and army wagons and ambulances stalled in a sea of black or yellow mire, and infantry standing up to their knees in the mud, shivering and swearing very hard, as hard as a thoroughly disgusted soldier can swear. I remember having passed by one of the pontoon trains that were to take the army across the Rappahannock, stuck so fast in the soft earth that the utmost exertions failed to move it. Such was "Burnside stuck in the mud."

A further advance was not to be thought of, and, as best he could, Burnside moved the army back to its camps at or near Falmouth. It was fortunate that the condition of the roads rendered Lee just as unable to move as Burnside was, for the demoralization of the Army of the Potomac had reached a point almost beyond control. The loyal people throughout the land were profoundly dejected. There seemed to be danger that the administration would utterly lose the confidence of the country. A change in the command of the Army of the Poto-

mac was imperatively necessary, and the President chose General Hooker.

If Burnside lacked self-confidence, Hooker had an abundance of it. He had been one of the bitterest critics of McClellan and Burnside, and even of the administration—perhaps the loudest of all. He had even talked of the necessity of a military dictatorship. But he had made his mark as a division and corps commander and earned for himself the by-name of "Fighting Joe." The soldiers and also some—although by no means all—of the generals had confidence in him. Lincoln, as was his character and habit, overlooked all the hard things Hooker had said of him, made him commander of the Army of the Potomac in view of the good things he expected him to do for the country, and sent him, with the commission, a letter full of kindness and wise advice. Hooker was a strikingly handsome man,—a clean-shaven, comely face, somewhat florid complexion, keen blue eyes, well-built, tall figure, and erect soldierly bearing. Anybody would feel like cheering when he rode by at the head of his staff. His organizing talent told at once. The sullen gloom of the camps soon disappeared, and a new spirit of pride and hope began to pervade the ranks. By the 30th of April, the Army of the Potomac attained an effective force of more than 130,000 men, with over 400 pieces of artillery, ready for duty in the field.

Hooker abolished the "Grand Divisions," the chiefs of which were otherwise disposed of. He himself one of them, had become commander of the army. General Sumner was retired on account of old age, and General Franklin was shelved, having come out of the Burnside campaign under a cloud—I think undeservedly. Sigel, having commanded the "Reserve Corps," which had passed for the fourth "Grand Division," also left the Army of the Potomac. The reasons

why he did so he never discussed with me. I know, however, that his relations with his superior officers on the Eastern field of action had never been congenial. He was always regarded as a foreign intruder who had no proper place in the Army of the Potomac and whose reputation, won in the West, was to be discredited. Whenever he did anything that gave the slightest chance for criticism, he could count upon being blamed without mercy. I have seen a despatch addressed to him by General Pope during the Bull Run campaign in which he was severely censured for having given insufficient or incorrect information and made faulty dispositions. In his reply he insisted upon the correctness of his conduct, and asked, if General Pope was dissatisfied with him, to be relieved of his command. General Pope did not relieve him, and it turned out that the information Sigel had given was truthful and his movements proper. General Halleck, then in chief command of the armies of the United States, seems to have persecuted him with especial bitterness, which is said to have been owing to the unauthorized and much-regretted publication of a private letter of General Sigel to his father-in-law in which General Halleck was severely criticised. Halleck's bitterness went so far that in one of his official utterances, he said: "Sigel ran away. He has never done anything else." The officers and men of the corps heard of General Sigel's departure with keen sorrow. General Hooker selected Major General Howard as commander of the Eleventh Corps. In various writings I have since seen it stated that General Hooker made that appointment to prevent me from remaining at the head of the corps. I had been promoted to a major-generalship on March 14, 1863, and when Sigel left, the command of the corps fell temporarily to me as the ranking officer, and Sigel strongly recommended me for the permanent command. It appeared to me

GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

Although a bitter critic of the Administration, he was appointed by Lincoln to supersede Burnside

GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE

Who commanded the disastrous attack on Fredericksburg

perfectly natural that under existing circumstances a regular army officer of merit should be put into that place, and I therefore welcomed General Howard with sincere contentment. He was a slender, dark-bearded young man of rather prepossessing appearance and manners; no doubt a brave soldier, having lost an arm in one of the Peninsular battles; a West Point graduate, but not a martinet, and free from professional loftiness. He did not impress me as an intellectually strong man. A certain looseness of mental operations, a marked uncertainty in forming definite conclusions became evident in his conversation. I thought, however, that he might appear better in action than in talk. Our personal relations grew quite agreeable, and even cordial, at least on my side. But it soon became apparent that the regimental officers and the rank and file did not take to him. They looked at him with dubious curiosity; not a cheer could be started when he rode along the front. And I do not know whether he liked the men he commanded better than they liked him.

There were other new-comers in the corps. The division formerly commanded by General Schenck was given to Brigadier General Charles Devens of Massachusetts. I was to meet him again fourteen years later as a fellow-member of President Hayes' cabinet, he being Attorney General and I, Secretary of the Interior; and then we became very warm friends. His appointment to the command of the First Division of the Eleventh Corps, however, was rather unfortunate, for it displaced from that command and relegated back to his old brigade General McLean, thus disappointing the legitimate expectations of a meritorious and popular officer; and General Devens' manners, although there was a warm and noble heart behind them, were somewhat too austere and distant to make the officers and men of the division easily forget the injustice

done to General McLean. There was, therefore, some unkind feeling between the commander and the command. Another new-comer was General Francis Barlow, whose record in the war puts him on the roll of the bravest of the brave. But at that period his record was still short, and his appointment to the command of a brigade in our Second Division also had the misfortune of displacing a very brave and popular officer, Colonel Orland Smith, who was entitled to much honor and consideration.

My command remained the same—the Third Division of the Eleventh Corps, but it was strengthened by the addition of some fresh regiments. There was the Eighty-second Illinois, commanded by no less a man than Colonel Friedrich Hecker, the most prominent republican leader in the Germany of 1848, now an ardent American patriot and anti-slavery man, no longer young, but in the full vigor of ripe manhood. Among his captains was Emil Frey, a young Swiss, who had interrupted his university studies to come over and fight for the cause of human liberty in the great American Republic. After the war he returned to his native land, and then came back to the United States as Minister of Switzerland; and he has since held some of the highest political offices in his native country. There was also the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, mainly composed of young men of the best class of German-born inhabitants of Milwaukee. There was, finally, the One Hundred and Nineteenth New York, commanded by Colonel Elias Peissner, a professor at Union College, Schenectady. His face bore a very striking resemblance to Ludwig I., King of Bavaria, and rumor had it that he was a natural son of that eccentric monarch, who in his day cultivated art and poetry along with his amours. I have good reason for believing that, in this instance, rumor spoke the truth. Colonel Peissner was a gentleman of the

highest type of character, exquisite refinement, large knowledge, and excellent qualities as a soldier. And in his lieutenant colonel, John T. Lockman, whom I have cherished as a personal friend to this day, he had a worthy companion. Of my two brigade commanders, Schimmelfennig had been made a brigadier general, as he well deserved. Krzyzanowski was less fortunate. The President nominated him too for that rank, but the Senate failed to confirm him—as was said, because there was nobody there who could pronounce his name.

I have read in print that "in the review of the Army of the Potomac by President Lincoln, in April, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, the Eleventh Corps made a most excellent appearance, and the division commanded by General Schurz impressed the presidential party as the best drilled and most soldierly of the troops that passed before them." This was too much praise, although Mr. Lincoln, to whom I paid my respects at headquarters, seemed to be of the same opinion. I was indeed very proud of my division and confidently expected to do good service with it.

By the middle of April Hooker was ready to move. His plan was excellent. Lee occupied the heights on the south side of the Rappahannock skirting the river to the right and left of Fredericksburg in skillfully fortified positions. Hooker set out to turn them by crossing the upper Rappahannock so as to enable him to gain Lee's rear. A cavalry expedition under General Stoneman, intended to turn Lee's left flank and to fall upon his communications with Richmond, miscarried, but this failure, although disagreeable, did not disturb Hooker's general scheme of campaign. On the morning of April 27th, the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth Corps started for Kelly's Ford, 27 miles above Fredericksburg, which they reached on the afternoon of the 28th. I remember those two

days well. The army was in superb condition and animated by the highest spirits. Officers and men seemed to feel instinctively that they were engaged in an offensive movement promising great results. There was no end to the singing and merry laughter relieving the fatigue of the march. A pontoon bridge was thrown across the river, and our corps crossed before midnight. The Seventeenth Pennsylvania cavalry regiment was sent ahead to clear the country immediately opposite. Something singular happened to me that night. While it was still light, one of General Howard's staff officers pointed out to me a strip of timber at some distance on the other side of the river, at the outer edge of which I was to stay until morning. Between that timber and the river there was a large tract of level, open ground,—meadow or heath, perhaps three-quarters of a mile across,—which I was to traverse. When I set out at the head of my division to pass the pontoon bridge, General Howard gave me a cavalryman as a guide who "knew the country perfectly." Meanwhile a dense fog had arisen over the open ground in which we could distinguish nothing a few paces ahead. With the guide who "knew the country perfectly" at my side, I marched on and on for a full hour without reaching my belt of timber, which I ought to have reached in much less than half that time. I asked my guide whether he knew where we were. He stammered that he did not. Almost at the same moment I heard a well-known voice say something emphatic a short distance ahead of me. It was Colonel Hecker, whose regiment, the Eighty-second Illinois, was, as I knew, at the tail of my column. A short investigation revealed the fact that my whole division was standing on the open ground in a large circle, and that we had been marching round and round in the fog for a considerable time. We struck matches, examined our compasses, and then easily found our way to my belt of timber,

which was close by. There I halted again to ascertain my location, and seeing the glimmer of a light through the window of what I found to be a little house near at hand, I dismounted and went in, accompanied by Brigadier General Schimmelfennig, to look at our maps. We had hardly entered the lighted room, when one of my orderlies rushed in, excitedly exclaiming: "There is rebel cavalry all around. They have already taken Captain Schenofsky prisoner." Captain Schenofsky, a Belgian officer, whom the government had assigned to my staff, was one of my aides whom I had ordered to look for the Pennsylvania cavalry regiment supposed to be ahead of us. The orderly had seen him "run right into a bunch of rebels," who promptly laid hold of him. As fast as we could we hurried back to our column, which we found in a curious condition. The men, having marched all day and several hours of the night, had dropped down where they stood, overwhelmed by fatigue. With the greatest effort we tried to arouse some of them to form something like out-posts, and as this was a slow and rather unsuccessful proceeding, I and my officers, as well as the brigade staffs, stood guard ourselves, revolver in hand, until day broke. Then it turned out that the Pennsylvania cavalry regiment which was to clear the ground and to cover our front, had gone astray—we could not ascertain where—and that rebel scouting parties had been hovering closely around us. Captain Schenofsky rejoined me several months later, having spent the intermediate time in Libby Prison at Richmond until he was liberated by an exchange of prisoners.

After our two days' march up stream on the northern bank of the Rappahannock, we now had two days' march down stream on its southern side. We forded the Rapidan, and on the afternoon of April 30th, we reached the region called the Wilderness. We stopped about two miles west of Chancellors-

ville. The following night four army-corps camped in that vicinity, the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fifth, which had come down from Kelly's Ford, and the Second, under General Couch, which had crossed at United States Ford as soon as that ford was uncovered by our advance,—a force of 50,000 men. This flanking movement had been masked by an operation conducted by General Sedgwick, who crossed the Rappahannock a few miles below Fredericksburg with a force large enough to make Lee apprehend that the main attack would come from that quarter. This crossing accomplished, the Third Corps under Sickles joined Hooker at Chancellorsville. Until then, Thursday, April 30th, the execution of Hooker's plan had been entirely successful, and with characteristic grandiloquence the commanding general issued on that day the following general order to the Army of the Potomac: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him—the operations of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps have been a succession of splendid achievements." It sounded somewhat like Pope's bragging order.

The impression made upon the officers and men by this proclamation was by no means altogether favorable to its author. Of course, they were pleased to hear themselves praised for their achievements, but they did not forget that these had so far consisted only in marching, not in fighting, and that the true test was still to come. They hoped indeed that the Army of the Potomac, 130,000 strong, would prove able to beat Lee's army, only 60,000 strong. But it jarred upon their feelings as well as their good sense to hear their commanding

general gasconade so boastfully of having the enemy in the hollow of his hand,—that enemy being Robert E. Lee at the head of the best infantry in the world. Still we all hoped, and we explored the map for the important strategical point we would strike the next day. But the "next day" brought us a fearful disappointment.

On the morning of Friday, May 1st, Hooker ordered a force several divisions strong, to advance towards Fredericksburg and the enemy's communications. Our corps, too, received marching orders, and started at 12 o'clock M. But the corps was hardly on the road in marching formation when our movement was stopped and we were ordered back to the position we had occupied during the preceding night. What did this mean? General Hooker had started out to surprise the enemy by a grand flank march taking us into the enemy's rear. We had succeeded. We had surprised the enemy. But the fruits of that successful surprise could be reaped only if we followed it up with quick and vigorous action. We could not expect a general like Lee to stay surprised. He was sure to act quickly and vigorously, if we did not. And just this happened. When we stopped at Chancellorsville on the afternoon of Thursday, April 30th, we might, without difficulty, have marched a few miles farther and seized some important points, especially Bank's Ford on the Rappahannock, and some commanding positions nearer to Fredericksburg. It was then that Lee, having meanwhile divined Hooker's plan, gathered up his forces to throw them against our advance. And as soon as, on Friday, May 1st, our columns, advancing toward Fredericksburg, met the opposing enemy. Hooker recoiled and ordered his army back into a defensive position, there to await Lee's attack. Thus the offensive campaign so brilliantly opened was suddenly transformed into a defensive one. Hooker had surren-

dered the initiative of movement, and given to Lee the incalculable advantage of perfect freedom of action. Lee could fall back in good order upon his lines of communication with Richmond, if he wished, or he could concentrate his forces, or so much of them as he saw fit, upon any part of Hooker's defensive position which he might think most advantageous to himself to attack. As soon as it became apparent that Hooker had abandoned his plan of vigorous offensive action, and had dropped into a merely defensive attitude, the exuberant high spirits which so far had animated the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac turned into head-shaking uncertainty. Their confidence in the military sagacity and dashing spirit of their chief, "Fighting Joe," was chilled with doubt. The defensive position into which the Army of the Potomac was put could hardly have been more unfortunate. It was in the heart of the "Wilderness." That name designated an extensive district of country covered by thick woods of second growth with tangled underbrush of scrub oak and scrub pine. There were several clearings of irregular shape which afforded, in spots, a limited outlook. But they were surrounded by gloomy woods, which were not dense enough to make the approach of a hostile force impossible, but almost everywhere dense enough to conceal it.

I must ask pardon for describing the position of the troops somewhat elaborately to make the tragedy which followed intelligible. It may be somewhat dull reading, but I pray the kind reader not to skip it. The westernmost of the clearings, or openings, in the wilderness occupied by our army was Talley's farm, crossed by the "Old Turnpike" running east and west from Fredericksburg to Orange Court-house. Along that turnpike the first division of the Eleventh Corps, under General Devens, was strung out, the first brigade of which, Colonel

Gilsa's, was posted west of the clearing on the road; dense woods on all sides. To protect the right flank and rear, two of Colonel Gilsa's regiments were placed at a right angle with the road, and two pieces of artillery in the road. The rest of the brigade was on the road itself, facing south, with thickets in front, flank, and rear. The second brigade, under General McLean, also facing south, on the road, with the same thicket in its rear, the southern front protected by hastily constructed breastworks. Four pieces of artillery, Dieckmann's battery, were posted on the Talley farm, also facing south. Next came my division, partly also strung out in the road, facing south, breastworks in front and thickets in the rear, partly in reserve on a large opening containing Hawkins' farm, an old church in a little grove, and Dowdall's Tavern, a wooden house situated on the Pike, where the Corps Commander, General Howard, had his headquarters. On that clearing, near Dowdall's Tavern, another road, coming from the southwest, called the Plank-road, joined the turnpike at a sharp angle, and at that angle Dilger's battery was placed, also facing south. Connecting with Dilger's left was Colonel Buschbeck's brigade of the Second, Steinwehr's division, with Captain Wiedrich's battery, behind a rifle pit, also facing south, General Barlow's brigade with three batteries of reserve artillery stood near the eastern border of the opening as a general corps reserve.

Thus the Eleventh Corps formed the extreme right of the army. East of it there was another body of thick woods through which the turnpike led to the third great opening, in the eastern part of which stood the Chancellor house, in which General Hooker had established his headquarters. On the left of the Eleventh Corps, the Third (Sickles) and the Twelfth (Slocum) were posted, and further east the rest of the army in positions which I need not describe in detail.

Early on Saturday morning, May 2d, General Hooker with some members of his staff rode along his whole line and was received by the troops with enthusiastic acclamations. He inspected the position held by the Eleventh Corps and found it "quite strong."

The position might have been tolerably strong if General Lee had done General Hooker the favor of running his head against the breastworks by a front attack. But what if he did not? "Our right wing," as I said in my official report, "stood completely in the air, with nothing to lean upon, and that, too, in a forest thick enough to obstruct any free view to the front, flanks or rear, but not thick enough to prevent the approach of the enemy's troops. Our rear was at the mercy of the enemy, who was at perfect liberty to walk right around us through the large gap between Colonel Gilsa's right and the cavalry force stationed at Ely's Ford." As we were situated, an attack from the west or northwest could not be resisted without a complete change of front on our part. To such a change, especially if it was to be made in haste, the formation of our forces was exceedingly unfavorable. It was almost impossible to maneuver some of our regiments, hemmed in as they were on the old turnpike by embankments and rifle pits in front and thick woods in the rear, drawn out in long deployed lines, giving just room enough for the stacks of arms and a narrow passage; this turnpike road being at the same time the only line of communication we had between the different parts of our front. Now, the thing most to be dreaded, an attack from the west, was just the thing coming.

The firing we had heard all along the line of our army during the preceding day, May 1st, indicated that the enemy was "feeling our front" along its whole length. Toward evening the enemy threw some shells from two guns placed on an

eminence opposite General Devens' left. General Schimmelfennig, the commander of my first brigade, was ordered to push forward a regiment for the purpose of capturing or at least dislodging those pieces. That regiment, after a sharp little skirmish, came back with the report that the guns had departed. The night passed quietly.

But next morning, May 2d, not long after General Hooker had examined our position, I was informed that large columns of the enemy could be seen from General Devens' headquarters moving from east to west on a road running nearly parallel with the plank-road, on a low ridge at a distance of about a mile or more. I hurried to Talley's, where I could plainly observe them as they moved on, passing gaps in the woods, infantry, artillery, and wagons. Instantly it flashed upon my mind that it was Stonewall Jackson, the "great flanker," marching towards our right, to envelop it and attack us in flank and rear. I galloped back to corps headquarters at Dowdall's Tavern, and on the way ordered Captain Dilger to look for good artillery positions fronting west, as the corps would, in all probability, have to execute a change of front. I reported promptly to General Howard what I had seen, and my impression, which amounted almost to a conviction, that Jackson was going to attack us from the west.

In our conversation I tried to persuade him that in such a contingency we could not make a fight in our cramped position facing south while being attacked from the west; that General Devens' division and a large part of mine would surely be rolled up, telescoped, and thrown into utter confusion unless the front were changed and the troops put upon practicable ground; that, in my opinion, our right should be withdrawn and the corps be formed in line of battle at a right angle with the turn-pike, lining the church grove and the

border of the woods east of the open plain with infantry, placing strong échelons behind both wings, and distributing the artillery along the front on ground most favorable for its action, especially on the eminence on the right and left of Dowdall's Tavern. In such a position, sweeping the opening before us with our artillery and musketry, and checking the enemy with occasional offensive returns, and opposing any flanking movements with our échelons, we might be able to maintain ourselves even against greatly superior forces, at least long enough to give General Hooker time to take measures in our rear, according to the exigencies of the moment.

I urged this view as earnestly as my respect for my commanding officer would permit, but General Howard would not accept it. He clung to the belief which, he said, was also entertained by General Hooker, that Lee was not going to attack our right, but was actually in full retreat toward Gordonsville. I was amazed at this belief. Was it at all reasonable to think that Lee, if he really intended to retreat, would march his column *along* our front instead of *away* from it, which he might have done with far less danger of being disturbed? But General Howard would not see this, and he closed the conversation, saying that General Hooker had a few hours before inspected the position of the Eleventh Corps and found it good. General Hooker himself, however, did not seem quite so sure of this at that moment as he had been a few hours before.

Some time before noon, General Howard told me that he was very tired and needed sleep; would I, being second in command, stay at his headquarters, open all despatches that might arrive, and wake him in case there were any of urgent importance. Shortly after, a courier arrived with a despatch from General Hooker calling General Howard's attention to

the movement of the enemy toward our right flank, and instructing him to take measures to resist an attack from that quarter. At once I called up General Howard, read the despatch aloud to him and put it into his hands. We had exchanged only a few words about the matter when another courier, a young officer, arrived with a second despatch of the same tenor. At a later period I saw the document in print and recognized it clearly as the one I had read and delivered to General Howard on that eventful day. It runs thus:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 2d, 1863, 9:30 a. m.

MAJOR GENERALS SLOCUM AND HOWARD:

I am directed by the Major General commanding to say that the disposition you have made of your corps has been with a view to a front attack of the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he wished you to examine the ground and determine upon the position you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear to be strong enough. No artificial defenses worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears to be a scarcity of troops at that point, and not, in the general's opinion, as favorably posted as might be. We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Please advance your pickets as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach.

J. H. VAN ALEN,
Brig. Gen. and Aide-de-Camp.

To my utter astonishment I found, many years later, in a paper on "The Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville," written by General Howard for the *Century Magazine,* the following sentence: "General Hooker's circular order to 'Slocum and Howard' neither reached me nor, to my knowledge, Colonel Meysenburg, my adjutant general." How he could have forgotten that I had read and delivered to him that identical despatch I find it difficult to understand, especially as it

touched so vital a point, and its delivery was followed by another animated discussion between us, in which I most earnestly —although ineffectually—endeavored to convince him that in case of such an attack from the west, our right, as then posted, would be hopelessly overwhelmed.

We were standing on the porch of Dowdall's Tavern. I saw Major Whittlesey, one of General Howard's staff-officers, coming out of the woods opposite, not far from the turnpike. "General," I said, "if you draw a straight line from this point over Major Whittlesey's head, it will strike Col. Gilsa's extreme right. Do you not think it certain that the enemy, attacking from the west, will crush Gilsa's two regiments, which are to protect our right and rear, at the first onset? Is there the slightest possibility for him to resist?" All General Howard had to say was: "Well, he will have to fight," or something to that effect. I was almost desperate, rode away, and, on my own responsibility, took two regiments, the Fifty-eighth New York and the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, from my second line facing south and placed them facing west on Hawkins' farm in the rear of Gilsa's forlorn right, with a third regiment, the Eighty-second Ohio, a little further back, so that, when the attack on our flank and rear came, there should be at least a little force with a correct front. When I reported this to General Howard, he said that he did not object. This was all, literally all, that was done to meet an attack from the west, except the tracing of a shallow rifle pit, the embankment of which reached hardly up to a man's knees, running north and south, near Dowdall's Tavern, and the removal of the reserve artillery, three batteries, to the border of the woods on the east of the open ground. As for the rest, the absurdly indefensible position of the corps remained unchanged.

A little after 3 p. m. we were startled by two discharges of cannon followed by a short rattle of musketry, apparently near Gilsa's position. Could this already be Jackson's advance? I jumped upon my horse and rode with all speed to the spot from which the noise came. No, it was not Jackson's advance. I found that only a few rebel cavalrymen had shown themselves on the old turn-pike west of our right, and that the two pieces of artillery posted on the road had been fired off without orders. Evidently Jackson was still feeling our lines. But my horse was surrounded by regimental officers of Devens' division, telling me with anxious faces that their pickets had, time and again during the day, reported the presence of large bodies of rebel troops at a short distance from their right flank, and that, if an attack came from that quarter, they were not in a position to fight. What did I think? I was heartsick, for I could not tell them what I did think, for fear of producing a panic. Neither would I deceive. So I broke away from them and hurried to General Devens to try whether I could not get him to aid me in another effort to induce General Howard to order a change of front. To my surprise I found him rather unconcerned. He had reported all his information to corps headquarters, he said, and asked for instructions, and the officer carrying his message had been told there that General Lee seemed to be in full retreat. He, Devens, thought that at corps headquarters they were better informed than he was, and that he could only govern himself by the instructions received from his superior.

To corps headquarters I returned to make another effort. There General Howard met me with the news that he had just been ordered by General Hooker to send Barlow's brigade to the aid of General Sickles, who had, about noon, set out with his corps to attack and capture Stonewall Jackson's rear-

guard with his wagon trains—and that was the meaning of the cannonading we had heard since noon. This, General Howard added, was clear proof that General Hooker did not expect us to be attacked in flank by Jackson, for, if he really expected anything of the kind, he would certainly not at that moment deprive the Eleventh Corps of its strongest brigade, the only general reserve it had. I replied that, if the rebel army were really retreating, there would be no harm in a change of front on our part; but that, if the enemy should attack us on our right, which I still anticipated, then would the withdrawal of Barlow's brigade make a change of front all the more necessary. But all my reasoning and entreating were in vain, and General Howard rode off with Barlow's brigade on what proved to be a mere wild-goose-chase, to see, as he said, that the brigade be well put in.

There we were, then. That the enemy was on our flank in very great strength had become more certain every moment. Schimmelfennig had sent out several scouting parties beyond our regular pickets. They all came back with the same tale, that they had seen great masses of rebel troops wheeling into line; that they had even heard the commands of rebel officers. The pickets and scouts of McLean and Gilsa reported the same. My artillery captain, Dilger, returned from an adventurous ride. He had made a reconnoissance of his own, had been right among the rebels in Gilsa's front, had been chased by them, had been saved from capture by the speed of his horse, had been at army headquarters at the Chancellor house where he told his experience to a major belonging to the staff, had been told by him to go to his own corps with his yarn, and had finally come back to me. In fact, almost every officer and private seemed to see the black thunder-cloud that was hanging over us, and to feel in his bones that a great disaster was com-

ing—all felt it, except the corps commander and, perhaps, General Devens, who permitted his judgment to be governed by the corps commander's opinion. Could there be better reason for this unrest? Within little more than rifle-shot of our right flank there stood Stonewall Jackson with more than 25,000 men, the most dashing general of the Confederacy with its best soldiers, forming his line of battle, which at the given word was to fold its wings around our feeble flank; and within his grasp the Eleventh Corps—originally 12,000 strong, but reduced to 9,000 men by the detachment of its strongest brigade and main reserve, and its commanding general gone away with that brigade; and, to cap the climax, hardly a Federal soldier within two miles on its left and rear, to support it in case of need, for Sickles' corps and a large part of Slocum's had moved into the woods after Jackson's wagon train—and in addition to all this, the larger part of the corps so placed as to be helpless against an attack from the west. It may fairly be said that, if there had been a deliberate design, a conspiracy, to sacrifice the Eleventh Corps—which, of course, there was not—it could not have been more ingeniously planned. This was the situation at 5 o'clock of the afternoon.

At last the storm broke loose. I was with some of my staff at corps headquarters, waiting for General Howard to return, our horses ready at hand. It was about 5:20 when a number of deer and rabbits came bounding out of the woods bordering the opening of Hawkins' farm on the west. The animals had been started from their lairs by Jackson's advance. Ordinarily such an appearance of game might have been greeted by soldiers in the field with outbreaks of great hilarity. There was hardly anything of the kind this time. It was as if the men had instinctively understood the meaning of the occurrence. A little while later there burst forth a heavy roar of

artillery, a continuous rattling of musketry, and the savage screech of the "rebel yell" where Gilsa stood, and then happened what every man of common sense might have foreseen. Our two cannon standing in the road threw several rapid discharges into the dense masses of the enemy before them, and then the men made an effort to escape. But the rebel infantry were already upon them, shot down the horses, and captured the pieces. Gilsa's two regiments, formed at a right angle with the turn-pike, were at once covered with a hail of bullets. They discharged three rounds—it is a wonder they discharged as many—and then, being fired into from front and from both flanks at close quarters, they had either to surrender or beat a hasty retreat. They retreated through the woods, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. Some of Gilsa's men rallied behind a reserve regiment of the first division, the Seventy-fifth Ohio, whose commander, Colonel Riley, had been sensible and quick enough to change front, and to advance, without orders, to help Gilsa. But they were promptly assailed in front and flank by several rebel regiments, and completely wrecked, Colonel Riley being killed and the adjutant wounded. Meanwhile the enemy had also pounced upon the regiments of the first division, which were deployed in the turn-pike. These regiments, being hemmed in on the narrow road between dense thickets, and being attacked on three sides, many of the men being shot through their backs, were not able to fight at all. They were simply telescoped and driven down the turn-pike in utter confusion.

While this happened, a vigorous attempt was made to form a line of defense which in some way might stem the rout of our sacrificed regiments and impede the progress of the enemy. As soon as I heard the firing on our right I despatched an aide-de-camp to Colonel Krzyzanowski to turn about all his

regiments and front west. For the same purpose I hurried to the point where the plank-road and the turn-pike united. There I found General Schimmelfennig already at work. Our united efforts succeeded in changing the front of several regiments, and in forming something like a line facing the attack, but not without very great difficulty. Several pieces of the artillery of the first division, as well as some wagons and ambulances, came down the turn-pike at a full run, tearing lengthwise through the troops still deployed in line on the road. They were followed by the telescoped regiments of the first division in the utmost confusion. We had scarcely formed a regiment in line fronting west, when that rushing torrent broke through its ranks, throwing it into new disorder. Thus it could happen to General Devens to state in his report that, being carried by, wounded, he failed to see any second line behind which his dispersed troops might have rallied, while, after seeing him taken to the rear, we held that point twenty minutes. For, in spite of the terrible turmoil which almost completely wrecked two of my best veteran regiments, we did succeed, in the hurry, in forming a line, somewhat irregular and broken, to be sure, near the church-grove, consisting of the Sixty-first Ohio, One Hundred and Nineteenth New York, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, and the Eighty-second Illinois, and, farther to the right, the Eighty-second Ohio, the Fifty-eighth New York, and the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, the regiments I had placed front west earlier in the afternoon. Captain Dilger quickly moved his six guns a little distance back upon higher ground, where he could sweep the turn-pike and the plank-road. He poured shot and shell into the enemy's battalions as they advanced on the heels of the wrecked regiments of our first division. On they came, with fierce yells and a withering fire of musketry, widely overlapping our lines on

both sides. At their first onset, the noble Colonel Peissner of the One Hundred and Nineteenth New York dropped dead from his horse, but Lieutenant-Colonel Lockman held his men bravely together. My old revolutionary friend, Colonel Hecker of the Eighty-second Illinois, who had grasped the colors of his regiment to lead it in a bayonet charge, was also struck down, wounded by a rebel bullet, and was taken behind the front. Major Rolshausen, who promptly took command of the regiment, met the same fate. A multitude of our dead and wounded strewed the field. But in spite of the rain of bullets coming from front, right, and left, these regiments held their ground long enough to fire from twenty to thirty rounds.

On my extreme right, separated from the line just described by a wide gap, which I had no forces to fill, things took a similar course. A short time after the first attack a good many men of Colonel Gilsa's and General McLean's wrecked regiments came in disorder out of the woods. A heavy rebel force followed them closely with triumphant yells and a rapid fire. The Fifty-eighth New York, a very small regiment, and the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin received them firmly. Captain Braun, in temporary command of the Fifty-eighth New York, was one of the first to fall, mortally wounded. The regiment, exposed to flanking fire from the left, where the enemy broke through, and most severely pressed in front, was pushed back after a desperate struggle of several minutes. The Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, a young regiment that had never been under fire, maintained the hopeless contest for a considerable time with splendid gallantry. It did not fall back until I ordered it to do so. Colonel Krzyzanowski, the brigade commander, who was with it, asked for immediate reinforcements, as the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin, being nearly enveloped on all sides, could not possibly maintain its position longer. Not having

a man to send, I ordered the regiment to fall back to the edge of the woods in its rear, which it did in perfect order, facing about and firing several times as it retired.

In the meantime, the enemy completely turned my left flank, and had not the rebel general, Colquitt, who commanded a force of seventeen regiments to execute that flanking movement, made the mistake of stopping his advance for a while, believing that his right was threatened, a large part of the Eleventh Corps might have been captured before it could have reached the open ground surrounding the Chancellor house. But the Confederate force which actually did attack my left was far more than strong enough to press back the One Hundred and Nineteenth New York, and to fall upon the left of Captain Dilger's battery. Captain Dilger kept up his fire with grape and canister to the last moment. He gave the order to limber up only when the enemy's infantry was already between his pieces. His horse was shot under him, and the two wheel-horses and a lead-horse of one of his guns were killed. After an ineffectual effort to drag this piece along with the dead horses hanging in the harness, he had to abandon it to the enemy. The rest of the battery he sent to the rear, with the exception of one piece, which he kept in the road, firing against the pursuing enemy from time to time as he retreated.

The rebels were now pressing forward in overwhelming power on our right and left, and the position in and near the church-grove could no longer be held. We had to fall back upon the shallow rifle pit running north and south near Dowdall's Tavern, which had been dug when General Howard had a dawning suspicion that we might be attacked by Jackson from the west. This rifle pit was partly occupied by Colonel Buschbeck's brigade of our second division. It stood on the extreme left of the corps, had ample time to change front,

and was therefore in perfect order. On its left several companies of the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania, of the Sixty-first Ohio, and the One Hundred and Nineteenth New York took position, and on its right the Eighty-second Ohio and the fragments of other regiments. Several pieces of the reserve artillery were still firing over the heads of the infantry. It was there that I found General Howard again, who meanwhile had come back from Barlow's detached and wandering brigade and rejoined his corps about the time when Jackson's attack on our right flank began, or soon after. He was bravely engaged in an effort to rally the broken troops, and exposed himself quite freely. I did my best to assist him. So did General Schimmelfennig. But to reorganize the confused mass of men belonging to different regiments was an extremely difficult task under the constant attack of the enemy. I succeeded once in gathering a large crowd, and, placing myself at its head, led it forward with a hurrah. It followed me some distance, but was again dispersed by the enemy's fire pouring in from the front and from both flanks. One of my aides was wounded on that occasion. Two or three similar attempts had the same result. The enemy advancing on our right and left with rapidity, the artillery ceased firing and withdrew, and the rifle pit had to be given up. As I said before, it was too shallow to afford any protection to the men behind it. The infantry fell back into the woods, the density of which naturally caused renewed disorder among regiments and companies that had remained well organized, or had been successfully rallied. I joined Captain Dilger with his one gun on the road to Chancellorsville. He was protected by two companies of the Sixty-first Ohio. His grape and canister checked the enemy several times in his pursuit. When I entered the woods I looked at my watch. It was 7:15 o'clock. The fight of the 9,000 men of the Eleventh

Corps, so posted as to present their unprotected flank to the enemy, against Stonewall Jackson's 25,000 veterans had, therefore, lasted, at the lowest reckoning, one and one-half hours. Not a man nor a gun came to their aid during their hopeless contest. They had to retreat a mile and a half before they met a supporting force. But when this was found, the wrecked corps was soon fully reorganized, each regiment around its colors and under its own officers before 11 o'clock. Early next morning, Sunday, May 3d, we were put on the extreme left of the army. I rode to General Hooker's headquarters to ask him that we be given another opportunity for showing what we could do, after the disaster of the previous evening. He seemed to be in a very depressed state of mind, and said he would try. But we remained on the extreme left, with nothing but slight skirmishing in our front, until the army recrossed the Rappahannock on the morning of May 6th.

I must now permit myself a few remarks on the progress of the battle after the discomfiture of the Eleventh Corps. It is a curious story, full of psychological puzzles. As I have already stated, there was behind us no supporting force, within two miles. Only Birney's division of the Third Corps was near the Chancellor house, the rest of the Third Corps and the Twelfth Corps had disappeared from the ground between the Chancellor house and Dowdall's long before. Jackson's march toward our right had been observed early in the morning. It was ascertained to be a movement in great force. It could mean only one of two things: Either a retreat of Lee's army, or an attack on our right flank and rear. In either case a prompt attack, also in great force, on Jackson's flank naturally suggested itself. It was a great opportunity to interpose between Lee and Jackson and beat them in detail. Sickles was ordered, at his own request, to make an attack, but the order to move

in any force was given only at noon—several hours too late—and Sickles was instructed to push on "with great caution," instead of with the utmost celerity and vigor. The result was that Sickles did not reach Jackson's line of march until Jackson, with the exception of a small rear guard, was miles away. The second result was that all the troops which might have supported the Eleventh Corps in case of a flank attack, and even the reserve brigade of that corps itself, were immersed in the woods in front, about two miles from where, as the event turned out, they were most needed. Instead of beating Lee and Jackson in their state of separation, this movement only completed the absolute isolation of the right flank of our own army.

When at last Jackson's overwhelming assault had wrecked the helpless Eleventh Corps, there was no other power of resistance between Jackson's triumphant force and the Chancellor house—the very heart of the position of the Army of the Potomac—but the remnants of the Eleventh Corps in a disorganized condition, and what troops could be hastily summoned from other points. As already mentioned, Berry's division, standing north of the Chancellor house, was promptly thrown forward. Captain Best, the chief of artillery of the Twelfth Corps still on the ground, soon had his guns trained upon the advancing Confederates. The retreating batteries of the Eleventh Corps joined him. Several divisions that had been engaged in the bootless chase after Jackson's rear guard and wagon train in the woods were brought up in a hurry. But other circumstances co-operated to help us over the critical situation. Although the moon shone brightly, it grew dark in the shadows of the forest, and, moreover, the first two lines of the Confederates, owing partly to the temporary resistance of the Eleventh Corps, partly to the breaking of the formations

in their advance through tangled woods, had fallen into great confusion, which was increased by the murderous fire now bursting from the hastily-formed Federal front. Thus some time was consumed in restoring order in the Confederate brigades. But Jackson was still hotly intent upon pressing his advantage in getting into Hooker's rear. Then fate stepped in with an event of great portent. The victorious Confederates lost their leader. Returning from a short reconnoissance outside of his lines, Stonewall Jackson was grievously wounded by bullets coming from his own men, and died a few days later. The attack stopped for that night.

The next morning, Sunday, May 3d, found the Army of the Potomac, about 90,000 men of it under General Hooker's immediate command, strongly entrenched in the vicinity of the Chancellor house, and about 22,000 men, under General Sedgwick, near Fredericksburg, moving up to attack General Lee in his rear. Never did General Lee's genius shine more brightly than in the action that followed. He proved himself, with his 60,000 men against nearly double that number, a perfect master of that supreme art of the military leader: to appear to have superior forces at every point of decisive importance. First he flung Jackson's old corps, now under the command of General "Jeb" Stuart, against some of Hooker's breastworks in the center, carrying one line of entrenchments after another by furious assaults. Then, hearing that Sedgwick had taken Marye's Heights and was advancing from Fredericksburg, he detached from his front against Hooker a part of his force large enough to overmatch Sedgwick, and drove that general across the Rappahannock. Then he hurried back the divisions that had worsted Sedgwick to make his own forces superior to Hooker's at the point where he wished to strike. Hooker meanwhile seemed to be in a state of nervous collapse. On the second

day of the battle, standing on the porch of the Chancellor house, he was struck by a wooden pillar as it fell, knocked down by a cannon ball. For an hour he was senseless, and then recovered. But before and after the accident his mental operations seemed to be equally loose and confused. I have spoken of some curious psychological puzzles presented by the conduct of some commanders in this battle. There was Hooker, "Fighting Joe," literally spoiling for the conflict, and having successfully initiated an emphatically offensive campaign, suddenly losing all his enterprise and dash, as soon as he came into the presence of the enemy, and dropping into a tame defensive which utterly dampened the morale of his army. On the 2d of May, he warned Slocum and Howard of Jackson's dangerous movement on our right flank, and then, on the very same evening, he indulged in the preposterous delusion that Lee and Jackson were retreating on a road parallel to our front; on the 3d of May, he permitted himself to be pounded by the Confederates wherever they chose, from one position into another, and to be literally cooped up in his entrenchments by a greatly inferior force without making any effort to bring into action some 35,000 to 40,000 men of his own who had hardly fired a shot, and stood substantially idle all the time; and finally, he knew nothing better than to recross the Rappahannock and to say that, really, he had not fought any battle because one-half of his army had not been under fire—although he had lost over 17,000 men.

There has been much speculation as to whether those who accused General Hooker of having been intoxicated during the battle of Chancellorsville, were right or wrong. The weight of the testimony of competent witnesses is strongly against this theory. It is asserted, on the other hand, that he was accustomed to the consumption of a certain quantity of whiskey every day;

that, during the battle of Chancellorsville, he utterly abstained from his usual potations for fear of taking too much, inadvertently, and that his brain failed to work because he had not given it the stimulus to which it had been habituated. Whichever theory be the correct one—certain it is that to all appearances General Hooker's mind seemed, during those days, in a remarkably torpid condition. On no similar theory can we explain General Howard's failure to foresee the coming of Jackson's attack upon our right flank—for he was a man of the soberest habits. How, in spite of the reports constantly coming in, in spite of what, without exaggeration, may be called the evidence of his senses, he could finally conclude, on the 2d of May, that Jackson, instead of intending to attack, was in full retreat, I have never been able to understand, except upon the theory that his mind simply failed to draw simple conclusions from obvious facts.

Our corps remained inactive on the left flank of the army all through the 3d, 4th, and 5th of May. Eager to be led to the front again, all we could do was to listen anxiously to the din of battle near us, straining our senses to discern whether it approached or receded. In fact, it approached, indicating that our army was giving up position after position, and that the battle was going against us. At last, on the evening of the 5th, we received orders to be ready to move at 2 o'clock the next morning. We understood it to be a general retreat across the river. During the afternoon a heavy rain began to fall, which continued into the night. Wet through to the skin, we shivered until 1:20 o'clock, when, without the slighest noise, the troops were formed into line, ready to wheel into column of march. So we stood without moving from 2 until 6 o'clock. At last the order to march came. We had to withdraw from the presence of the enemy unobserved, and in this we succeeded.

When we reached the large clearing at United States Ford, where the river was bridged for the army to cross, an appalling spectacle presented itself. The heavy rains had caused a sudden rise in the river, which threatened to sweep away the pontoon bridges. There were three of them, one of which was taken up to strengthen the others. General Hooker with his staff had already passed over the preceding evening. The artillery, also, except that of the corps covering the retreat, had crossed during the night. But here on that open ground on the river bank was the infantry, probably some 70,000 to 80,000 men, packed together so close that there was hardly an interval between the different organizations wide enough to permit the passage of a horse, waiting to file away in thin marching columns, regiment after regiment, over the bridges. Had the enemy known of this, and succeeded in planting one battery in a position from which it might have pitched its shells into this dense, inarticulate mass of humanity, substantially helpless in its huddled condition, the consequences would have baffled the imagination. A wild panic would have been unavoidable, and a large part of the Army of the Potomac would have perished in the swollen waters of the Rappahannock. But General Lee did not disturb our retreat, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon the whole army was safely over. It is not too much to say that every officer and man of it greeted the northern river bank with a deep sigh of relief.

But no sooner were we settled in camp again than we of the Eleventh Corps had to meet a trial far more severe than all the dangers and fatigues of the disastrous campaign. Every newspaper that fell into our hands told the world a frightful story of the unexampled misconduct of the Eleventh Corps; how the " cowardly Dutchmen " of that corps had thrown down their arms and fled at the first fire of the enemy; how my divi-

sion, represented as first attacked, had led in the disgraceful flight without firing a shot; how these cowardly "Dutch," like a herd of frightened sheep, had overrun the whole battlefield and come near stampeding other brigades or divisions; how large crowds of "Eleventh Corps Dutchmen" ran to United States Ford, tried to get away across the bridges, and were driven back by the provost guard stationed there; and how, in short, the whole failure of the Army of the Potomac was owing to the scandalous poltroonery of the Eleventh Corps. I was thunderstruck. We procured whatever newspapers we could obtain—papers from New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee—the same story everywhere. We sought to get at the talk of officers and men in other corps of the army—the verdict of condemnation and contempt seemed to be universal. Wherever, during the night from the 2d to the 3d of May, any confusion had occurred—and there had been much—or any regiment been broken and thrown into disorder—it was all the Eleventh Corps. Only two prominent generals, Couch and Doubleday, were heard from as expressing the opinion that there might be another side to the story. All the rest, as far as we could learn, vied with one another in abusive and insulting gibes. The situation became unendurable. Would not justice raise its voice?

On the 10th of May I received a letter from General Schimmelfennig. It ran thus:

GENERAL: The officers and men of this brigade of your division, filled with indignation, come to me, with newspapers in their hands, and ask if such be the reward they may expect for the sufferings they have endured and the bravery they have displayed. The most infamous falsehoods have been circulated through the papers in regard to the conduct of the troops of your division in the battle of the 2d inst. It would seem as if a nest of vipers had but waited for an auspicious moment to spit out their poisonous slanders upon this heretofore honored corps. Little would I heed were these reports

but emanations from the prurient imaginations of those who live by dipping their pens in the blood of the slain, instead of standing up for the country, sword and musket in hand; but they are dated, "Headquarters of General Hooker," and they are signed by responsible names.

He then went on, stating what had actually happened, and concluded as follows:

General, I am an old soldier. To this hour I have been proud to command the brave men in this brigade; but I am sure that unless these infamous falsehoods be retracted and reparation made, their good-will and soldierly spirit will be broken, and I shall no longer be at the head of the same brave men whom I have heretofore had the honor to lead. In the name of truth and common honesty, in the name of the good cause of our country, I ask, therefore, for satisfaction. If our superior officers be not sufficiently in possession of the facts, I demand an investigation; if they are, I demand that the miserable penny-a-liners who have slandered the division, be excluded, by a public order, from our lines, and that the names of the originators of these slanders be made known to me and my brigade, that they may be held responsible for their acts.

A. SCHIMMELFENNIG, Brigadier-General.

On May 12th, I sent up my official report. It contained a sober and scrupulously truthful recital of the events of the 2d of May—at least, scrupulously correct according to my knowledge and information—and closed with these words: "I beg leave to make one additional remark. The Eleventh Corps, and, by error or malice, especially the third division, have been held up to the whole country as a band of cowards. My division has been made responsible for the defeat of the Eleventh Corps, and the Eleventh Corps for the failure of the campaign. Preposterous as this is, yet we have been overwhelmed by the army and the press with abuse and insult beyond measure. We have borne as much as human nature can endure. I am far from saying that on May 2d everybody did his duty to the best of his power. But one thing I will say, because I know

it: these men are not cowards. I have seen most of them fight before this, and they fought as bravely as any. I am also far from saying that it would have been quite impossible to do better in the position the corps occupied on May 2d, but I have seen with my own eyes troops who now affect to look down upon us with sovereign contempt, behave much worse under circumstances far less trying. Being charged with such an enormous responsibility as the failure of a campaign involves, it would seem to me that every commander has a right to a fair investigation of his conduct and of the circumstances surrounding him and his command on that occasion. I would, therefore, most respectfully and most urgently ask for permission to publish this report—every statement contained therein is strictly truthful, to the best of my knowledge and information. If I have erred in any particular, my error can easily be corrected. But if what I say is true, I deem it due to myself and those who serve under me, that the country should know it."

In order to avoid every possible objection to the publication of my report, I had been studiously moderate in my description of occurrences and circumstances; I had refrained from accusing anybody of anything; I had even mentioned with the greatest mildness of statement my urgent efforts to induce General Howard to make the necessary change of front. In spite of all this, the permission to publish my report was refused. General Hooker wrote: "I hope soon to be able to transmit all the reports of the recent battles, and meanwhile I cannot approve of the publication of one isolated report."

I appealed to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War—of course, through the regular military channels—repeating my request that my report be published as soon as it reached the

War Department, and adding that, if the publication of my report should be deemed inexpedient, I urgently asked for the calling of a court of inquiry to investigate publicly "the circumstances surrounding my command on the 2d day of May, the causes of its defeat, and my conduct on that occasion." General Howard's endorsement on this letter was as follows: "Respectfully forwarded. With reference to the court of inquiry asked for, I recommend that the request be granted. I do not know of any charges against General Schurz from any official quarter, but I do not shrink from a thorough investigation of all the circumstances connected with the disaster of May 2d. O. O. Howard, Major-General." This could be interpreted as meaning that, as to me, a court of inquiry was not necessary, there being no official charges against me; and as to him, he did not shrink from a thorough investigation of the event, but did not ask for it. The result was that the court of inquiry was not granted. The only answer I received was from General Halleck: "Publication of partial reports not approved till the general commanding has time to make his report." The general commanding, General Hooker, never made any report; mine was simply buried in some pigeonhole. My request for a court of inquiry was not even mentioned. I could not publish my report without permission, for that would have been a breach of military discipline. So I found myself completely muzzled.

While thus the official world seemed determined to take no notice of our distress, the flagrant injustice done us created much excitement among the German-born people of this country. Some prominent German-American citizens in New York called a mass-meeting—so far as I know entirely without incitement or suggestion from members of the Eleventh Corps—and expressed their indignation at the scandalous treatment

meted out to us. The leaders of that movement had taken steps to inform themselves from official sources, and it was easy for them to show, first, that the Eleventh Corps was not a German corps, that not one-half of its men, in fact, only a little more than one-third, belonged to that nationality; second, that it was not my division, but a division commanded by General Devens, a native Massachusetts man, that was first overthrown and put to flight; third, that it was not a German brigade that yielded "almost without firing a shot," but one composed entirely of American regiments—General McLean's—and very brave regiments, too, that made no fight because they were so placed that they positively could not fight; fourth, that regiments of my division which were not telescoped on the turnpike, as well as Buschbeck's brigade, composed mainly of Germans, did make a fight, and a stubborn one, too, detaining Jackson's overwhelming force for more than an hour; fifth, that the story of the Eleventh Corps throwing down their arms and running away like sheep was a lie cut out of the whole cloth, it being proved that after the battle only seventeen muskets were missing in Gilsa's brigade, and only fifteen in Schimmelfennig's, rather less than the average after any severe engagement; sixth, that the story about large crowds of Eleventh Corps men seeking to escape across the bridges at United States Ford was also utterly false, it being testified by General Patrick, who had charge of the provost guard at the bridges and on the roads leading to them, that the stragglers or skulkers arrested there had not been Eleventh Corps men. And so on.

But while such demonstrations and showings might make an impression upon a comparatively small number of unprejudiced persons, they did not in any perceptible degree affect our standing in the army and in the press. As a last resort, I

applied for a hearing before the Congressional "Committee on the conduct of the War."

But when this application, too, remained without a response, I found myself driven to the conclusion that there was, in all the official circles concerned, a powerful influence systematically seeking to prevent the disclosure of the truth; that a scapegoat was wanted for the remarkable blunders which had caused the failure of the Chancellorsville campaign, and that the Eleventh Corps could plausibly be used as such a scapegoat —the Eleventh Corps, which had always been looked at askance by the Army of the Potomac as not properly belonging to it, and which could, on account of the number of its German regiments and officers, easily be misrepresented as a corps of "foreigners," a "Dutch corps," which had few friends, and which might be abused, and slandered, and kicked with impunity. But for this, why was my demand for a court of inquiry ignored? General McDowell had been granted a court of inquiry on the ground of a hasty letter written shortly before his death by a colonel of cavalry whose name was never publicly disclosed —a letter which probably never would have become known to the public but for that court of inquiry. Not for my own sake, but in the name of thousands of my comrades I asked for nothing but a mere opportunity by a fair investigation of the facts to defend their honor, not against a mere anonymous letter, but against the most infamous slanders and insults circulated from mouth to mouth in the army, and throughout the whole country by the press; when that opportunity was denied me, was there not ample reason for the conclusion that there was a powerful influence working to suppress the truth, and that the Eleventh Army Corps, and especially the German part of it, was to be systematically sacrificed as the scapegoat?

It might have been expected that one general, at least,

who knew the truth as to where the responsibility for the disaster rested, would have spoken a frank and sympathetic word to remove the stain of ignominy from the slandered troops. It would have been much to the honor of the corps commander, General O. O. Howard, had he done so promptly. He would have stood before his countrymen as Burnside did when, after the bloody defeat at Fredericksburg, he frankly shouldered the responsibility for that calamity, and exonerated his officers and men; or as, two months after the battle of Chancellorsville, General Lee did on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg when that great soldier said to his distressed men, looking up to him: "It is my fault, my men! It is my fault!" Alas, the attitude of our corps commander was different. In a council of war during the night of the 2d to the 3d of May, as was reported, he complained of the "bad conduct" of his corps. In his official report on the battle he spoke of the density of the woods preventing the whereabouts of the enemy from being discovered by scouts and patrols and reconnoissances—an assertion glaringly at variance with the facts, for the scouts and patrols saw and reported the advance of Jackson. He actually spoke of a "panic produced by the enemy's reverse fire, regiments and artillery being thrown suddenly upon those in position," and of a "blind panic and a great confusion at the center and near the plank-road," about "a rout which he and his staff officers struggled to check,"—but not a word about a large part of the corps being so posted that it could not fight; not a word to take the responsibility for the disaster from the troops; not a word to confess that he was warned early in the day, and repeatedly as the day advanced, of what was coming; not a word to take the stigma of cowardice from his corps.

Even twenty-three years later, when he contributed an

article on the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville to the "War Series" of the *Century Magazine,* he sought to sustain the impression that the troops, rather than their commander, were chargeable with the disaster. He had nothing better to say than: "We had not a *very good* position, it is true, but we did expect to make a good strong fight should the enemy come." Not a very good position, forsooth! As if there could be a worse and more absurd position than one presenting flank and rear unprotected to the enemy! As if anyone had a right to expect a "good strong fight" with the certainty of being telescoped and wrecked in every possible way! "Should the enemy come!" As if the general commanding had not been most pointedly warned, again and again, that the enemy most surely was coming! General Howard, in that article, said further: "General Schurz was anxious." This is true. I was anxious, indeed. And it would have been much better for the corps, for the whole army, and for himself, had General Howard been as anxious as I was. But General Howard does not say that I explained to him again and again why I was anxious, and that I most urgently warned him of the things which would come, and which actually did come. He did not emphasize that I was not only anxious, but also right. He positively denied having received General Hooker's "Howard and Slocum" despatch, warning him of the danger threatening his right, which I had personally read and delivered to him; and then he adds: "But Generals Schurz and Steinwehr, my division commanders, and myself, did precisely what we should have done, had that order come." This again is a misstatement, for, as my official report explained, I proposed entirely to withdraw the corps from its exposed position fronting south, and to form it fronting west, on the eastern side of the Dowdall clearing—a proposition which General Howard rejected. To

justify that rejection he argues in his *Century* article: "In his report after the battle General Schurz says: 'Our right ought to have been drawn back towards the Rappahannock, to rest on that river at or near the mouth of the Hunting Run, the corps abandoning so much of the plank-road as to enable it to establish a solid line.' This position, which Schurz recommended in his report, was the very one into which Hooker's whole army was forced two days afterward. He was so cramped by it that he did not dare to take the offensive." I must be pardoned for saying that this is incomprehensible, for I did not recommend "this" position for the whole army, but for the Eleventh Corps—not for 90,000 men, but for 12,000. It is a pity that the General insisted upon presenting, by such statements, so sorry a spectacle. I am sincerely grieved that I have to say all this. I owe it not only to myself but to the much maligned men under my command.

At the time, his attitude was a matter of very serious importance. It may well be imagined what effect the whole affair produced upon the morale of the troops. They were most painfully smarting under the terrible injustice which was being inflicted upon them. They had lost all confidence in the competency of their corps commander. It is greatly to their credit that, under circumstances so discouraging, they did not desert *en masse*. There were, in fact, very few cases of desertion.

But what was to be done to revive the spirits of the men and to restore the efficiency of the corps? It was proposed by some to disband the corps altogether. For various reasons, however, thus suggestion was dropped. Some time before the battle of Chancellorsville I had foreseen that General Howard and that corps would not work well together, and I had conceived a desire to be transferred with my division to some other command. Under the circumstances produced by that battle,

the same desire suggested itself again, and it would probably have been accomplished, had I insisted. But upon sober consideration I rejected it. The matter became the subject of some correspondence, in which I declared that, however welcome such a transfer upon other conditions might have been, I could not consent to it now, for it might be regarded as a voluntary confession on my part that the outrageous slanders circulated about us were founded on fact, and that I accepted for my men the responsibility for the disaster. I asked, and would continue to ask, for one of two things: either the publication of my report, or a court of inquiry, so that the truth might come to light. Under then existing circumstances, I was satisfied with my command as it was and where it was, and I held it to be my duty to myself and to my men to stand with them right there until the cloud hanging over us be lifted.

The one way most surely and most quickly to restore the morale of the Eleventh Corps would have been to give it another commander whom the men could trust and respect. But that might have destroyed the myth that the " misconduct " of the soldiers of the Eleventh Corps was wholly accountable for the failure at Chancellorsville; and that the ruling influences would not permit.

The mist hanging over the Eleventh Corps and the events of the 2d of May, 1863, has at last been dissipated by historical criticism—not as soon as we had hoped, but thoroughly. The best military writers—notably Colonel Theodore A. Dodge of the United States Army—have, after arduous and conscientious study, conclusively shown, not only that the Chancellorsville defeat was not owing to the discomfiture of the Eleventh Corps, but that the conduct of the Eleventh Corps was as good as could be expected of any body of troops under the circumstances. The most forcible vindication of the corps,

however, has come from an unexpected quarter. Dr. August Choate Hamlin, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel and Medical Inspector, United States Army, a nephew of Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, had, in the course of the war, become acquainted with many of the officers and men of the Eleventh Corps. The frequent repetitions he heard of the old stories about the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville—not, indeed, from serious military critics, but from that class of old soldiers who were fond of vaunting their own brave deeds at the expense of others—provoked him so much, that, prompted by a mere sense of justice, he undertook to investigate the happenings at Chancellorsville, so far as they touched the Eleventh Corps, to the minutest detail. He not only studied all the documents bearing upon the subject, but he visited the battlefield, inspected the positions, measured to the yard and to the inch the distances between the various points mentioned in the reports, and sought out every person, North and South, who could give him any information of consequence. In his painstaking way he has produced a book of rare historical value. After sifting his evidence with unsparing rigor, he delivered his judgments with absolute impartiality, not only sweeping away the slanders that had been heaped upon the Eleventh Corps, but also putting under merciless searchlight many of the fanciful stories told of the heroic deeds performed in the dark of night to repair the mischief done by the so-called "misconduct" of that ill-fated body of brave soldiers.

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